CHEERING WORDS

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Cheering Words

FOR JANUARY, 1867.

LET THE LORD BE MAGNIFIED.

Triumphant sing, ye favoured saints,
Renounce your fears, and long complaints;
Low at Immanuel's footstool fall,
And view Him as your all in all.

He arch'd the skies, He fix'd the sun;
His glories through creation run!
But ransom'd souls before Him fall,
And gladly own Him all in all.

IN commencing another volume of CHEERING WORDS, kind friends, I am not very well pleased at not being able to come before you in a larger, and more improved form; but, even yet, it may be so before long. If not, while we continue to be the least in all the literary world, it is grateful to know that the aim of this small monthly is one in strict accordance with the great commission of heaven, as expressed by the Lord to His prophet Isaiah, when He said, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God, speak ye comfortably unto," or unto the heart of "Jerusalem." This commission we have, in our little way, endeavoured to carry out, and we believe we have not altogether failed. Nor shall fail now, if, in the Spirit of the Lord, we can heartily work out, speak out, write out, and faithfully unite with good old Malachi when to the ancient tribes of Israel he said, "And your eyes shall see and ye shall say, "LET THE LORD BE MAGNIFIED!" The following letter which I received from a friend in the country who is much exercised respecting the eternal safety of her soul, led me to a

train of reflections, not always enjoyed by me. I will give the note itself.

"Dear Mr. Banks,—My mind has for some weeks been overburdened with these words:—'If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin.' This is where I am. I think it is the most awful position to be in. I feel to have got light enough to see a holy God, an offended Justice, a broken law, with all its requirements; my utter inability to please, or in any way to gain the favour of God; and the results of all this must be *condemnation*, for mercy's door is shut; hence, these words—'Thy ways and thy doings have proved these things unto thee.' I feel so cramped. I know not which way to turn. These words particularly distress me. 'I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.' As if the Lord had said, 'You shall have not only the world to laugh, but I will also laugh at your calamity.' These words were pressed out, 'Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, or life to the bitter in soul? I can tell you, Mr. Banks, I have tried to seek unto God by prayer and supplication; I have tried to take comfort from the preached word, but it is not for me. It seems the Lord speaks thus: 'Who hath required this at your hands? I will blow upon it;' until, sometimes, this sort of feeling rises up, 'Curse God, and die.' I can scarcely suppress it at times. I have been reading Francis Spiro not long since, but the thought of such a life and death as his, almost distract me. This is the question still with me: 'What must I do to be saved?"

Many days the contents of the note lay by me, I could not reply to it. One evening, previous to preaching, I sat down quietly by myself, when the magnanimous words of Paul's crossed my mind—'Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." As though Paul rose to this the highest attainment of all attainments in this world. Careless of himself,

as what he suffered; whether he lived or died, was of no moment so long as the one thing was the result—

"THE LORD IS MAGNIFIED."

How increasingly I loved the Apostle Paul! His faith in Jesus, his devotion to his Master, absorbed every other feeling. If Christ was magnified, if He was extolled, if He was glorified, if His name, person, and work, was lifted high, if His fame was spread abroad, so that thousands of sinners might hear of Him, and be saved by Him, and help to swell the rolling thunders of the glorious song—

"Crown Him Lord of all."

If these results were realized, Paul was contented to be here and to be there, to live or to die, to be a martyr or not, just as it might please the Sovereign Lord of all!

This was the Saviour's own Spirit. Not that the Redeemer coveted an abstract or isolated honour, but, if by laying down His life, His sheep could be saved, then His life should be laid down; if by His being lifted up upon the Cross, His people could be drawn unto Him, then He would be lifted up. This was the Spirit of Christ, this was the loftiest aim of the Apostle; and when this Spirit leads us out of, and away from, self; then there is a triumph of grace, which is seldom reached in this world.

There was a curious sort of a deacon once upon a time, of whom somebody said, "he was no good to any one." Instead of taking the rebuke, and going to the Lord seeking for more grace; and instead of meeting the Lord's people, and entreating them to pray for him that he might be useful, the poor crabby coward stole away altogether, feeling his dignity (if he had any), had been touched. Oh! the selfish feelings of poor dying mortals, what an hindrance it is to thousands of even the Lord's own people. But, to be able to become as clay in the hands of the potter, to resign ourselves up to one only point—THE ALONE EXALTATION OF JESUS—is certainly an attainment of the highest character in this present imperfect state.

By a circuitous route of thought and secret communion, I was

led to the first chapter of Malachi's prophecy, wherein is discovered something of the greatest controversy that ever existed in all this world. It is a controversy between the Lord and His people, and it is comprehended in two short sentences like the following:—

"I HAVE LOVED YOU—saith THE LORD."

But the people—as though disputing this—ask the question, "*Wherein hast thou loved us?*"

Malachi was sent to Israel about a century after the other prophets. After Israel had built the second temple, and after they had sunk again into a corrupt state, the Lord sends to them this good old Malachi, saying to Israel, "I have loved you, saith the Lord!" And, in answer to all the queries suggested, the Lord opens a little of His sovereign love and mercy to His own Israel, closing that section with those remarkable words:—

"And your eyes shall see, and you shall say, Let the Lord be magnified."

In the Mediatorial work of Christ this was seen to be true. In the Gospel dispensation it is true; in Providence it is realised; in soul-experience it is the same; but the day cometh when, in the realms of glory, we shall see and say, "Let the Lord be magnified for ever." Amen.

The richest saint must be, and is, an humble beggar at grace's doors all his days, and Christ is the Lord of the house and the dispenser of the alms; and as the alms is too good not to be patiently waited for, so the Lord is too good and too great to be quarrelled with, and never did a believer get any good by complaining of him; complain to him, and pray and ask largely, but still with faith and patience. Knock at His door, but stay and bless Him that He ever gave you any crumbs of His grace; mix your prayers for new wanted grace with praises for His old dispensed grace. Christ loveth you, and hath proved it; believe Him and bless Him for it, and wait for His renewing His love to you, and in due time you will find that He will not only answer but outdo your desires to Him, and all your expectations from Him.—ROBERT TRAIL.

WEAK GRACE?—OR STRONG GRACE?—OR NO GRACE? WHICH?

I BELIEVE many are inwardly unhappy, because their measure of grace is not large nor strong; it is not of a victorious and conquering power; it does not lead the soul on to freedom, certainty, and assurance; it does not enrich the heart with overflowing streams of love and mercy; it does not carry the soul into close communion; yea, it brings it not out of the pit. It has given life to the soul, and light to the mind; but it has not set its foot firmly on the Rock; it has not put a new song into its mouth, and so this soul with its weak grace, is often shut up in prison and cannot come out. I have thought such discriminating distinctions as Thomas Brooks makes between WEAK GRACE and STRONG GRACE might be useful to many of the lambs; as to the lazy and the lukewarm, who have only the profession of grace, I say nothing at present; but a taste of Brooks's Christian fare I here give. If my readers would like this followed out they must give me no peace until they get it. In his declaration, Brooks says:—

Dear hearts, my design in appearing once more in print is not to please the captious critic, or the sullen cynic, but to heighten your "fellowship with the Father and the Son," 1 John i. 3, 4, and to further you in a closer walking with God, and to ripen you more and more for reigning with God when you shall be here no more.

"Beloved in our Lord," there are two sad and great evils—oh that there were no more!—among the saints this day. The strong are very apt, yea, they make little of offending the weak; and the weak are as apt, and make as little of judging and condemning the strong, Rom. xiv. 1—10. The serious and conscientious perusal of this treatise may, by the blessing of the Lord, contribute much to the preventing of those sad evils. You that are weak may, in this treatise, as in a glass, see your weakness, your mercies, your graces, your duties, your privileges, and your comforts. You that are weak in grace, may here find many questions answered and doubts resolved, that tend to the satisfy-

ing, quieting, settling, and establishing of your precious souls in peace, joy, and assurance. You that are weak in grace, may here find a staff to support you, a light to direct you, a sword to defend you, and a cordial to strengthen you, &c. And you that are strong in grace, may here see what is your way, what is your work, and what at last shall be your reward. Here you will find that which tends to the discovery of spirits, the sweetening of spirits, the uniting of spirits, the healing of spirits, and the making up of breaches, &c.

Here you will find "meat for strong men," and "milk for babes." Here you will find who is more motion than notion; more heart than head; more spirit than flesh; more inside than outside, &c.

Here you will find "the unsearchable riches of Christ,"—which of all boxes of precious ointment is the most precious—opened; and oh how sweet must he be, that is the sweetest of sweets! In Christ are riches of justification; in Christ are riches of sanctification, riches of consolation, and riches of glorification. And this following treatise may serve as a key, I say not as a golden one, to open the door, that you may come where these treasures lie. Christ's riches are like the eternal springs of the earth, that cannot dry up, but are and shall be diffused by His Spirit and gospel, until his whole house be filled with them.

THE TABERNACLE NOT THE THEATRE.

THERE is a wonderful woman belonging to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, called Mrs. Bartlett. I have often heard of her; but the other day Mr. Elliott Stock sent me a tract called "The Earnest Woman," which is a narrative of Mrs. Bartlett's work. It is very cheerful; and from it I take this one fact:—

A person belonging to the theatrical profession was induced to attend the class. The service did not approve itself to her taste. On her third visit, however, the Lord was pleased to trouble her soul, and her anguish of mind was exceedingly great. She felt she was condemned already, and she cried out in great distress,

"Lost, lost, lost." While Mrs. Bartlett was engaged in prayer at her own house on behalf of this convicted sinner, the clouds of despair rolled away, and the bright beamings of Divine love possessed the distressed soul. She found peace on her knees. This same person persuaded her sister to go to the class; and as she had heard sufficient to convince her that a continued attendance upon the means of grace could not harmonise with her devotedness to the theatre and the ball-room, she decided to give up the former that amusements might be more readily enjoyed. Mrs. Bartlett saw this young woman one Sabbath afternoon about to enter through the chapel gates, and she thereupon prayed that God would give her that soul before the afternoon had passed. He did so, for whilst the speaker was relating the case of a giddy girl who had died during the week while dancing, she was led to confess her sins, ask for pardon, and by believing on the Son of God this weary soul found rest.

THE MANNA.

BY THE LATE GEORGE D. DOUDNEY, INCUMBENT OF CHARLES' CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH.

"There is nothing at all beside this manna."—Num. xi. 6.

WHAT do you want, my brother? You have the precious manna supplied for your daily food, as truly and abundantly as the Israelites had during their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness! The promise stands always the same, and can never fail, come what may. "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure."

"Oh," says one, "I want more of that dear and precious feeling of enjoyment which makes my cup run over with love and gratitude, when the Holy Comforter condescends to indulge me with sweet communion and fellowship with my covenant God and Father in Christ! Instead of which I go on from day to day as cold, unfeeling, barren, and sometimes as peevish and

fretful concerning every little cross I have to carry, as though the Lord had never done anything in grace, love, and mercy, for me at all."

But the manna never fails?

"I cannot understand it," you reply; "I often fear I have never tasted the manna. Or if I have, that it is now 'clean gone for ever.' I am constantly feeling as if my very soul was dried away!"

Why these are the exact words which stand in connection with our text to-day. This is what Israel of old said in the wilderness, And yet, as I shall shew you, they—like yourself—were the daily subjects of the most signal mercies, and abounding loving-kindnesses of the Lord!

"Yes," say you, "I know it is vile, that I, a poor hell-deserving sinner, surrounded as I am with such abundant cause for gratitude, should feel and complain as I do. But this is the great difficulty with me; I want *so to realize* the Lord's favour that I may be brought up out of this low place in feeling, and not live for ever compelled to look upon myself as a disgrace to the family!"

I know all about it, my brother. Still you are not without the manna for all that; but your complaint, in fact, resolves itself into the words of Israel, "But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes." But what do you want? I will tell you. You want always to be able to open your Bible and read with sweet power and application, and with clear openings, of the golden treasures it contains. You want to be always glowing with spiritual fervour at the throne of grace! You want never to leave the house of God without having seen Jesus there! You want a sweet savour of Christ to rest upon every word you speak concerning spiritual things when you meet your fellow pilgrims. You want grace so to reign down every corruption and vanity in your heart and mind, that you may be enabled to live above self, and the entanglements of the world! Now, it seems very right to be continually desirous thus to live, and thus to thrive; and yet you do not find any of the Lord's dear people thus living! It is clear, from

the facts of the case, that *our wishes* and the Lord's *will* do not run the same course here. I must also add, that could you, my brother, or I, have things as we desire, I believe the issue would be that we should dress the "old man" up in saint's attire, make a Pharisee of him, and then fall down and worship him! But this can never be the case while we go on as at present; for instead of admiring self, I know your daily verdict upon all that belongs to the flesh is that which compels you to put off the old man with abhorrence! Moreover, I must come to the conclusion that the infinite wisdom of our covenant God sees, that, constituted as we are, no other course of discipline will keep us truly nothing, and Jesus all and in all, but this daily and hourly state of helplessness and poverty, which makes us groan, being burdened.

What other conclusion can we draw from that most precious and instructive testimony given to us by the Holy Ghost through the pen of Moses, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, *to humble thee*, and to prove thee, *to know what was in thine heart.*" Observe here, my brother, it was not that the Lord need to prove his people, that he might know what was in their hearts, for he was well acquainted with the whole of it. Well he knows what is in the heart of every man! But it is his plan of mercy, so to deal with his redeemed people as to bring them, not only to a mere theoretical knowledge, but to make them deeply feel the vileness, emptiness, and deceit of their corrupt hearts, that they may be compelled to give them up as incurable things, and to seek all their salvation and consolation in the person and fulness of Jesus only. Since, however, this is the Lord's gracious intention in all his manifold and mysterious leadings and dealings with his spiritual Israel, how does it tend to heighten the glory of his tender mercies in his long-suffering and kindness towards such dull scholars as we all lament to confess ourselves to be from day to day.

The Lord then proceeds to explain the way in which he worked out his purpose. "And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, (which thou knewest not,

neither did thy fathers know:) that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord, doth man live." (Deut. viii. 2, 3.) The evident intention of all this being to bring the Israelite to live *by faith upon the promise*, and not, as all human prudence and wisdom would teach, in dependence upon a visible stock laid up *for to-morrow, as well as to-day!*

PRAYER DRAWN OUT.

TRUE Heaven-made prayer is a wonderful thing. I was sitting over a cup of tea; and sighing for the SPIRIT to speak in my soul some good word, as I had to go into the pulpit, and speak to many people. Like a gentle zephyr this word came as correct as possible, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." There are five marks of souls in affliction. Poor—needy—seeking water—finding none—their tongue failing for thirst, &c. All these five words I opened a little. And then came the precious declaration, "I the Lord will hear them"—that is—as something expounded the word in me—"I will draw out; and I will drink in their prayers: and although I will hold back my bright shinings, I will not forsake them." The Lord grealy helped me; and it brought forth the following note from one I long have known in the Lord:—

"Dear friend,—I really can attest the truth of what you said on Sunday evening about the Lord drinking in our prayers; although I never heard such a remark before. It came so fresh to my mind while you were speaking. Some time since I got into a dreadful low place, so that I gave up all for lost; and intended never to have opened the Bible again. It was no use, I believed; all prayer seemed gone: my heart was so bound up with sorrow: but before I dare lie down to rest, I was constrained to take the Bible up again, and let it open where it would. It fell open on

Psalm lxxix. 11, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee, O Lord." It appeared as if the words were there on purpose for me; they so exactly fitted my case; words I could not utter before; I was in prison. Oh, the sweetness of that beautiful "Let" I can never describe. It was the Lord's hand put forth to take away the cloud; to let the sighs come before Him. He said, "Never mind words!" This so melted my heart; it was no trouble to pour it out. I could tell Him all my grief and sorrow: His ear did seem open to receive it. But the past does not now yield comfort. Those words *atonement*, and *faith*, and *sanctification*, and *oneness* with *God* trouble me. I seem entirely out of the secret, and if so nothing can do me good. Without shedding of blood there is no remission. I want to realize the 74th and 75th verses in Luke i,—"We being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life." I can truly say, "bring my soul out of prison, that it MAY praise thee." Oh for FAITH in his dear name."

CHRISTOPHER ALSOP AND HIS GOOD WIFE.

THERE is a book now publishing, called "The Church between Two Bridges." It is written by the Old Ford Baptist pastor, Christopher Alsop; and it contains some precious things. When "Cheering Words" come from heaven into the heart of a poor sinner, they are very precious; and even when a good wife tries to cheer her husband in the time of his sorrow, it looks the nearest to angelic ministration of anything I know. Here is a strong and savoury piece out of Christopher Alsop's book. In the fifteenth page he says,—

I remember some years ago when in this backsliding state, I was living in apartments in Liverpool. One night I became so wretched when I thought on what I had been, and what I was now—a poor outcast, and all my own doing brought it all upon myself, and therefore I had no one to blame but myself. I often

looked at my wife, and would say to myself, I wish I was like you; I wish I had the strength of mind that you have. O God, O God, what a wretch I am! There was very little sleep for me that night; it was all hell within. If I went off in a dose, I would wake up from frightful dreams. I would imagine in my dreams it was the judgment day; I could see mountains and rocks rolling over in awful grandeur. All at once the clouds of heaven would become black as midnight; then again I could see awful flashes of lightning sending their lurid glare through the sky; again I would wake up with the clashing of arms or the shooting of a gun through the window.

At one time I would be running through a field as hard as I could run, whilst a man on horseback with bloodhounds would be at my heels; at another time I could see a river of water coming in dreadful fury through the window all under the bed, I expecting every moment to be drowned. Then again I could hear the firing of a gun just at my very ear, which I felt shook the house; at another time I could see spiders with backs of green crawling along the bed, so that the cold perspiration would run down my face as though I had just come out of a Turkish bath. Of all the nights I ever passed, that was one. I was glad when daylight made its appearance. I made up my mind once again to call upon the name of the Lord; I thought, if I perish, I will perish at his feet. I was pacing the room of my apartments wringing my hands, and saying, What shall I do? oh, what shall I do? My dear wife said to me, "Go back to the Primitives, go to the chapel, and give God your heart; leave off your course of sin, and turn to the Lord."

I said to her, "Do you think that the Lord will have mercy upon me?"

"Yes," she said, "my dear, he will."

Oh, thought I, am I dear to you still? Can you love me after all my unkindness? This seemed too much for me; and while thus musing, my wife opened the Bible, and casting her eyes over a page, she lighted on something very sweet.

"There now," she said, "you have been asking me what you are to do. Now just listen to this: Job xxii. 21—27, 'Acquaint

now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth, and lay up His words in thine heart. If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put iniquity away far from thy tabernacles. Then thou shalt lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks. Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver. For then shalt thou have thy delight in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God. Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear thee, and thou shalt pay thy vows."

These promises I took for my own. I went to the Primitive Methodist's chapel the same night, and after preaching I went to the schoolroom underneath the chapel, where there was a prayer meeting. Well, I thought, I have come for the sole purpose of giving my heart to God, and so I went on right in the very heart of the prayer meeting, where there were most men together. I thought if pardon was to be had I would have it. I fell down before the Lord, and it did not matter to me who was there, pray I must, and pray I did: Lord, save me, Lord, have mercy upon me; Lord, restore my soul, and lead me in the paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake; and thus whilst I wrestled with God, the people said, Amen; Lord save me, amen, amen; Lord, do pardon my sins; amen, amen, cried the people in hearty response; as fast and as fervent as I prayed; so the people followed me up with their hearty amen, amen, as though they would lift me into salvation if it were possible. They remind me of the men that brought an afflicted one to Jesus; when they found they could not get into where Jesus was, they clambered up on the top of the house, and took off the roof, and let the man down; so Jesus, seeing their faith, saith unto the man, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Well, they sang and prayed, and sang and prayed again; and while they were singing the following hymn, God set my soul once more at liberty:—

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

And while they were singing the lines,

Just as am—thy love I own
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

God set my soul at liberty. Oh, the heaven that filled my soul; I felt as though I could have rolled myself on the very floor, it seemed to me hallowed ground. It was hard work to keep myself from embracing the people. I shouted, Glory to God in the highest, and all the people with one voice said, Amen, amen. Oh, the indescribable peace, yea, heaven begun below! happy day! oh, hallowed spot, sacred ground! I could go and put my finger on the very board where God set my soul at liberty; and if ever I go to Liverpool again, and there is a prayer meeting in that old Primitive chapel, when I am there I will once again sing praise unto my God in the schoolroom under the chapel.

THE MERCY-SIDE TO THE STORM.

THERE is a mercy-side to every storm and to every trial. From the storms of life none of us are free; these we all have, the godly and ungodly alike, more or less, to meet with. In visiting a dear friend, the other day, in the depths of trouble, she exclaimed in her grief, that it seemed as if the Lord were about to take everything from her at one blow. The sick babe lay in her lap, a little child on a pillow by her side, another in a bed in the room, and upstairs the husband was lying in that sad state that the poor sorrow-stricken wife feared he would recover no more. The disconsolate woman sat weeping. The storm seemed to be too much for her: she seemed as if all combined to overwhelm her at one blow.

But in all, there was a mercy side to it; she knew she was in the hands of God; he was her refuge. Beloved, what would

you do if you came into such a storm, if you have not God for your refuge? This poor woman knew the name of the Lord; she could, in the midst of grief, cry out, "Abba, Father! Abba, Father!" She knew her God was in the midst, and ruled the storm. She was in her Father's hands, therefore she was safe. —(From a sermon by Mr. Geo. Webb, on *The Great Storm of* 1703, preached in Little Wild street chapel, London, and published by Mrs. Paul in Chapter-house court, Paternoster row.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

TENNYSON—on ringing out and ringing in—gives the following:—

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land;
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

That is it. "The Christ that is to be." Christ must be "formed in us" if we are to be in "heart" and "hand" what we should be. Only a knowledge of his redeeming love, and an experience of his spiritual influence, can keep us from the power of temptation, and make us acceptable to God.

We can understand Tennyson in his sentence, "The Christ that is to be!"—There "is to be" such a revelation of Him as earth yet never saw—still, the CHRIST of GOD WAS—and IS—and WILL BE to His people—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

THE DANGER OF RETURNING TO OLD SINS.—We are all conceived on the sea, and borne upon a shelf, in manifest danger of drowning in the main; there our parents left us, as their parents left them and our first parents left us all. The undeserved, unexpected grace of God did lay hold on us in Jesus Christ, and put us off from these quicksands in a vessel of hope steered by His ministers.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

In an hour of darkness
Israel's hope was born :—
Then arose the Day-Star,
Herald of the Morn.

In an hour of darkness
Israel's Saviour died ;—
Sprang our light and gladness
From the Crucified.

In an hour of a darkness
Open flew the cave ;—
Jesu's Resurrection
Proved Him strong to save.

In an hour of darkness
Heard His faithful few
Those sweet words of blessing,
" Peace be unto you!"

In an hour of darkness,
At the dead of night,
He will come, and make us
" Children of the light."

Hail, thou sweet memorial
Of the Saviour's birth!
Hail the hour that brought Him
To our ruined earth!

We can face the darkness
His sure Word our Light;
Faith our stay and comfort,
We ask not for sight.

For His coming waiting,
We can suffer still ;—
All is the fulfilling
Of a love-ful will.

What is dark at present
Shall one day be bright ;—
'Tis enough—the knowledge,
All God does is right.

We may toil in rowing,
On a storm-tossed sea,—
'Mid night's deepening darkness,
He can steer—and *see!*

He can guide us safely
To the viewless shore;
Every need supplying
From love's boundless store.

We, His happy children,
Nothing have to fear ;
What to sight is misty,
Is to faith all clear.

Hope in God our " Anchor,"
Grateful love the spring
Of the streams of action
Joyously we sing.

Pilgrims onward hastening
Through a land of night,—
To a Home with Jesus
In a world of Light.

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Cheering Words

FOR FEBRUARY, 1867.

WEAK GRACE?—OR STRONG GRACE?—OR NO GRACE? WHICH?

THE discovery of grace under all its various phases is one of vast moment to us all. Only think—without grace, we perish! Many think they have grace, who have NOT. Many who have grace, fear they shall perish. Let us, therefore, this year try and make some discovery of that real grace of God, which Paul says, "bringeth salvation," which "came by Jesus Christ," and which cannot come without him. Oh! *what*—WHERE—is that GRACE? Let us try and search it out. Here is a note from one who fears she has no grace. I may head this note thus:—

"HOW I ENTERED INTO THE CHURCH."

and when I have given the note, I will endeavour to shew the meaning of this word HOPE! How, and with what, it stands connected in Holy Scripture; and the state of soul implied in that case where Paul calls it "an anchor."

Here is the letter:—

"That hope which entereth within the vail."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I am ashamed to trouble you, but your preaching seems to shew the uncertainty of my hope; it seems that my hope has never "entered within the vail," and it came to me this morning; that it is because I have never seen Christ's

death. It was there the vail of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. Now this is really the case, and this is why I seem to live in the land of Nod, which means SHAKING. Oh, my dear friend, WHAT SHALL I DO? I have entered within the Church, and am deceived. I had said in my heart, I will never make a profession. I was afraid of the name, but it was on my mind so powerful for three months I could not see nor hear anything else. The minister's mind appeared to be directed to me every time I went into the chapel, and turned over all my thoughts. The subject and the hymns all talked to me. I did not know what to do. I promised the Lord many times in the chapel I would keep it no longer. but when I got home something has come and damped it again. I did try to raise all the objections I could, that the Lord had never manifested Himself clearly unto me, and that I must have such marks that I could not doubt; and thus I was constantly begging for something more clear, and many passages came to answer every objection. Yet there was not the power I wanted; so I stood out as long as I could.

A few days before I broke it out, I went to hear Mr. M., and those words came rushing into my mind, "Buried with him in baptism." I said, "Lord, what does it mean?"

Just as the thought was passing, Mr. M. said, "Do you want Christ to come down visibly upon the earth?"

It seemed he turned aside to answer me. I then promised the Lord again I would speak about it, but my heart failed, and I begged one more trial on Sunday.

Before I went to chapel, I fell down before the Lord; but did not know what to say, only, "Lord, shine upon thine own work in me, and make Christ to be my all." The first hymn entirely got over me. I could not sing, only say, "Lord, it is enough, I tempt thee no more."

When the minister came I told him all about it. Poor man! he was so overcome; he was so thankful to the Lord for it, and the time was appointed when I should come before the church. During that time the Bible seemed thrown open to me, and the precious things that came to my mind I think I shall

never forget. I said, "This is living indeed." I thought I then began to live, and that when I came to the ordinance I should be happy indeed, feel sin taken away, and be sealed with a witness. But, alas, the Saturday before I had to go before the church, something whispered to me, to-morrow it will be all settled, whether you are the Lord's or no, there will be no more doubt about the matter, it will be clearly known whose you are, and if the Lord does not appear you are mine for ever." In this state I remained for several hours, until these words spake, "Let HIM be your dread." In this fearful trembling state I remained all through the time until I thought I must run away. The Lord did not appear when I had to speak, but I had to go alone, and, but for shame, I had run away.

Then I hoped it would be better at the water, but still dark and alone. Then my fears arose higher as the time drew near for the Lord's supper. I shall never forget the agony of my soul at that time. I felt so ill, my poor head and heart did beat so dreadfully, and I secretly hoped I might have to be taken out. I dare not go out of myself. I dare not turn away, but I was just kept up to receive the emblems, with dreadful fear lest the Lord should let fall his vengeance upon me. Thus I am in constant fear. O, that mercy and truth were met together! While you were speaking that, I could plainly see where I lacked. I have thought very much on what I have heard. It seems to come home with me. You said you did not believe in abstract mercy, neither do I.

I am glad you are going on with the CHEERING WORDS. Do say something about the hope that "entereth within the vail" in your next.

It was more especially the design of this little "CHEERING WORDS" (at the beginning of the work) to meet cases like this, than it was to amuse or please the generality of professing people. I think I never saw the necessity of being able "to speak a word in season," more than I do in the case of the writer of the above letter. After I had read it over, I was walking through the city, when this thought occurred to me, "Surely this poor tried soul has

never been able to read the text out of which she draws such evidence against herself!" Let us read the Scripture itself. It is in that very trying chapter, the sixth of Hebrews, where, after Paul has drawn a most solemn distinction between the things which do not, and the things which do "accompany salvation," he gathers up all his strongest arguments, and draws out the most blessed proofs, with a view and intention of administering comfort and consolation to the afflicted, and tempted, and tried children of God. He calls them—

"THE HEIRS OF PROMISE."

He describes them as having "FLED FOR REFUGE, to lay hold upon THE HOPE set before them." And it is evident the Holy Ghost inspired the apostle with the powerful conviction that these "Heirs of Promise," while flying for refuge, and deeply anxious to "LAY HOLD upon THE HOPE set before them," would need great support, help, and encouragement; hence, he brings in that most singular of all expressions, "God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have

"A STRONG CONSOLATION,"

who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as

"AN ANCHOR OF THE SOUL,"

both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither THE FORERUNNER is for us entered, even JESUS, "made an High Priest for ever after the Order of Melchizedec."

I would seriously ask myself; I would prayerfully ask my friend and sister in the Lord (as I believe she is), why does Paul here compare hope to "AN ANCHOR," but because he well knew these heirs of promise, in flying for refuge, would be like the mariner and his vessel when tossed on the sea; when waves and winds would hurl him and his little barque hither and thither; and when, for fear of being lost, he would fling his anchor into

the rock that might be near unto him, that so he might be preserved until the terrible storm has passed over, and a beautiful calm might give him rest?

I am certainly quite correct in affirming that the heirs of promise, while in this world, are often like the vessels out on the seas, in apparent danger of being lost altogether; hence, the Lord Himself does thus address his beloved but bewildered children. He says, in that fifty-fourth of Isaiah's prophecy—

"O thou afflicted! tossed with tempest, and not comforted."

Here is the very state itself which the writer of the letter describes; and in this amazement, arising out of Satan's secret temptation, and her own poor distracted and disturbed mind, she is afflicted indeed, and solid, abiding comfort she cannot find. But, in her soul a living hope doth live, and it laboureth hard to fasten on something FROM JESUS; whereas, it is the will of God that a living faith in the souls of His people shall cast anchor ONLY IN JESUS, who, as the Forerunner, has for them entered into the Father's House above.

I am willing to define this term "HOPE," and its connections and its contexts, BOTH IN THE SCRIPTURES and IN THE SOULS of the Lord's living family; but it is seldom I can obtain sufficient respite from the boisterous waves myself, to quietly contemplate so delicate and so delightful a theme; for A TRUE and LIVING HOPE grows neither in the heavens above, nor in the dark-deep caverns of the lost; neither does any hope, but a delusive one, grow in the hearts of unregenerated men. ONLY IN THE SOULS OF CHRIST'S OWN CALLED DISCIPLES can this God-like plant be found, as "THE VILLAGE PREACHER" hopes to show.

I may be excused, perhaps, for referring to God's singular mercy to my own household. What a blessing is it to my father and mother now that they can rejoice in six of their children walking in the truth, who have given themselves up to the Lord Jesus! The Lord has been graciously pleased to bring them in one by one, and all who are now at years of discretion, so as to be able to understand the Gospel, they have believed.—*Spurgeon.*

CAN I BE SURE I AM SAVED?

DENHAM SMITH'S ANSWER.

MR. S. W. PARTRIDGE, the proprietor of that beautiful Book "Saloon," at No. 9, Paternoster row, sent me a small bound volume, containing "Addresses," by J. DENHAM SMITH, one of which very much engaged my best attention. It is headed, "How WE MAY KNOW THAT WE ARE SAVED." This is a matter of such eternal weight and importance, that I have perused the Address with peculiar feelings of jealousy and joy, fear and faith, confidence and conflict, because, the free-will element in many of these good men doth so often, I think, take the place the HOLY SPIRIT only can occupy.

Of course, Mr. Smith wishes many thousands to read and to receive benefit by his discussion of the question; therefore, I hope, I shall only be acting in accordance with his wishes by giving his Address in pieces in my "CHEERING WORDS," and perhaps I may make a note or two on his conclusions.

Here is one small piece to begin with. The whole will come in time.

He begins by saying:—

I wish especially to speak of the manner in which a saved sinner may be sure that he is such. The words I have read are, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness," or, as the passage is, "the TESTIMONY in himself." And that you may know what the testimony is, the Apostle adds, "this is the record," or testimony, "that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.

If you have your Bibles open, you can read these words also: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye *have* eternal life."

May God give me, in the cause of his own truth, to speak simply, intelligibly, and convincingly to every heart among you, especially to such as may be troubled in the conscience, troubled

upon the question, "Am I really a Christian? am I saved?" There are many, alas! who *are* troubled in their minds on this question, and I doubt not there are many of you here this morning who for ten, twenty, or thirty years have been saying,—

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies;"

evidently showing that you cannot yet, perhaps never have, read your title clear. One would fancy that the doubting condition is the natural, normal condition of the Christian's life; but indeed, no; it is the most *un*natural condition. The normal condition of the saint is that of faith, never that of doubt, assuredly never; but knowledge, assurance, rest, joy, even in conflict or in death, are the rather his rightful and appropriate state. The Word never supposes such condition. The stand-point there is one of knowledge, spiritual intelligence, assurance. It never seems to know of saints being in doubt and uncertainty, but takes the ground of certainty.

There are three sources or grounds of assurance, viz.: the truth, the Spirit, and the life.

There is, first, the assurance of the truth, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the testimony in himself"—he is in possession of the truth.

Secondly, there is the assurance of the Holy Ghost, who, as the Lord said, "*shall be in you, and abide with you.*"

And, thirdly, there is the assurance which comes of our life, regarding which, says Paul, "old things have passed away and all things have become new."

Next month, the first section shall be given entire.

There is nothing so abides with us as what we receive from God; and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things is because they are content with what comes from men's mouths, without searching and kneeling before God, to know of him the truth of things. Things that we receive at God's hand come to us as things from the minting-house—though old in themselves, yet new to us.—*Bunyan.*

FELLOWSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP.

I WAS favoured to enjoy a little Village Preaching on what they call "Boxing-day," in 1866, at Tring, in Hertfordshire, where I met that strong and willing "Master Cartwright," who travels up to Buckland Common, and there often preaches Christ and salvation for poor perishing sinners, to the inhabitants of that wild-looking hamlet; and as I sat talking to Master Cartwright the tears ran down his cheeks—tears of joy and sorrow mingling together—for within a short space of time he has lost his wife, his brother, and a number of relatives besides, so that he has been "in deaths oft;" yet is preserved to tell of mercies many, and of salvations great.

Ah! we think much of some of "the great men," as they are called, who live in cities large, and preach to congregations numerous, and receive some hundreds of pounds every year for their labours; and richly they deserve all they get, I dare to say; but, when I see these humble, hearty, honest, hard-working brethren, who travel through mud and mire, through snow and slush, over hills and down in dales, to carry the Gospel to the poor cottagers of the country, and seldom get any reward but the delightful smile of the Saviour; I say, when I see and think of these self-denying veterans, then I am constrained to think the love of Christ, and the love of doing good unto souls, alone can constrain them. I was very happy at Tring. I met brethren Hutchinson, and Searle, of Two Waters, and others; and as iron sharpeneth iron, so did the countenance of these good men make me again to feel, that it is both good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity; and when it is unity of hearts, sanctified by truth, and melted into one by love Divine, nothing on earth can more closely approximate to the heavenly state. So, at least, believes

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Christ is a treasury without locks or bars, and stands open night and day; he has gifts on purpose to bestow, and they are not meant to be laid by and rust.

THE LATE ARTHUR TRIGGS' ACCOOUNT OF THE DEATH OF SARAH KING.

THE Editor of the *Remembrancer* gives the following from the "Memoirs of Mr. Triggs." This happy conversion and death took place when Arthur Triggs' was a humble and happy preacher at Kingston near Plymouth. He says:—

The dealings of the Lord with Sarah King are interesting; they clearly set forth the distingushing grace, discriminating mercy, and sovereign love of the Lord our God. I had never seen her at my house when I was preaching, neither did I know she had been there; but the purpose of God according to election must stand. The Lord quickened her soul and set her at liberty; afterwards she caught cold, and a rapid consumption took place. About a fortnight before her death she sent for me early in the morning. I arose from my bed and went to her; when I entered the room her parents and friends were standing round her bed, expecting her speedy departure. She desired them to leave the room, and told them to shut the door.

She then said to me, "Help me up, and put the pillow behind me."

I did so, and said to her, "Sally, why have you sent for me?"

She answered, "To tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul."

I thought my heart would have burst. We sat and wept together. I said, at last, "Well my dear child, do let me hear how, when, and where."

She said, "You never saw me at your house when you were preaching."

I said "No."

"Why," said she, "I used to come down and get behind the front door, and stand there that no one should see me; and while I was there one night, and you were preaching, the Lord brought His word with power into my heart, and I felt what I never felt before, that I was a lost sinner! In this state I went

on for some time, full of sorrow and grief on account of my sin and my lost state; but I was always at my post behind the door whenever you preached; and once, when you were speaking of the preciousness of the Lord Jesus, and what he had done for poor sinners, in redeeming them from all iniquity, and saving them from all their sins, I felt the truth thereof with power and blessedness in my heart, and all my sin and misery were removed and Jesus was precious to my soul." She added, "You gave out that dear hymn after the sermon,

'Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,' &c.,

and I felt such love to my precious Christ, that I could sing aloud, 'He hath redeemed me.'"

I never can forget the sensations of my soul, while I am in the wilderness, when I heard the dear child relate these things, I wept over her and we rejoiced together, and praised the name of the Lord that had shewn us so much mercy.

Moreover; she said, "When I consider the mercy of the Lord manifested towards me in such a sovereign way, that He hath taken me, while my father, mother, brothers, sisters, and relations are all left, as yet, dead in sin, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise."

I really was astonished to hear the dear child talk in the way she did. She asked me to read some part of the Word; I read the fourteenth chapter of John. She then asked me to engage in prayer,

"But don't you," said she, "ask the dear Lord to give me health, or to keep me here; if you do, He will not answer you, for I shall soon be with Him in glory."

I prayed: it was a refreshing season indeed. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

I continued to visit her every morning and evening; we enjoyed much of the Lord's presence, and the savour of His dear name. The sufferings of her body were great at times, but she would often say,

"What are my sufferings, if compared with those of my dear Lord Jesus when he suffered for me?" She spoke at times of the darkness of her mind, and of the temptations of Satan.

"But," said she, "I shall soon be beyond the whole of this, for nothing can rob me of my precious Jesus, who hath loved me, and given Himself for me."

The last night I was with her, after we had been talking about our most glorious Christ, she paused for a while, and then said to me,

"I do not want you to pray by me to night."

I said, "Don't you, my child, and why?"

She answered, "I am above all prayer, it is all praise; I have nothing to ask, I have all I want."

She appeared to be in raptures of soul, and looking up she said, "I see heaven opened, and my precious Lord Jesus standing to receive me," which she repeated several times!

I was silent for a while, wondering at the displays of such tender mercy from the Lord. When about to leave her, I said, "I will come again in the morning."

She replied, "You may come, but I shall never see you more on earth, for before you come I shall be with my precious Jesus."

And so it was, for before I arrived next morning, her redeemed soul had fled to mansions of eternal glory.

THE EVERY WAY NOBLE ROBERT NOBLE.

UP in the high heavens now there might might be found the happy spirit of one, who, when down here, was a missionary to the Telugu people in the Southern India.

I have enjoyed the manner of his conversion much, and the earnest devotion of his life. His brother, John Noble, has erected a biographical literary tablet, and on a review of it, one of our neighbours says:—

The late Mr. Noble, whose name is almost a "household word" to the readers of The Church Missionary Society's publications, was the youngest son of a Leicestershire clergyman. The eldest of the family became a Member of Parliament, another (the biographer), is a clergyman, and another a surgeon. Two sisters seem to have been largely instrumental in forming the character

of the brothers; and to Anne, the youngest, is attributed the honour of having directed the mind of Robert to Missions. She was married to the Rev. H. Palmer, whom, in 1823, she accompanied to West Africa. But the labours of both were speedily terminated by the fatal fever:—

"Did she live in vain? Were her zeal and labour of love lost? By no means, as the following incident will show.

"Passing through Oakham, where her brother Robert was at school, on her journey to far-distant Africa, she yearned with intense desire again to embrace him and take a final farewell. It was very early in the morning, and with some difficulty she was allowed by the coachman a few minutes for this most important interview. Obtaining admission into her brother's room, in sweet accents of affection she pressed upon him, in a few winged words, the deep importance of instant decision in religion, pledged him to read his Bible daily, and to pray for her and the heathen; and expressed a hope that one day he might follow her into the missionary field. Who can tell the power of such words? From that hour Robert Noble was a sealed missionary to the heathen—the words spoken in the fulness of love sank into his soul; and though, through his natural modesty and sense of unworthiness, he kept the young resolve secret and nursed it in his own bosom, yet the holy leaven was at work, and never ceased its influence till it permeated his whole being, body, soul, and spirit."

Having completed his course at Oakham school, Robert Noble entered at Cambridge, studying first at Christ's College, and afterwards a Sidney Sussex College, with every prospect of a distinguished University career. But overtaxed mental energies, resulting in the failure of health, compelled a premature withdrawal from the University. He bore this trial with exemplary patience, and, by sedulous care, his health was gradually regained. Never losing sight of his great missionary purpose, he had to spend several years in home duties. For six of them, his lot was cast in a privileged circle, as the private tutor in the family of the devoted Sir Thomas Blomfield, of Brighton. It is honourable to the parents, and also to the tutor, that five of Sir Thomas's

sons have become devoted clergymen. In that happy home Mr. Noble had the opportunity of being known to many influential persons, and his character grew in estimation both public and private. Other and brighter prospects might now have opened up, but his decision was unalterable, and, towards the close of his engagement, the way was made plain to him by the presentation of the case of the Telugus in India, among whom a new mission was commenced.

But another interval occurred. For special reasons he was ordained in England, and, for a time (1839—40), exercised his ministry as curate of Old Dalby, Leicestershire, giving, in his faithfulness there, the earnest of the future evangelist in India.

At length (in 1841), came the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes. He, and the lamented Henry Watson Fox, went forth to found the Telugu Mission. This country, stretching for nearly 700 miles along the Madras Presidency, was peopled by twelve millions of souls, who had, for more than two generations, been under our government, but utterly neglected by the Church. Yet the field was encouraging. The Telugus are described as "speaking a soft and flowing language, and possessing a disposition and character superior to many others of the natives of that great peninsula, having greater energy, more manliness and independence, stronger natural affections, and less of deceit and dishonesty, and thirsting after knowledge." Musulipatam, on the coast, was chosen as the chief station, and here, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Robert Noble arrived in 1843, some time after reaching Madras, where a preparative stay was made. He came, it is said, "with a full intention of burying his bones in Masulipatam: he kept to his purpose." "Firmness and Perseverance" were his watchwords, and no dissuasion nor discouragement damped his ardour.

Here I stop. Contemplate this monument of mercy, made on purpose to carry the Gospel to the Indian; the Indians of a noble cast, were the very people for such a noble spirit as this Robert Noble had; and the fruits of his work among the Telugus I will give next month.

CHRIST REVEALED.

ALL the saving knowledge men have of the Christ of God is by the revelations of the Holy Spirit, and all the testimonies given by such favoured ones are exceedingly precious. Here is one such testimony:

"That which is from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

"The Apostle John desired to declare that he had seen with his eyes, heard with his ears, and handled with his hands, of Immanuel; this was the object of his life, this was the alpha and the omega of his preaching. He knew that Jesus was like the alabaster box, full of spikenard, very costly; and his whole labour was to break the box, and pour forth the good ointment before the eyes of fainting sinners, that they might be attracted by the sweet savour. He knew that Jesus was a bundle of myrrh, and his whole life was spent in opening it out to sinners, that they might be overcome by the refreshing odours. He carried about the savour of Christ with him wherever he went. He knew that Jesus was the Balm of Gilead, and his labour was to open out this bruised balm before the eyes of sick souls that they might be healed.

"Christ's Eternity is declared in the words 'That which was from the beginning.' John had often heard Jesus speak of His eternity. 'In the beginning was the Word.' 'Before Abraham was I am.' He remembered how Jesus said in prayer in the garden, 'Glorify me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.' 'Thou lovedest me before the foundation of the

world.' John thus knew that Jesus was the Eternal One—that He was before all visible things, for He made them all. By Him God made the world. Even at the time John was leaning on His bosom, he felt that it was the bosom of the Uncreated One. John always declared this; he loved to make Him known. O beloved, if you have come to lean on the bosom of Jesus, you have come to the Uncreated One—the Eternal One. John i. 1, viii. 58, xvii.)

"*And this Eternal One was with the Father.* St. John knew, from Prov. viii. 30, that Jesus had been with the Father—'Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him.' He had heard Jesus tell many of the secrets of His Father's bosom, from which he knew that He had been with the Father. 'All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.' He had heard Jesus plainly say, 'I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world. Again I leave the world and go to the Father.' John felt even when Jesus was washing His feet that this was the man that was God's fellow. Even when he saw Jesus on the cross, with His pale lips and bleeding hands and feet, like a tortured worm, he knew that this was the man that was God's fellow. He lived to declare this. Do you thus look to Jesus? Have you beheld the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace, and truth? O tempest-tossed soul, this is He who comes to save thee." (John i. 1—18.)

We must not judge of ourselves always according to present feeling; for in temptation we shall see nothing but smoke of distrustful thoughts. Fire may be raked up in the ashes, though not seen; life in the winter is hid in the root.—*Sibbs.*

In a gloomy day there is so much light whereby we may know it to be day and not night; so there is something in a Christian under a cloud, whereby he may be discerned to be a true believer and not a hypocrite.—*Ibid.*

People are continually complaining to me of something in themselves; now every thing in you should send you to Christ.

ETERNAL LOVE.

Jesus! and did Thy Father give
My worthless name to Thee,
When man's redemption first was plann'd
By God in Trinity?

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Before the worlds were made,
Did God's own hand write on my name,
"Let this man's debts be paid?"

My debt! what debt? Great God,
Thy Word informs me what;
Man's life of sin is one vast debt,
And his best works a blot.

Ten Thousand talents sinners owe
To Law and Justice too;
Both take them by the throat, and cry,
"Pay me my lawful due."

But, Lord, if Thou didst choose my name
To everlasting bliss;
My debts were paid; my ransomed soul
Was written down for this.

The Father's love contriv'd the plan;
The Son agreed to die;
The Holy Ghost to give new life
To such vile dust as I.

O, wondrous work! am I "new born?"
Bathed in Christ's crimson flood?
Lord! let me spend each breath for Thee,
And yield my blood for Blood.

O wondrous love! what shall I give
To Him, who gave me all?
Lord, my two mites are body, soul;
At Thy dear feet I'd fall.

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Cheering Words

FOR MARCH, 1867.

HOW THE PARSON PAID HIS RENT.

THE wheel of Divine Providence is a wonderful mystery, and sometimes it is delightful in its revolutions. At a place in Norfolk, called Pulham, there lives and there labours a real honest and good minister of Christ, named BENJAMIN TAYLOR. He has recently published some "Faithful Records of Jehovah's Mercies," and one of them I give here, to cheer and encourage some poor saint of God, although I fear such ladies are hard to find in these days. Mr. Taylor says:—

Finding I had only a little work now and then, I thought I would try and keep a day-school in the vestry of the chapel. About this time two ladies came one Lord's-day morning to hear me preach. The next day they paid me a visit, and said they were highly delighted to find that the truth was preached in the neighbourhood, where they were brought up, and also that we had got such a good chapel. I soon found they were down from London on a visit, to see their aged mother, who lived only a few yards from my residence, that they were both lovers of the doctrines of grace, and that they were accustomed to sit under faithful men of God. One of these ladies was a baptized person; the other was not. They questioned me and my wife very closely as to our circumstances, saying I had none only poor people to preach to, and so must be much tried. We thought they only wanted to know all they could, merely for the sake of knowing, being inquisitively curious, as many ladies are, and so we were determined

they should not understand our affairs. All we said was, we had not wanted bread, for the Lord had always been mindful of His promise; and we were sure He would never leave us nor forsake us. Some time after this my landlord called to say he must have half-a-year's rent; for according to our agreement I was to pay this, if required, at the half-year's end. Well, as he gave me to understand, he must needs have it, for he had been making repairs to the cottages, and the tradesmen's bills must be paid. I had not a shilling towards the three pounds (the half of the rent), and what to say or do I could not imagine; but at last told him it did not suit me to pay him then, and if he would wait a few days I should feel thankful. He replied, "By no means inconvenience yourself; I will wait." This was a great trial, for Satan came in upon me thus, "Do you think that a true minister of Jesus Christ would be in such a fix as this? If you were God's servant, do you think He would allow you to be distressed and pinched for the want of a little money? Where are you to go to for the sum required? You will not be able to pay it, and what will your landlord think of you as a minister? What will he think of your people, and of the cause? You know he is an unbeliever, and, rely on it, he will think very meanly of religion when he finds there is no money for him." But have I no friends of whom I could obtain this sum? True, I have; but what remarks will they make about this? It won't do, thought I; borrow I cannot; pay-day must come; and money once borrowed is hard to be made up again. I told the Lord I did not know what to do; my mind was dark, and there was not a single promise to comfort me; I thought He had forgotten to be gracious, and that everything was against me. The next morning I went off to my little school as full of wretchedness as possible, thinking I might be deceived, that my spot was not the spot of God's people, and that I never could be called to preach the gospel. I even wished I was something different from what I was, and actually envied the position of those who broke stones on the road. I had not been in the school more than an hour, when my wife came with a letter in her hand. She looked very much flushed, and in the deepest concern about

something. My spirits sank within me, and I said to myself, Some bad news, depend upon it, for one trial scarcely ever comes without bringing another. "What is it?" I hastily said. My wife replied, "Look into it." I took the envelop out of her hand, and putting my fingers in pulled out the half of a five-pound note. I looked at her in amazement, and said, "What does this mean?" She said, "There is a small note you have not taken out, read that." Pulling out the note, I read as follows:—

"My Dear Sir,—It has been powerfully impressed on my mind that just at this time you are in trying circumstances; I, therefore, have pleasure in sending you the half of a five-pound note. If my impression is correct, say so by return of post, and the other half shall immediately come. Yours, &c."

Imagine my feelings, when I knew that not a single individual was aware of this matter only my wife and myself. My heart melted, I was suffused in tears, and could not think at all about the money, but the loving-kindness of the Lord, who had given me such a signal proof of His regard, and who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I thought from this time I would never again distrust the Lord. But, alas! I have failed to do this! have had many doubts and fears since then, many castings down, and many hard thoughts of God. The person that sent the money turned out to be one of the ladies that had been to hear me preach, and who paid us a visit. I wrote and told her all about it, and said my heavenly Father knew my case, and had put it into her mind to send me the help I required. The other half of the note came by the following post, with a precious epistle, in which my benevolent benefactress expressed her joy at this marvellous instance of the Lord's great and unbounded goodness. I went to my landlord as bold as a hero, paid the three pounds as if I was a man of some consequence, and had two pounds in my pocket to go on with. I had not been so rich before for some time.

"THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH."

TO many that night is dreadful! Reader, art thou, by the free grace of God, prepared for that night which is to come over thee before long? Of a Warwickshire lawyer, one Mr. Willoughby, the following note is given of his last night. He had long been ill, but happy. His memoir says:—

His joy and confidence continued apparently unbroken till the very night of his death. About four or five hours before he expired (it was then near midnight), he was still in the full enjoyment; and exclaimed, "I am going to heaven! I wish all here to know it! Christ is my Redeemer! I know this. If He saved me, it is all His doing: there is nothing, nothing, nothing, in me! I may not be able to think or speak more, but if able, may God enable me to glorify His name." Here he became silent, and those about him prayed that if it were for the glory of God, he might be enabled to declare what the Lord was inwardly teaching him, he being apparently in conflict.

Suddenly he cried out with vehemence, "Pray hard, pray vehemently! Ask Christ to tell you how to pray! He will shew you how! I am in the dark! I cannot see how it will be! Oh, what shall I do! I am so ignorant! I know nothing! Oh, pray for me! pray that I may keep close to him."

He himself continued to pray very fervently; and those present say that great awe evidently filled his spirit, and was communicated by his words to them, so that they thought of this scripture, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" 1 Peter iv. 18. He continued in this conflict an hour or two, the changes he expressed being very rapid and repeated. Sometimes he would say, "I did not doubt—though I feel doubts—pray, pray for me, and I believe this will be for good." Once he caught vehemently hold of some of the Gospel promises which were repeated to him, especially this, "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him."

This seemed relieving, and after a few minutes, turning to the speaker, he said, "I am right again, your words have brought me right."

This looking to the creature, not to the Lord, seemed to be immediately visited, and he was plunged into the conflict again. It was now said to him, "I thought as much, when you spoke of my words bringing you right. Christ loves you, and remember that His love is jealous. Look to Him."

After a while, he prayed as follows:—"O Lord, Thou knowest my heart. I appeal entirely to Thee. Thou knowest I desire most entirely to be thine, to do and to bear thy will. I am persuaded this trial shall turn to my ultimate benefit. I beseech Thee only to carry me safely through. I am quite willing to endure the trial as long as Thou shalt see fit, fully believing it shall work for my good and thy glory."

It was said to him, "These conflicts are the bands of death which it is said the wicked do not know." (Ps. lxxiii. 4).

"Are they?" he said, "then, Lord, shew me the bands of death!"

"Nay," it was replied, "do not pray for them, pray to be loosed from them."

"I acknowledge my error (he said) but I can't see how I shall get through or over." He followed very earnestly the passage of scripture which was then repeated, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" laying such stress on the last words as showed how deeply his conscience was affected. At last he said, "Oh what a great strait I have brought myself into." It was replied, "You say, brought yourself into, but it is the Lord shewing you how strait is the gate." Again he prayed fervently as if in intense conflict, and after a few minutes, in great weakness, though evidently regaining his spiritual liberty, he said, "I have managed to draw myself,—I mean, the Lord has drawn me through the strait gate. But I am much exhausted and cannot tell you now. I will tell you presently." This he uttered as though he exerted his whole remaining strength; and then he sunk back and continued speechless, gradually growing weaker and weaker, though still sensible, and as was evident from the motion of his lips, inwardly praying. He once uttered the words feebly, "Bright, bright!" and gently

expired a little before half-past four in the morning of April 6th, 1845, being in the 35th year of his age.

Surely this word "Bright," expresses at once what he would have described at large, had his strength sufficed; and may recall the attention of his friends to words he had repeated a few days before, with such peculiar power, that none who heard them can forget it. They were from a well known hymn of Cowper's, altering it by substituting *Christ* for *God*, as follows:—

> "CHRIST shall rise, and shining o'er you,
> Change to day the gloom of night;
> CHRIST the Lord, shall be your glory,
> CHRIST, your everlasting light."

THE TENDERNESS OF JESUS.

"Having loved His own, He loved them to the end." He did not, it is true, after His resurrection, associate so familiarly with them as He had done before; but He gave them many striking and precious tokens of His deep affection, and His intense interest in their comfort and welfare. The term by which He designated them illustrates this. Before His death He said to them, "Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends;" but after His resurrection He drew the cords of love still closer, and called them His brethren.

"Go, tell my brethren," said He, "that they meet me in Galilee." "Go, tell my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." Thus He reserved the tenderest appellations for the last, as though He would provide against all their suspicions and fears that He would forget them as He rose in dignity and power, by showing them that He loved the more; the more He did for them.

Then see Him as He enters that gathering place of the disciple, on the evening of the first day of the week, when, with closed doors, "for fear of the Jews," they conferred together with sorrowing hearts, and standing in the midst of them, He says, "Peace be unto you," and, with significant tenderness,

"shows to them His hands and His side." And observe Him returning to them "after eight days," that He might remove the unbelief of one who was absent on the previous occasion, and saying to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing:" and say, are not these proofs of His unchanged tenderness and grace after His resurrection?

But, to remove the slightest doubt from your mind, that when Jesus left the earth His heart was as compassionate and tender as before He was crucified, listen to His last solemn command to His disciples—"That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name, beginning at Jerusalem."

And remember, it was in Jerusalem that prejudice and every malignant passion had prevailed against Him. Many there, who ought on the principle of mere justice, to have shouted hosannas to Him, had cried "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Priests and rulers, and the infatuated people, had exulted at the sight of His sufferings and death. The voice of Jerusalem's iniquities cries to Heaven for vengeance. But now that Jesus was about to ascend His triumphal chariot and enter heaven, He said to His disciples, "Preach the Gospel to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem." Go, tell of salvation through my blood, first to those who shed it. Go, invite those to pardon and salvation in my name, who despised and blasphemed it. Tell them I will forgive them—accept them—save them. Let every street and lane in Jerusalem resound with the message of my grace. And then, having announced my salvation there, proclaim to the whole world the "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. Do not these latest utterances of Jesus upon earth, prove that He was still the unchanged, tender, compassionate Saviour? And when he ascended on high, it is said he "received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among us."

DENHAM SMITH'S TESTIMONY ON THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION.

LAST month this large question was commenced. We now redeem the promise then made.

First, then, the truth, without which we are yet in darkness. Listen to the grand utterance of the Apostle, when he says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, even the deep things of God." Our natural condition as saints is, that God has revealed them to us by His Spirit, even the deep things of God. What deeper thing can there be than his own eternal love? or than the Son of God dying for us on the cross? or than the gift we have of eternal life? All the great truths of our oneness with Christ, our hope of being like him and with him for ever in a Divine perfectness, these surely are deep things. But they are revealed; and we know them. Says John, writing to those who were only babes in Christ, "little children" in Christ, as well as "young men," "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, whereby ye know all things." This knowledge is Divine knowledge, and comes—how does it come? It comes by the truth in this blessed Word which God has given to us; a Word which is a revelation of himself—of his own loved thoughts towards us in and through his Son. This word I have; and he that hath it hath his testimony. And in this sense, he hath the truth—shall I say, hath God—hath the testimony in himself. And this is incontestable. We have an unction from God. There is no unction, no anointing in the soul, apart from the truth. We had never known anything of God—and, oh, I would like to make this plain to you—we had never known anything of his love, we had never known anything of salvation or redemption, but by the Word which we have and believe. Therefore it is we are not on the ground of a wild fanaticism when we say that a man ought to know that he is saved.

Nor are we on the ground of mere feeling. We say that a man ought to know that he is saved, ought to know that he is a Christian, that if he were to die, he would be in heavon, blessed with an eternal salvation. With the believed Word in our hands, we ought to know; and Paul, speaking for all Christians, and declaring, not the special attainment of a few, but that natural to all, says, in 2 Corinthians v., "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "We know," not "we may know," or "hope to know," but we have the knowledge, "we do know." Job, again, some thirty centuries past, was found saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." What means had he of knowing that his Redeemer lived? He had just what we have; he had the clear Word of God; he had the truth which told him to his adoring joy, that his Redeemer lived. The Psalmist also said, "The Lord is my Shepherd," God had said he was such. Paul also in the very prospect of death, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded." You and I, beloved, may have the same knowledge, the same confidence, in the truth, that "he that hath the Son hath life."

God assures us of this that we may know we have eternal life. "This is the record," says John, "that if we believe on the Son of God, we may know that we have it; and he that believeth hath the testimony in himself."

What is it to have the testimony? Is it not to have the truth; to have it with certainty, telling us that we have eternal life; that we are children of God?

Ah! beloved, if I were to tell you what gives me assurance, I should say, it is the truth. I have nothing else. I have to do with God; and the truth it is which shows me who he is, and what his feelings are towards me are. I get all I need in the Word—not as the word of some prophet, or apostle, or evangelist, but of God. For example—I take up the the third of Romans, and there I am assured that all have sinned and all have come short of the glory of God; I know that it is true; I know that I have sinned, and that I have come short of the Divine glory,

I accept the truth. I know that there I have the record of God concerning myself. But in that same chapter I am told how, in the midst of my guilt, God has spread forth the means of salvation; that he has dealt with my sins in order to my being saved; that his Son, whom he spares for it, takes my place, and that through him he can justify the ungodly. Then I am told how all this is. In the last verse of the following chapter he tells me that righteousness was not imputed to Abraham only, but that "All who believe are justified;" that Jesus was "delivered for our sins, and raised again for our justification." The question is, Do I believe? If so, I am justified—saved. God tells me this; but if I say, I do not want to be justified, or if justified, it must be on my own merits, then there is nothing for me. But if I would have the deliverance—the justification which God has provided for me—there it stands! Yea, here it is, and "He that hath the Son hath the testimony in himself." Oh, it is laying hold of God in his truth which give assurance! Ah, here it is for my eternal salvation! Christ was delivered for my sins—died for my sins; God says it. In earthly matters, if a debtor were convicted of debt, and I were to stand for him, it would be from me the law would take its demands; he would escape. But there is a further truth here. If I had paid the amount required, then not only does the man escape, but I also am discharged from court because he is now justified—free.

[Our notes on this next month.]

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'S GOOD ADVICE.

AS one of the Lord's hirelings, ye must work till the shadows of the evening come upon you, and ye shall run out your glass; fulfil your course with joy; for we take nothing to the grave with us, but a good or evil conscience; and, although the sky clear after one storm, yet clouds will engender another. Ye have contracted with Christ. Be honest, brother, in your bargain; for who knoweth better how to train his children? His bairns are all well brought up, and entered heirs to their Father's

inheritance. Now the form of His training is by chastisement, scourging, correcting, nurturing. See if He maketh exceptions of any of His bairns (Rev. iii. 19; Heb. xii. 7, 8). No; His eldest Son and heir, Jesus, is not excepted (Heb. ii. 10). Suffer we must; 'ere we were born God decreed it; and it is easier to complain than to change the decree.

It is true, terrors of conscience cast us down; and yet, without these, we cannot be raised up again. Fears and doubtings shake us; and yet, without these, we should soon sleep and lose our grip of Christ. Tribulation and temptation almost loosen us at the root; and yet, without these, we can no more grow than herbs or corn without rain. Sin, and Satan, and the world say, we have hard reckoning to make in judgment, but our sin changes not the tenour of the New Covenant. Forward then, dear brother, and lose not your grip, for worlds sell not one dram weight of God's truth. The God of truth establish us; for, alas, there are few to comfort the prisoners of hope, and the mourners in Zion; and especially now, when most men measure truth by the times, and yet time is the father and mother of truth, and great is the truth and must prevail. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

A NIGHT VISION OF THE DEATH-PANGS OF THE WORLD.

I WAS sitting in a room, in a country cottage, with a young man, one Sunday afternoon, when he brought forth a sheet of paper, and put it into my hand. I read it, I really was struck with it. It was an account of a man's solemn dream, or night vision, which he had about seven years ago. So wonderfully in agreement with all the Scriptures say of the end of the world, that I felt the deepest solemnity: and asked him some questions respecting it. His answers were solemnly edifying. He had thought over this night vision, for nearly seven years; then, not till then, he wrote it out on paper; and gave it to me; saying "it may be useful to others, if published." I had faith to believe the Lord would bless the reading of it; so as soon as possible, it will be issued.—ED.

ONE OF MY SUNDAYS.

A LITTLE NOTE BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

MONDAY morning is, generally, to me a singular sort of a season. The Lord's day has been a hallowed time for many years. From morn until night, on that day, I have read, and prayed, and thought, and proclaimed the Gospel with all the strength and power I have been favoured to enjoy. Then, on the Monday morning to have to descend into the deeps of business is often very unpleasant.

Yesterday, February 24th, I was engaged to preach at Tring, in Hertfordshire. I was working at home, on Saturday evening, until near ten o'clock, preparing work for the press; early yesterday morning I set out for the sphere of my labour for the day. The following few lines were pencilled down as we rolled on from London to the station within a few miles of the chapel where, through mercy, I did conduct the worship three several times.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 24th, 1867.

In setting out to go to my work at Tring these lines came out of my soul—

"O Lord, my God! my Saviour, Friend,
Now,—let me hear thy voice
Within my heart;—and in thy house
Aloud may I rejoice."

As I was walking through the City yesterday, thinking upon my work in the ministry, also, of my desire to be useful to my friend, whose "Entrance into the Church" I recorded in CHEERING WORDS last month, this Scripture came very kindly into my thoughts:—

"HOPE DEFERRED
MAKETH THE HEART SICK;
BUT WHEN THE DESIRE COMETH
IT IS A TREE OF LIFE.

"Hope" is as common a thing as you can find in the world. Every miserable sinner all through the civilized nations of the

earth has a hope of some kind, and looks after some future good. Moral or immoral, professing or profane, wise or unwise, rich or poor, old or young, ALL HOPE FOR SOMETHING THEY HAVE NOT. Who can describe that exercise of the ever-restless natural mind which is expressed by Hope? The existence of Hope, whether you find it simply in the natural, or, whether you find it more powerfully in the spiritual, mind, always bespeaks a conviction of our present imperfect state; and it proves the working of faith toward some desirable possession yet to be inherited in the hearts of true believers.

Hope is something easier realized than described. Take seven characters in the professing Church; they all have Hope:—a lingering after something: a looking, seeking, and labouring for some blessed achievement which grace has set their hearts upon. Take,—

First—the quickened, convicted, and awakened sinner. It is one of the features of a soul in whom the Holy Spirit hath wrought the new conviction, that it has the germ of every principle needful to carry it through all the temptations and enterprises which fall to its lot between its leaving the city of destruction, and its entrance in the holiest of all. There will be found in this new creation godly fear, holy love, a living faith, and a good hope of some mercy yet to be manifested. The publican had some hope, or he had not cried out, "God be propitious unto me!" Hope in Saul of Tarsus made him long to know who the Lord was; it also made him wish to do the Saviour's will. I think that was a sweet time when my soul was simply hoping, and crying, and running after the Lord and his salvation. Peter calls it "a lively hope:" "begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." It is a lively Hope indeed. It flies about after every new spritual blessing, as that blessing is revealed in the Word by the Holy Spirit.

"The Christian's hope can never die."

It derives its life, being, and exercise from the Lord himself; and it will cast anchor in the Rock of ages; so that no fatal shipwreck can take place. This awakened one hopes to realize the mercy of God in its pardoning and saving power.

But the haste—the impatience—the sense of the danger—the fear of dying before assurance of salvation is found—all these things make it appear as though hope was useless—faith in vain—and prayer of no avail whatever. The poor heart sickens; a mental despondency seizes upon it; and it is for a season very unhappy indeed.

Secondly,—*The Justified Believer* hopes to come to a brighter and clearer knowledge of the Lord, of His Covenant, and of the Divine certainty of his safety; and of his safe arrival in the kingdom of the Blessed. Simeon waited for the consolation of Israel; that is, he hoped to see the long-promised Messiah; and his hope was realized to the full.

Thirdly,—There is the hope of the *Devout Christian*. As it is said of Enoch, he "walked with God," so of *some* Christians it may be said, they DESIRE to walk with God. They have tasted the sweets of communion with the Lord. In prayer, in reading, in quiet meditation, they have gone a little way into the divine sanctuary and their language is—

"Nearer my God to Thee."

But the hope of that nearness may be deferred; it may be hindered, until the heart is sick and sorely perplexed. Many times David cried out, "How long, O Lord, wilt thou hide thy face from me?" David's "how longs" are full of meaning; they are expressive of a hopeful sorrow.

Fourthly,—*The Zealous Christian*—has his hope more set upon doing something in the cause and kingdom of Christ; but his hope may be long deferred. It is a rich feast to the soul of a zealous, and active, and practical believer, to see the work of the Lord progressing. I do not mean exciting revivals; but a solemn, steady, and genuine work of grace in the souls of sinners;—saving them; and delivering them; and causing them to walk in the life and love of the truth; ah, this is rich indeed; but such hopes and scenes are often long deferred.

Fifthly. *The Sunday School Teacher* hopes to see some of his children receiving the true grace of God, and coming forward in the church as real disciples.

Sixthly. *A good Deacon* hopes the word will prosper, that the

church will enjoy peace, and that the cause will thrive in every happy way.

Lastly. *The faithful Minister* has hopes, and earnest desires for the conversion of sinners, the building up of the saints, and the progress of the great Redeemer's kingdom. But in every case, sooner or later, the Christian's hope is blighted; it is deferred; and I am one of those melancholy mortals who has often felt the cloud eclipsing my hope, and sinking me into despairing gloom. Although I am not utterly and eternally cast out, and hope I never shall be. I cannot now define "the hope of the righteous," but I am getting now and then a faint ray of light into its nature.

A word upon this Sunday at Tring. To my friends I may say, I have been so ill with a cold, I rather feared this Sunday. Three sermons, with travelling, walking, thinking, reading, and praying, is not a very easy task to a little one like myself. But I was carried through the day; and travelled home the same night; and when I once again found myself safe at home, after the exercises of near eighteen hours, I ought to have sung loud songs of thankfulness to the Lord; but, alas! my heavy-freighted soul, can seldom take wing, and fly out in true and hearty thanksgivings! O, why is this? I wish to acknowledge most gratefully the sixpence which one kind brother brought me for the New Tabernacle; also, for the large basket of apples, another good brother brought me. They both came several miles. I hope they found some good word from the Lord. If any one could have seen me, coming out of Euston square station, at near eleven o'clock on the Sunday night, and walking tiredly through the streets towards Hackney, with a large bundle of apples tied up in brown paper, they would never have thought it was

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

A REUNION IN GLORY.

A FEW more painful steps in the wilderness, and I, too, shall be safely sheltered in my Father's house; there—O, joy of joys!—shall I see Him face to face, "of whom having not

seen, I have loved, and rejoiced in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory." To see Him, to speak with Him, to be for ever with Him—this, this is indeed to my soul, in its anticipations of future bliss, the very heaven of heaven. But, while I thus look forward with supreme delight to the prospect of dwelling for ever in the immediate presence of a Saviour God, as alone essential to my perfect felicity, O, it is a source of happy comfort to anticipate a reunion in His presence with those I have here most fondly loved in and for Him—to anticipate the bliss of meeting and renewing the sweet intercourse of earth before His throne—joining with them in celestial converse of Him and of all His love — casting down together at His feet our blood-bought crowns of glory, and blending our voices in the song of everlasting praise—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, even the Father; to Him, with the eternal Father and Spirit, three Persons and one God, be all praise and glory and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

O SAVIOUR, GO BESIDE US.

O SAVIOUR, go beside us,
Wherever we may go;
And let no harm betide us
From malice of the foe.

O Shepherd, go beside us,
And lead Thy fainting flock;
With pastures green provide us,
And well-springs from the rock.

Shine, Light of light, beside us,
And show the heavenly way:
Through all the future guide us,
That we no more may stray.

O Master, stay beside us:
Our hearts with wisdom store;
Be strength and grace supplied us,
To grow for evermore.

O Father, go beside us,
Till all our wand'rings end:
Let weal nor woe divide us
From Thee, our Faithful Friend.

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Cheering Words

FOR APRIL, 1867.

THOMAS ROWE A PREACHER OF GLAD TIDINGS.

I AM so surrounded with papers, books, letters, and all kinds of things, intended to put out the Ritualistic Puseyites, that it is quite refreshing to turn away from all this outer-court noise, and to turn into a close and spiritual examination of those things which accompany salvation, for there is no mistake about them; they are true, they are real, they are the only comfort a Christian has in time, and they are sure to go with him into eternity. I do love to realize a holy and blessed contemplation upon the glories of Christ, as revealed in the souls of the redeemed. Well; this morning, after a good deal of confusion within, I said to myself, "What, my soul, is it that you need?" This was the answer.

PERFECT SPIRITUAL FREEDOM:

PERMANENT FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD:

FITNESS FOR ETERNAL GLORY.

Yes—these are the blessings which Jesus Christ came to bestow; and of these divine things I would gladly write, think, speak, and above all be a rich partaker; but alas! it is not so; in a sensible manner. Going on, I found the following in the *English Independent*, a paper written by Dr. Brown.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

"He was playing with a companion, near his father's house, in the little village of North Petherwin, Devon. Nothing seemed

to indicate danger at hand, for the day was fine and calm, although there had been much rain and a heavy storm through the night. All of a sudden "Crash!" went the chimney of a neighbouring house; and before he could realise what had happened, his companion had fallen by his side, struck dead by a heap of bricks and mortar. This was how it came about."

What was brought about by this sad incident? The early conversion of Thomas Rowe, M.A., one of the most holy, devoted, and useful of the Ejected Ministers. His biographer, recording the fact, says: "In his youth, ever after this painful event, and through the whole course of his education, he was sickly, sometimes sorely dejected, and always of great thoughtfulness of mind about spiritual matters. But, after he was called out to active service, he was ordinarily very cheerful, and was blessed with a great measure of health." Some of the stirring circumstances of his chequered life strikingly exemplify what great things are often suspended on a single providence. To a few of these we invite attention.

Thomas Rowe was the son of a solicitor of the same name, and of considerable distinction both in Cornwall and Devon. It was his father's wish that he should have been educated for his own profession. In this, however, happily for many, he was disappointed. A pious servant in the family, greatly affected by the incident which we have narrated, ever "kept on" to Thomas that his life was the Lord's, that he had been spared to be a minister of the Gospel, and that it was his duty to devote himself to a holy preparation for the work. How much, in this way, a truly Christian servant may do in a family, in directing the affections of the young to the Redeemer, in leading them to love Him, and in dedicating them to His service! How many ungodly servants, on the contrary, have been the curse of a household, the emissaries of the Evil One in it, and the withering world-blight on the promising blossom in many a lovely nursery circle! Parents can never be too careful in the selection either of servants or teachers for their sons and daughters. Thomas Rowe was under the care, while young, of a pious old servant, who loved him, who loved the Lord, and who longed to see her goodly charge grow

up to be a preacher of "glad tidings." And this was "how it came about."

Thomas Rowe soon discovered that his son had no liking for the law. His studies were all of a religious description, he loved retirement and meditation, and gave himself much to prayer. He was of a very tender conscience, was greatly exercised in spirit about his religious duties, and was "a strict observer of his heart, his words, and his ways." All these things his father readily saw as he increased in years, and most properly proposed to him to proceed to the University rather than continue at the desk. This offer was gratefully accepted by Thomas, and, as a consequence, he soon entered Exeter College, Oxford, under the charge of Dr. Conant, where he lived to establish his character "as a being of singular piety, studiousness, and integrity." Nor would he leave college even after he had taken his degree of *Bachelor*, but considered it to be his duty to fully prepared for the work which he was about to undertake, and continued the pursuit of his studies till he went out *Master*. He took his M.A. degree in 1658, and was afterwards chosen as one of the State Chaplains at New College.

[We must not conclude the history of Rowe until next month; then, in closing it up with the three solemn judgments, on those who persecuted him, it will be seen that vengeance belongeth unto the Lord.—Ed.]

"LASTING HAPPINESS!"

THE delicate and delightful spirit which floweth full from a gifted mind deeply sanctified by the fear and the knowledge of the Lord, is choice and rare indeed. At least, in my travels I have not often been favoured to commune with such. A low, ignorant, vulgar, coarse, and undisciplined mind may be often met with in connection with a profession of the grace of God; but such professors have caused me great grief; and when I have seen the hypocritical pride, the tyranny, the conceit, the self-im-

portance, and uncharitableness of such flatulent professors of the Gospel, I have often wondered whether they had any spiritual life, any true knowledge of Christ in them at all! I mourn over the want of cultivation in my own mind. It is frequently uncouth, wild, light, and not sufficiently subjected to that discipline which a sanctified knowledge of good things in general will sometimes impart. The revelations of Jesus, by the Holy Spirit, in my soul, have made me inwardly delight in everything pure, heavenly, holy, righteous, and essentially good, but alas! although "the will to do good, and to be good, is present with me; yet how to perform all this, I find not." Hence I am often compelled to cast myself down at the Redeemer's feet; and with sighs, and groans, and earnest entreaties, I beseech him to come, and fill me with all the fulness of His Spirit; with all the strength of His grace; and in all things to guide, and instruct, to sanctify, and to keep me.

Very lately I have received a most delightful little volume, entitled "Lasting Happiness." The Authoress is Miss A. A. Searle. The book, and its contents, are of a peculiarly gifted and happy character. I here give one little page from it.

Sweet hope! thy presence bright I hail with joy,
To chase the sadd'ning thoughts which oft annoy;
Thou bringest consolation to my mind,
That I may leave all worldly cares behind:
Thus to sin's captive in contrition's cell,
Thou bring'st a smile where tears of anguish fell,
For oft I dream when sorrow's dark clouds lower,
That I shall dwell in heaven's blissful bower:
O hope divine! with holy unction blest,
Continue thus to ease my troubled breast;
And chase from death's dark vale the heavy gloom,
That I may happy be, beyond the tomb!

No man is born with godly sorrow in his heart, as he is born with a tongue in his mouth.

PRECIOUS WORDS ABOUT GRACE.

WE have been little tattling about "Weak Grace, and Strong Grace," and so on; but now, this month, we would try and do, and we pray the Lord to enable us to do, as Solomon says, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish; and wine to him that is of a heavy heart." Here is a small draught taken out of the wine cellar, provided instrumentally, by Thomas Brooks. Look steadily at these words!—

Your sins shall never provoke Christ, nor prevail with Christ so far, as to give you a bill of divorce.

Oh there is much in it, if the Lord would set it home upon your hearts. Your sins shall never prevail so far with Christ, nor never so far provoke him, as to work him to give you a bill of divorce. Your sins may provoke Christ to frown upon you, they may provoke Christ to chide with you, they may provoke him greatly to correct you, but they shall never provoke Christ to give you a bill of divorce: Ps. lxxxix. 30—34, 'If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.' That is a great support to a weak saint, that his sin shall never separate him from God nor Christ. Thou art many times afraid that this deadness, this dulness, this earthliness, and these wandering thoughts, &c., that do attend thee, will provoke the Lord Jesus to sue a bill of divorce against thee. But remember this, thy sins shall never so far prevail with Christ, as to work him to give thee a bill of divorce. Mark,

There is nothing can provoke Christ to give thee a bill of divorce but sin:

Now sin is slain; *ergo*,

I shall open this to you in three things:

1. *First, Sin is slain judicially;* for it is condemned both by

Christ and his people, and so it is dead according to law: which is and may be a singular comfort and support to weak saints, that their greatest and worst enemy, *sin*, is condemned to die, and shall not for ever vex and torment their precious souls. It is dead judicially, it is under the sentence of condemnation: 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin,' &c. The apostle here triumphs over it as a thief condemned to death. Sin is sentenced now; though not fully put to death, it is dead judicially. As when the sentence of death is passed upon a malefactor, you say he is a dead man; why? he is judicially dead; so is sin, sin is judicially dead. When a man that hath robbed and wounded another is taken, and sentenced judicially, we say he is a dead man; and it is often a great refreshing and satisfaction to a man that he is so. Sin, O weak soul! is sentenced and judicially slain; and therefore that can never work the Lord Jesus to give thee a bill of divorce. The thoughts of which should much refresh thee and support thee.

2. *Secondly, Sin is dead or slain civilly*, as well as judicially. It is civilly dead, because the power of it is much abated, and its dominion and tyranny overpowered. As when a king or tyrant is whipped and stripped of all power to domineer, reign, and play the tyrant, he is civilly dead, even while he lives; so is sin in this sense dead even while it lives, Rom. vi. 14. That text is suitable to our purpose; Hosea xiii. 1, 'When Ephraim spake trembling, he exalted himself in Israel; but when he offended in Baal, he died.'

What is the meaning of these words? The meaning is this: When the king of Ephraim spake, the people even trembled at his voice, such power once he had; but when he offended in Baal, by serving Baal, by giving himself up to idolatry, he died in respect of obedience not yielded to him as formerly. Time was that he was terrible, but when he fell to idolatry, his strength and glory came down, so that now he became even like a dead carcase.

Adam died civilly the same day that he sinned. The creatures that before lovingly obeyed him, as soon as he renounced

obedience to his God, they renounced all obedience to him or his sovereignty, so that he civilly died the very same day that he sinned.

That is a sweet word that you have, Rom. vi. 11, 'Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin.' Therefore Christ will never divorce you for sin. Oh what a support may this be to a weak saint, that sin, that he fears above all other things in the world, is slain judicially and civilly. The Lord hath whipped and stripped it of its ruling, reigning, domineering, tyrannizing power. Oh, therefore, Christians, look upon sin as dead, that is, as not to be obeyed, as not to be acknowledged, no more than a tyrant that is stripped of all his tyrannizing power. People that are wise, and understand their liberty, look not upon such a one as fit to be obeyed and served, but as one fit to be renounced and destroyed. Do you so look upon your sins, and deal accordingly with them.

3. *Thirdly, Sin is slain naturally*, as well as civilly. Christ hath given it its death's wound by his death and resurrection. He hath given sin such a wound, that it cannot be long-lived, though it may linger awhile in a saint. As a tree that is cut at the root with a sore gash or two, must die within a year, perhaps a month, nay, it may be within a week; though for a time it may flourish, it may have leaves and fruit, yet it secretly dies, and will very shortly wither and perish. The Lord Jesus hath given sin such a mortal wound, by his death and Spirit, and by the communication of his favour and grace to the soul, that sin shall never recover its strength more, but die a lingering death in the souls of the saints. Christ did not die all at once upon the cross, but by little and little; to shew us, that his death should extend to the slaying of sin gradually in the souls of the saints. When our enemy hath a mortal wound, we say he is a dead man, his wound is mortal; so when Jesus Christ hath given sin such a deadly wound, such a mortal blow, that it shall never recover its strength and power more, we may truly say, it is dead, it is slain. Therefore cheer up, O weak souls, for certainly sin that is thus slain can never provoke Jesus Christ to give you a bill of divorce. Ah! that all weak Christians would, like the bee, abide upon those sweet flowers, and gather honey out of them.

In Memoriam.

A few sentences which will be long cherished in the memory of the nearest relatives of the dear departed Amelia Parnal, the beloved wife of Mr. James Finch, junior, and only surviving and affectionate daughter of Mr. S. Treliving, within the last month of her mortal career.

On Lord's-day the 10th of February, was the last time she was permitted to enter the earthly courts of the Lord's house, at Bethel chapel, Wellesley street. During the same week she spoke of the sermon preached by her pastor, Mr. Stringer, in the morning having been a great comfort to her soul and said that sermon was for her. Text from Psalm cxxxiii. 3.

On Tuesday evening although not complaining of pain it became too evident to her dear relatives from symptoms that she was suffering from something more than ordinary weakness, and from that time although under medical treatment, and every other care and attention, she rapidly sunk.

On Lord's-day 17th of February on her hearing read a short piece from CHEERING WORDS, (which came to hand) for September month, 1865, headed, "The Two Sentinels," was deeply affected, and on being requested not to weep, she replied, "O my dear, all tears are not sorrowful tears, they are tears of joy, rejoicing in the fact that the 'blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

On another occasion she said that "the Lord is not dealing with me in anger but in love and when He hath tried me I shall praise Him; although Satan thrusts sore at me he will not have the final victory."

Again she said that she felt it had been her sweet privilege to follow the Lord in the ordinances of His house, (she having been baptised in November last) at the same time wishing that she had glorified Him more, since she had professed His name.

On Saturday the 23rd of February, she was evidently convinced of the fact, to use her own words, "I am going to die," and from that time she became low, and her utterances very short and weak. After this, one was,

Although my cup be mixed with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.

An other was, that at the resurrection, they shall not only be raised from the grave, but from the bottomless (or unfathomable) depths of the sea. One night she exclaimed, "The angels are waiting for me," and on the night before she expired, on pressing her to take nourishment, "Why do you press me, as you know that I have left you all for sometime past?" And after a few hours quietly fell asleep in Jesus, being the eighth day of March 1867, aged 28 years last birthday, married in August 1865.

THAT LOVELY ONE CHRIST JESUS, LOOKING THROUGH THE LATTICE.

I THINK that man or that woman my friend, and the Lord's friend and the friend of humanity, who tries to do good to children. I see, and hear, and read, so much of cruelty to children, of the neglect of children, of the sufferings and sorrows of children, that all who try to do them good, I love and much admire. Sunday School teachers I think are among the best friends in all this world to the poor dear children, yea, they are a great blessing to our land and nation.

I have lately seen a neat little volume, my little Ernest calls the book, "EIGHT CROCK-STICKS," but its real title is, *Eight Acrostics on the Bible.* It contains addresses delivered at the Rye Lane Sunday School, Peckham, by Geo. Thomas Congreve, superintendent, and it is published for sixpence by Eliott Stock.

I have been much pleased with the little book, and will give my readers one little section of one of the addresses. In the fourth acrostic the following sweet little morsel is found.

The fourth name I have is LATTICE.

This is a beautiful emblem of the Bible. You know what a Lattice is. There was no glass when the Scriptures were written, and they did not want it in that hot country so much as we. They had lattice work instead. I will tell you where I got this name. In the 2nd chapter of Song of Solomon, 9th verse, "My Beloved looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice."

Shall I tell you a sort of dream?

I thought I saw a piece of ground that had once been a

garden, but now barren and desolate. I thought that in this desolate piece of ground there were dirty, hungry, ragged, diseased. In the distance there was a wall, and beyond that wall was a lovely garden full of flowers and fruits, and grassy banks to sit upon, and everything beautiful and fair. I thought there was a window in the wall of that garden covered with a curious lattice work, and blooming roses twining round. I thought there stood one with a very lovely face on the other side of that wall peeping through the lattice, and pitying those poor children so ragged, so weary, so diseased. I thought that none of them cared to look at him. But by and bye I saw one weeping because it was ragged, and another moaning because it had no water to drink, and another panting because it had no place to rest; and then I heard a kind voice calling them. It was that Lovely One —Christ Jesus—looking through the lattice, and the shivering child came to the lattice, and the thirsty one came to the lattice, and the weary one came to the lattice, and the kind hand opened the lattice, and took them in.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast,—

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad."

Ah, dear children, you are ragged, and diseased, and burdened with sin. Are you weary, thirsting for salvation, panting for rest? Here in this Book of God is the lattice where Jesus shews his face and speaks to you—"Come unto me."

Nature may easily work a man to mourn, and melt, and weep, under worldly losses, crosses, and miseries, as it did David's men; but it must be grace, it must be a supernatural principle, that must work the heart to mourn for sin.

BETHNAL GREEN EVANGELICAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Report of Bible Class (Girls).

At our quarterly meeting of the Sunday School our teachers report progress. When the Secretary read the following letter from the leader of the Bible Class, I felt it contained so much of real sound Christian feeling, so much of faith, and of the fruit of love to souls, that I thought it ought not to be buried. I asked permission to print it and here it is:—

MY DEAR FELLOW TEACHERS,—I have on my book fourteen names. The average attendance last quarter was, six in the morning, eleven in the afternoon; they are (most of them) intelligent and affectionate girls, and I am never happier than when I am with them.

Last Sunday, I was permitted to hold my class in the vestry, and a very pleasant afternoon I had; the girls were steady and attentive, and in speaking of the things of God I was more than usually at liberty.

When I became teacher of the class, on the 12th Nov. 1865, it was composed of six, one has left to take a situation, the other five are still with me, and have been constant in their attendance from that time to the present, one having been to school 100 times and another 86 times in the year. This leads me to conclude that my teaching has, at least, been interesting, but I am hoping to see more than mere interest, I am longing to see some proof that the Lord is blessing our labours by opening their dark minds and shedding the glorious light of the Gospel upon them, and this, I believe, I shall see not only in my own class, but, I believe, that, from the school generally, many will be brought to speak of the good they have received there. Why should it not be so? Are we not told to ask great things, and expect great things? and will our heavenly Father tell us to expect what He does not intend to give? No, my dear fellow-labourers; let us ask for great patience and great perseverance, and a great out-

pouring of the Holy Spirit upon our own souls, and upon the dear children's, and then great good will be done, and Bethnal Green Evangelical Sunday School will be a great blessing to this neighbourhood. Do let us go on in faith and prayer, love and unity, and God shall bless our labours, for I feel sure this school has had His especial help from the beginning, and the Lord has gone out before us and fulfilled a promise He gave to me before the school came into existence: I will just tell you the circumstance:—

One night I was led to plead earnestly with the Lord about the school, and to beg that if the work was for His glory that, in the face of all difficulties, He would bring it about. I went to bed without any answer, but in the morning I was awoke with these words sounding in my ears: "God shall supply all your needs;" and has he not done so? When we have wanted money He has opened our friend's hands to give, and when we wanted teachers He has sent them to us; and now we want a new school-room, and I sincerely believe we shall have one.

I have lost two girls this quarter; one was removed by Providence, the other, I am informed, is kept at home by her mother to assist in a public bar. What a sad thing it is to my mind to think that parents should so soon introduce a child into such a scene of sin as must be witnessed in such a position.

And now, in wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year in your labours of love, I would say, "In the morning sow your seed, and in the evening withhold not your hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good;" and, "Be not weary in well doing, for ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Yours, in the bonds of Christian love,

MARY ANN STIMSON.

January 23rd, 1867.

There is nothing that can turn a heart of stone into flesh, but the Spirit of God.

READING THE WILL.

By Denham J. Smith.

My reader must take the Cheering Words for March; and then connect what follows, with that which came before, and so he may be refreshed. After good Denham has said all he has to say upon this excellent subject, we may write a note or two. He continues thus:—

THUS it was in our salvation. Christ died because of my sins; but now my sins, through his death, having been put away, I am free. And he is free also. Hence "He was raised for (or because of) my justification." It was God who raised him from the tomb—set him free, so to speak, because the sinner was justified: justified, not by raising him from the dead, but by his blood—his death. No, he was raised from the dead in evidence of his acceptance—in proof that he was freed from the sin for which he stood—released and accepted by his Father, in proof of which he is now seated at his own right hand far above all heavens.

I go thus, by means of Romans truth, to the very foundation of the sinner's hope; but when I come to Colossian truth, I see a record of God's great purpose, that in Christ, a veritable man down here, should dwell all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and that the sinner is seen by God in him—filled out with that fulness—complete in him. In Ephesian truth I see another thing. I see God justifying the sinner *along* with Jesus—as one with him, making us members of the body of which Jesus is the head. The body is a *new creation* in which all things are reconciled to God. If I be in Christ—a believer in Jesus—then am I of the new creation, the head and the members being one. So that the question is, Is the *new creation* accepted, righteous before God? The truth in Ephesians ii. is, that we are as Christ—dead with him, raised with him, accepted with him, and in the issue to be glorified with him. These are the great truths concerning Christ and his Church. And it is God who gives

them me. He gives them me in his word, and I can only rely upon his word, as children may rely upon the word or will of a Father. Nay more, because he is faithful and true. As to *the will*, the funeral is over; all its trappings and its ceremony are laid aside; the children read the will. To have the will is sufficient; there is at once a rock beyond dispute; there is the record of the land going to one, of this property to another; none can alter its terms or mal-apportion the property. If any one has a doubt, if any one wants assurance of things being as they are declared to be, there is the will, let him read it for himself. He who has the will has the record; and having seen it, he has its witness, its reality, its truth in himself. And so as to assurance of salvation, he that hath the word hath the witness in himself. There is the rock, and if you are seeking it in any other direction—if you are looking on the ground of fanaticism, of feeling, you are *wrong*. It is not on feeling but on fact that assurance is based. An angel even will not do. Dreams and visions will not do. . Too much is at stake to rest on a frame or a vision, or on the word of a creature, however exalted. Besides, God has come into the scene. His word shows him to have come to us. And we have his word. Its eternal secrets are in our hands. As we have said of the family, the head is laid low; the bereaved have shed their tears into the silent bed. Now, the family are alone, they break the seal and read the will. Each knows his own name and his own portion. In the morning the youngest son wakes up and says, "I am rich; I know I am, *because I feel so happy*." No, indeed! he may feel very happy because he knows he is rich; but he is not rich because he feels happy. It is the will, *the will*, that has made him rich, and his faith in the will has made him happy.

God, beloved, will give no further revelation.

It is most certain that the Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the world; that He will come in all the pomp and power of the upper world in the last day to execute judgment upon all.

OUR BEST ACQUAINTANCE.

THE other Monday evening, as I was sitting listening to the prayers and praises of the Lord's people in Squirries-street chapel, that wise word which one man once spake to Job, came to my mind—"Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace with Him:" and certainly the living soul's acquaintance with God is, of all things, more rich, and of a more heavenly character than anything on the earth beside. But let me tell my readers, that I expect on Easter Sunday to remove from Squirries-street chapel into St. Thomas's Hall; where, I do pray, with all the power I have, the Lord will bless my labours; give spiritual, physical, and ministerial strength; and prosper me in the work of the ministry. This is a little step towards the commencement of the erection of our new Tabernacle.

Of course, in contemplating such a step, I have heard some whispers inside of my soul of a very unpleasant character; and yet I have not had any really heavy fears about the matter. On Sunday morning, March 24th, when in my study, a little exercised respecting the ministry, this new movement, and other things, that word which is written in Exodus xi. 7, set in upon my soul, with a singular certainty,—"Against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue; that ye may know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." This word appeared to astonish me. I saw there had been plenty of dogs barking at the Israelites; but when the Lord's time came to bring out his people, the deliverance should be so entire, that not one dog should move his tongue. I know, too there have been many dogs, in secret, growling at me; but now this word seemed to indicate, that the LORD, in the greatness of his mercy, would work an entire deliverance; and though some dogs may snarl in their own kennels, they shall not come out to hurt me. I must watch this word, and see how far my faith in it is found to be good; of which I will write more, when the fruit is found. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

HYMNS FOR HONEST HEARTS.

THERE is a multitude of fields upon fields of truly experimental poetry in the published writings of many of the Lord's chosen ones; but, they are so far out of the reach of the poor of the flock, that they can neither read nor possess them. We should be glad to gather in a little harvest of these precious pourings forth of living souls; and thereby help, in some little measure, to feed, and to edify, the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood. From that excellent volume, "Letters and Poetical Pieces, by the late G. T. Congreve," we take one specimen of the kind of hymns and poems we mean. It is headed.

"NONE BUT JESUS."

Jesus, my faithful Lord,
My only hope's in thee;
Thy name, thy merit, and thy blood,
Is all thy mourner's plea.

I'm vile and base, I know;
Thou'rt merciful and kind;
Lord hitherto I've proved thee so;
Do comfort thou my mind.

There's nought can yield me joy,
Thy face when thou dost hide;
My sin's the cause; I groan, I sigh,
But still in bonds abide.

In prison now I am;
Here oft I've been before;
Transgressor, here I see my name;
When shall I stray no more?

Thy word can break my chain,
And set thy captive free;
Lord, on thee I have no claim,
But O remember me.

I cannot cease from sin,
Though I to hell should go;
I feel the plague deep lodged within,
The cause of all my woe.

'Twixt grace and sin's the strife;
Let grace sufficient be,
And bring me forth, nor let my life,
Be spent thus far from thee.

Reveal thyself once more;
Hence keep me near thy side;
With blood my conscience sprinkled o'er,
There ever to abide.

Thus send me safely home,
Lord, with the joyful news;
Thy presence grant no more to roam.
This portion, Lord, I choose.

July 12th, 1851.

G. T. CONGREVE.

London: Printed by ROBERT BANKS, 4, Crane-court, Fleet-street, E.C., Published by Mrs. PAUL, Chapter-house court, Paternoster row, E.C.; and sold by most Booksellers.—Price One Halfpenny.

Cheering Words

FOR MAY, 1867.

THOUGHTS AND READINGS

BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

"Praise!—Everlasting praise be paid,
To Him who earth's foundation laid,
I'd tell the world from end to end,
How GOD HIS lovely SON did send."

WITH these words springing out of my soul, did I open my eyes on Monday morning, April 8th, 1867. Several days had been spent in preaching and writing, and reading and travelling; the Sabbath had again passed away: for the last time, as I believe, I had administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in Squirries street (for we are removing to St. Thomas's Hall); and in coming this morning into my study, I found the following papers on my table. They were hastily written by me; but a quiet perusal of them may be useful to some of my readers. I give them in faith and with prayer. May the Lord in the exercise of his infinite compassion, lead many a drooping saint and many a seeking soul, to see that where the truth is received—in the love of it, there is the germ of eternal life—although in sorrows only grace appears as yet to live.

Paul's words, as written in 2 Thessalonians ii. 10, engaged my mind, and helped me in my ministry, twice yesterday. Again I say, may the Lord bless the reading of the few stray notes which, from time to time, I give; and which I put under different headings as follows:—

Four Books sent from Heaven to Teach us the Name of the Lord.

Who is that Wicked One? and when shall he be Revealed?

In 2 Thess. ii. Paul speaks of Antichristian powers and people under a five-fold point of view. Look at them and see how dreadful they all are—

1. As that "Man of sin, the son of perdition" who opposeth and exalteth himself above all.
2. The Mystery of Iniquity, a body of evil doctrines, &c.
3. Him whose coming is after the working of Satan, bewitchingly and destructively.
4. Under strong delusions—believing a lie.

Lastly—their end, "that they all might be damned."

Opposite to all this is the character and condition and end of the true church of Christ. All real Christians are said to receive the truth in the love of it—and thereby are saved.

There are two questions arising out of Paul's words, when he says, "They received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." The first is, "What does he mean by the truth?" The second is, "How can the love of the truth save us?"

The term "*The truth*" is an expression which takes in the whole of the essential parts of the Christian religion, and it may be divided into four parts:—

1. There is The Root of all Divine Truth as brought into the soul; and this is found in the knowledge of God. The fountain of all truth is Jehovah Himself; before, therefore, we can know the truth, we must know something savingly of God. That is the Root of Truth in a soul made alive unto God.
2. There is the grand living principle of Divine truth—that is Faith in Jesus Christ. This is the living power given to true believers whereby they "lay hold upon eternal life."
3. There is the precious fruit-bearing evidence of the root—it is "the love of the truth."
4. There is the exalted privilege of true religion—which is a "Meetness for, and a certain right unto, the Kingdom of Eternal glory."

The knowledge of God is the root of all saving truth. God hath given us four books, out of which some knowledge of Him may be received. In the book of Nature we read His goodness. In the book of the Law we read His holiness. In the book of the Gospel we read His mercy; and in the book of the Church's experience, we read His loving kindness and faithfulness. When this knowledge of God is laid up in the heart, then there is the root of Divine truth. Of these four books I have a further description to give some day.

II. Faith in Jesus Christ is the truth in exercise. Take only a four-fold view of this faith. It is the eye of the soul looking after Christ. This is produced in the soul when the Lord speaketh home to it, saying, "Look unto me and be ye saved, for I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour." The Psalmist says, "They looked unto Him and were lightened." Again, faith is the strength of the soul's feet wherewith it travels after Christ. The spouse went about the city crying, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth." See Mr. Taylor's account of the young Jew.

The Young Jew Seeking for, and His Joy on finding the Messiah.

I became acquainted with a very intelligent Jew in the city of Montreal. His father, I was informed, was a wealthy banker in Germany. I heard this Jew relate his Christian experience in a fellowship meeting, the substance of which was, in his broken English, this:—

"The Spirit of de Lord take hold of my heart in my fader's house in Germany. He make me feel so bad I could not eat my food or take my rest.

"My fader say to me, 'Why you no be happy? You mope round just as miserable as can be. Plenty of money, why you no be happy?'

"I say, 'Fader, I find no place for my soul. De money won't buy a place for my soul. I lie down and die one day, and den what good de money to me, and where go my poor soul?'

"By-and-bye I reads in a paper about one Dr. Freshman, a

Jewish Rabbi in Canada, dat find Messiah. I say to myself, 'I go to Canada to find dat Rabbi dat find Messiah.' When I come to Canada, I ask de first thing, 'Where is Dr. Freshman?' and dey tell me dat he live in de city Hamilton. When I go to de city of Hamilton he not at home. I no find him for two weeks. When one man show him to me at a public meeting, and I look at him till de meeting was out, and as he come, I say to him, 'You Dr. Freshman?'

"'Yes.'

"'You Jewish Rabbi?'

"'Yes.'

"'You find Messiah?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well you give me two lessons, and I pay you.'

"Dr. Freshman say, 'Come to my house, and I give you many lessons, and not charge anyting.'

"But I say, 'O no, Dr. Freshman, I no want you to teach me for notting.'"

"Den I go to Dr. Freshman, and he talk to me, and talk to me, and talk to me; but I no find Messiah.

"Den I go to de Catolic church, and talk to de priest to find Messiah.

"De priest, he tell me about de baptism and de holy water and I say, 'Go away wid your water. I wants to find a place for my soul.'

"Den I go back to Dr. Freshman, and he say, 'You Hebrew scholar. Now, take your Hebrew Bible and read what our ancient prophets say about Messiah. Take your pen and write down de exact description dey give of him, especially the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and when you get de prophetic directions how to find Messiah, take your Greek Testament and search, and you will find, as face answers face in a glass, so de New Testament answers to de Old, and dat everything de old prophets say about Messiah was fulfilled exact in de person of Jesus, and you find Messiah in your heart. He save you from all your sins.'

"So I follow de instructions dat Dr. Freshman he did give

me, and my judgment he get convinced, and I bow down on my knees and cry, 'O Got of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Got of my faders, I pray to dee in the name of dy dear suffering Son Jesus Christ. I be convinced from dy holy books of the Old and New Testaments dat he be Messiah which dow has sent into de world to save sinners. Dow knows what a great sinner I am; but Jesus 'comes to save de chief of sinners.' I trust my soul to him. I believe he can save me. O Got, have mercy on my poor soul, and save me from my sins for Jesus' sake. I believe all dow has say about Jesus, and I take him as my Saviour.'

Faith is the hand of the soul wherewith it embraces Christ; and faith is the falling of the soul at the feet of Christ, as Job did, when he fell down flat, saying, Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The fruitful evidence of all real Godliness is, "RECEIVING THE LOVE OF THE TRUTH." Truth is compared to light; and light hath a manifold virtue and value. Light is very pure and beautiful, nothing can defile or mar it; clouds may hide it for a time, but it existeth all the same. Light has heat in it. The light of the sun draws forth the vegetable properties of the sown seed, and it purifieth and concocteth the metals and gems in the bowels of the earth. So truth melteth the heart, and draweth out the powers of the soul toward God and all divine goodness. Truth hath a great power in it. It can revive, it can rule, and it can decide the hardest of all cases. Truth is represented as a loving thing, because it comes from God, and reveals His love in choosing us, and in giving His Son for us, "Herein is love indeed." It comes from Christ, and reveals His loving heart, and His glorious Person, and His sin-forgiving sacrifice, and all His salvation. It is wrought by the Holy Spirit; and hence we come to love a Triune God in all His glorious works. How is it that the love of the truth doth save us?

TRUTH saves us ESSENTIALLY in and by Jesus Christ? He is THE TRUTH. But it is by the sanctifying powers of the Holy Spirit the truth saves us here experimentally.

Divine truth worketh repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Divine truth carries us out of

earnest prayer, and leads us on in obedience to the commands of Christ. Divine truth preserves us in the fear of the Lord.

In the last Great Day, the love of the truth will save us. This love of the truth is in God. He will not cast away His people whom he hath foreknown. It is in Christ, and he will look lovingly on the objects of his redeeming mercy. It is in the Spirit, and the Spirit having dwelt in them, will not forsake them then. And every pardoned soul will then be able to say, "I have loved the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth," and then Everlasting Love will exclaim, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord; and with us dwell for ever!"

THOMAS ROWE A PREACHER OF GLAD TIDINGS.

(Concluded from page 53.)

LITCHET MATRAVERS, near Poole, in Dorsetshire, was the first place where Thomas Rowe exercised his ministry. He gave himself wholly to his work. He visited from house to house, catechised the young, exhorted the aged, warned all of all classes to flee from the wrath to come, addressed, Sabbath after Sabbath, and often during the week, large assemblies who came to hear him from a great distance, met his communicants, and, after the Puritan fashion, formed them into a church, and became to the whole neighbourhood a Christian pastor from whom all looked for counsel, and to whom all turned as to a father and a friend. Such a man is indeed a blessing in any locality—"a burning and a shining light" to dispel the darkness and quicken the life of a whole neighbourhood.

Such a light in these evil days was not likely long to be permitted to shine undisturbed. Even before the period of his ejectment he was twice imprisoned, for a short season, for his plain speaking to parties in power in the district. But on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1662, with nearly two thousand others, Thomas Rowe was driven from his church, his vicarage, his

living, and his loving people—glad to escape with his life. Squire Moore, a gentleman of property, living at Spargrove, in the parish of Batcomb, Somerset, very kindly invited him to come to his house, to take up his abode as a tutor to his family, and to labour as opportunity afforded in his neighbourhood. This offer Mr. Rowe gratefully accepted, and during his residence in the house of Mr. Moore he had frequent and precious communion with Richard Alleine, with whom he lived on terms of the most intimate friendship and delightful correspondence.

Affairs were now more tranquil. The vicar of Litchet, the successor of Mr. Rowe, cared little about the flock so long as he had the fleece; and the people, feeling very deeply the lack of service of such a pastor, urged him to return. He complied with their request. In 1665 he left Spargrove, and the beloved circle where he had been so kindly treated, and betook himself to a poor lodging in Litchet. Twice every Lord's day he preached in the large hall of the residence of Madame Trenchard, a lady of rank and wealth, a sincere Puritan. That he might not bring his patroness into trouble, he held no assembly during the hours of worship in the parish church, but attended there himself at the close of the prayers and the Ritualistic service. In 1666 the Five-mile Act drove him from Litchet altogether, to the no small dismay of Mrs. Trenchard, her loving family, and his deeply attached flock. He went to reside at Little Canford, near Wimbourne, and preached for several years undisturbed "in his own hired house."

As the ministry of Mr. Rowe became here unquestionably exceptional, it may be as well to explain the reason. There lived at Canford House, a gentleman of great weath, a Roman Catholic, who sustained, at his own expense, several Papistical institutions; one of which, at Spettisbury, near Blandford, and another in the neighbourhood of Wimbourne, remain to this day. He was surrounded by a large population holding the same religious views with himself. He was a leading man in the county, very hospitable and generous; a magistrate, and much beloved among the nobility and gentry of the district. In his private chapel, con-

ducted by his chaplain, Roman Catholic service was regularly maintained. No one interfered; and as this was a liberty granted to the Papists, for very shame the magistrates felt that they could not enforce the law against the Puritans—especially against so good, holy, devout, and useful a man as Mr. Rowe.

THREE SOLEMN JUDGMENTS.

Wonderfully, indeed, did the Providence of God protect his servants in these days of fiery trial. Two incidents in the life of Mr. Rowe may be noted. One was during the period when he lived with Mr. Moore at Spargrove. He had gone to pay a visit to his dear friend Madame Trenchard, at Litchet. His presence in the neighbourhood soon became known, and many of his old parishioners longed to hear the Gospel once more from his lips. He agreed to preach in a neighbouring barn. Information was lodged against him; and the informer, accompanied by a constable, came to the place just as the service was ended. They took down the names of many who were present, both minister and people, and the next day procured warrants to take them. Mr. Rowe escaped by retiring into Somerset; but several of the others were conveyed to the Isle of Purbeck, to appear before a magistrate there, who was well known for his irreligion and hatred of Puritanism. He inquired of some of the women what the text was from which Mr. Rowe preached, and being informed that it was from the words "Mortify, therefore, your members which are upon the earth," he burlesqued it, and poured forth his profane jests in reference to it. Not many years after this magistrate died of a painful distemper, which led him to confess that it was the judgment of God upon him for ridiculing Mr. Rowe's text. The busy informer very soon afterwards became paralysed; and the constable was thrown out of his own cart, and killed in front of the doorway of the very building where the service had been held;—a series of disasters which struck with terror and alarm many of the persecutors throughout the district.

The other occurred in the last sermon Mr. Rowe preached, during King Charles's Indulgence, in 1672. An order was sent

to one of the officers in the place to go and disturb the conventicle. He was at church when the mandate arrived. His wife, however, received it with every demonstration of joy, and sent for her husband from Divine service to go and put it into execution. It was done. But this poor woman, not long afterwards, not only became insane and paralysed, but was seized with a distemper known by the name of *appetitus caninus*, or dog-appetite, insomuch that she ravenously devoured whatever came near her that was eatable, and could not be satisfied, to the utter impoverishing of her husband, who was obliged to obtain assistance from the parish, and in which deplorable condition she continued a long time before she died.

Thomas Rowe died on the 9th of October, 1680, in his fiftieth year. He was seized with a fever in the course of fulfilling his pastoral duties, and did not survive a fortnight. Sometimes he was delirious, but most generally calm and peaceful. The very night before his death he was heard to exclaim, "Oh, how I long to be in heaven!" His wish was soon gratified. During his life he had laboured "in season and out of season," in doing good. Multitudes had to bless God for his ministry. His death was sorely lamented. His name long remained a sweet savour wherever he was known; and to this day the locality in which he lived, laboured, and suffered is endeared to all who are acquainted with his history, and are capable of appreciating true worth. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

A FEW days since a respectable female called requesting me to visit a person in the last stage of consumption. I found she was in great soul trouble; the burden of her sin appeared intolerable. Seeing she was a woman with a wounded spirit, at once as an humble instrument, I pointed her to Jesus, preaching his finished work, efficacious blood, and righteousness; and that the anxiety of soul she felt, and hatred to sin, was the work of the

Holy Ghost; and that the same Almighty and gracious teacher who had shown her these things, proved He did not intend to destroy her, but would yet seal home to her heart an assurance of her interest in the person and work of Christ, and comfort her with all the consolations of God. Having read and prayed with her, the writer withdrew, with a full assurance in his own soul that his visit had been blessed, but no indications of approaching dissolution were visible. A few minutes after, turning to two relatives present, she expressed herself as being very happy; the dark cloud was gone, and that Jesus was precious. Shortly after, she fell into a sweet slumber, awaking much refreshed the next morning. She immediately referred to the past evening—the peace of mind she enjoyed, and the assurance of her personal interest, and spoke of a dream she had six weeks before, and of which she had spoken at the time. Throughout the day she continued in a very peaceful frame of mind; the next morning she resumed the subject that was evidently dear to her. "Yes," she said, "Christ's work is a finished work—His blood cleanes from all sin, and I am resting there." Shortly after, she referred again to her dream. Her relative, finding it made such a deep impression on her mind, thought it would relieve her if she asked her to repeat again, which she did as follows. "I thought a gentleman called to see me; he looked very kindly at me, and spoke to me about my soul, and about Jesus and Heaven; and just as he was leaving, he took out a golden chain, and placed it round my neck, saying it was for me—it was mine for ever. "And oh! mother," she exclaimed, "if that golden chain should mean my salvation!" Her mother replied, "I trust it does, my dear; but have you ever seen any one like you saw in your dream?" "Yes," she said, "the one was here on Thursday evening." This is the extraordinary part of the narrative, that she did not know the writer either by name or person till the night alluded to, while her dream was six weeks previous thereto. Shortly after she exclaimed, "Christ's work is a finished work, and I am interested in it." Some little time elapsed when she cried out, "Jesus is here." Stretching forth her hands, she exclaimed, "Jesus is come for me;" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Do we not here see Divine sovereignty made manifest? in only one visit? Two strangers brought together in accordance with God's eternal purpose of grace. Truly we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

JOHN.

BISHOP COTTON'S LAST CHARGE.

HERE, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. Let us all, whether pastors of Christian churches, or evangelists to the heathen, preach the Lord Jesus Christ by our lives, in all the fulness and variety of his perfections. Preach him as the Word and Revelation of the Father, and therefore as the Light of the world. Preach him as the All-sufficient Atonement, the Lamb without blemish and without spot, the Son of God and Son of man, who fulfilled all righteousness, and was therefore accepted as the perfect Sacrifice which taketh away the sin of the world. Preach him as the Good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep, and going forth into the wilderness to bring them back into the fold. Preach him as the Eternal High Priest and Intercessor, presenting our prayers to the Father, and sending forth into our hearts the Spirit of Truth and Holiness. Preach him as the King, Captain, Prophet, and Teacher of his people. Preach him as the Example of all goodness, the man who lived and died in order to show us how to live and die. Preach him as the Judge who will return and take account of all our thoughts, words, and deeds. Appeal to the hearts, the consciences, the inmost spiritual feelings of those who hear you, and ask them if this picture of Christ as the Redeemer of mankind does not satisfy their highest aspirations and deepest wants. If you begin in this way, every other part of God's revealed truth will fall into its proper place. When those who have so learned Christ come to inquire into the history of the religion which you have taught them, you will show that this does not shrink from examination, and that the course of the world, through long ages, was divinely ordered to prepare the way of the Lord. Such I believe to be the appointed order

of Christian evidence, the true course of Christian teaching, the final proof of the inspiration of Scripture. God grant that we may be enabled by the Spirit of power to turn many to righteousness through such teaching, and to bring them to the calm enjoyment of that love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

A DAY AT ST. THOMAS'S HALL;

OR,

A GOOD "DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME."

ON Easter Sunday, we moved our tent from Squirries-street to Bethnal-green, to St. Thomas's Hall, near King Edward's-road, to South Hackney. I have been so long suffering from cold that I have thought I must leave off preaching. But I had two texts with which to begin my work there—and I thought they were very good. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." That was the word given me to begin with. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," was the evening text; and, although in much pain, I preached to the utmost of my small ability. It made me quite dread the next Sunday; but April 28 came, and all the early part of the morning I was favoured to study Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, and for my text I had, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." That Epistle to the Colossians is full of the Relationships of CHRIST—the qualifications of Christ for the fulfilment of those offices; and of His work of Redemption, Reconciliation, and a saving translation, whereby all his offices were fully carried out. This was a good time; but the evening was a season of great refreshing.

The words in Jeremiah xxxii. 40 brought out five questions for consideration. The first is this: What is the saving experience of the grace of God in the hearts of His own people? The Lord says: "I will gather them—plant them—and they shall dwell safely." Here are three things grace will do—and, further, the Lord says, "I will give them one heart, and one way," so that

in every experimental and essential feature of soul-travail, they are of one heart; and as regards their faith, it all centres in ONE WAY—JESUS, "the way, the truth, and, the life." I did solemnly feel the necessity of knowing for ourselves these great things, which the grace of God effecteth in the hearts of all the saved.

The second question was this: How far into the Kingdom of Grace have we travelled? "I will make with thee, saith the Lord, an everlasting Covenant." What is this? It is expressive of a high state of grace. It is betrothing: that is, giving and taking a promise of marriage; which is done when the Spirit of Christ reveals the LORD in the soul of a saved sinner. It is sometimes called espousing; and in New Testament language it is "adopting" and "anointing." There are here degrees of grace. How far, then, dear reader, have you come to this holy gathering to life eternal?

The third question is this: *Why did Grace come to me at all?* When the Lord says: "He will never turn away," it implies, the freeness of grace. The original cause is all in and from Himself. Therefore, all his saving acts are PERPETUAL. He may afflict; but his own he will not desert.

Fourthly—For all this grace given, what does the Lord expect from me? He looks for fruit—for sincere devotion, and faithful obedience. Shall I flaunt and fly away with the theory that I am to be the bride of CHRIST in Glory, when here, my practice says, I care little or nothing for Him? Sad deception this! Think of it, ye careless ones, who yet do name the name of Christ! There is something to my mind exceedingly tender and precious in that sweet word of our Lord: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." What that fruit is, it is not easy to say; but I have lately had a little insight into it.

The last question is this—What profit does grace hold out to us?" The Lord says: "I will rejoice over them to do them good for ever. That will be perfectly so. When he receives them safe and sound at home in his kingdom.

I was in some degree helped to speak intelligently, feelingly, and boldly. My good friends gathered round. The brethren Lee and Plaw prayed. Our almost patriarchal brother Packer

helped us to sing. The large Hall was well filled, and we had good reason to sing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

I invite all my friends to come and plead for us in our new place: they may a blessing find; for we hope the Great Shepherd is in our midst.—C. W. B.

MINISTERS SHOULD READ THIS.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE for April, says:—It seemed a poor opportunity for usefulness when, on ascending the pulpit, a minister found his congregation to consist of a solitary individual. Such was the case on one occasion when Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, was about to preach. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange; and the Sunday proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was midwinter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed and went in. As yet there was no person present; and, after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question, and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and pronouncing the benediction, with only one hearer; and, when all was over, he hastened down from his desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and

spoke to him familiarly, calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours alone in a house, in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," said the old man; "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed! and, if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir, and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."

MR. JAMES GRANT, the Author of several good books, has recently sent me one on *The Songs of Heaven*. In that little volume he gives several stanzas from an ancient Poem, written many centuries since by one, Bernard, a French Monk. In giving the following verses here, I think I greatly enrich the pages of *Cheering Words*.

Mr. Grant says: I know of no poet who has written on it with greater fervour, force, or felicity, than Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century. He was a monk in the Abbey of Cluny, situated in the south-east of France, near the source of the Seine. The Abbey was, at the time that Bernard was one of its monks, the most magnificent ecclesiastical establishment of the kind in France, both as regards the number of the brotherhood and the nature of its ritual. As exemplifying the wondrous power of this poem, the late Rev. Dr. Neale relates an anecdote of a little child, "who, though suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion while its whole five hundred lines were read to him." Bernard wrote many hymns, a goodly number of which are still preserved, though the art of printing was unknown in his day; but the one of far the greatest popularity is this hymn, which is entitled "Jerusalem the Golden." In it this monk, shut

out from the world in the cloisters of Cluny, sings in soul-transporting strains of the glory and the bliss of the heavenly state. The poem, which is one of great length, was written in Latin, and has been translated by various hands. I subjoin a few out of the many stanzas of which "Jerusalem the Golden" consists:—

To thee, O dear, dear country,
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
  And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
  O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
  And joys have no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are radiant
  With precious stones unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric;
  The corner-stone is Christ.

I know not—O! I know not
  What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
  My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly tries to image
  The assembly of the saints.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
  And wisdom without bound,
The beatific vision
  Shall gladden saints around:
There God, my King and portion,
  In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever
  And worship face to face.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
  All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
  And many a martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
  The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
  Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
  And there from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
  The song of them that feast:
And they, beneath their Leader,
  Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
  Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem, the glorious!
  The joy of the elect,
O! dear and future vision
  That eager hearts expect;
E'en now by faith I see thee,
  E'en now thy walls discern,
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
  And strive, and pant, and yearn.

And now, we fight the battle;
  And then, we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting,
  And passionless renown.
O land that see'st no sorrow!
  O state that know'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of
  flowers!
O realm and home of life!

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Cheering Words

FOR JUNE, 1867.

CLIMBING THE HILLS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ONCE more—with soldiers, sailors, and a general collection of mortals, I am stowed away in a third-class Great Western, desiring to return to London on this Wednesday, May 22, 1867. Last Saturday evening, I left London for Cheltenham: preached in Bethel chapel twice on Sunday and once on Monday; twice yesterday at Foxcote anniversary; and this morning in a hail shower, and with a cold wind, left that sweet-looking colony of villas, gardens, promenades, and royal parades, for the bustle of hard-working London. Yesterday morning, the rain, which gave us a wetting on returning from Bethel and the previous evening, continued all night, and there was a prospect of a dismally cold and drenching wet day. I did pray the Lord to cause the dropping clouds to fly away; for having had a wetting the previous evening, and having a bad cold, I feared the Foxcote journey not a little. And I can write down the pleasant fact that from the time we left Cheltenham for Foxcote until we returned, there was not one drop of rain. In a splendid Cheltenham waggonette and pair, the Foxcote pastor, brother Jacob Short, "The Village Preacher," and a numerous and happy company of Bethelites, left for the anniversary services; and from one of the mothers in Israel, from one whose grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, husband and family, had been so closely connected

with the rise and progress of the Gospel in Cheltenham that I had a delightful history, a very interesting tale indeed; so much so that I resolved, if possible, to write it out for THE EARTHEN VESSEL, under the head "BETHEL AND THE BARN," comprehending a singular review of the minister, and causes, which in Cheltenham have had an existence.

All of a sudden, our waggonette stopped; and all who were able were expected to alight, and climb the hills as best they could. Of course I jumped out and commenced the ascent. On one of the little turning points, in a secluded nook, and brother Jacob told me the clergyman was a good man—a truthful man—and that sometimes the clergymen would converse with him on the best things, and bid him God-speed. I thought, how little we know where the true Israelites are to be found! In nooks and corners, in villages and in wildernesses, here and there, an heir of glory may be found. There, in their comparative loneliness, they walk with God, they read his precious word, and they shed a soft and kindly influence on all around.

Having climbed the giant hills, we descended into the rustic and rural valley of Foxcote, where stands a quiet-looking but convenient chapel, with pulpit, baptistery, gallery, vestry, &c., &c. And in that chapel, for over thirty years, a church of Christ, formed on New Testament principles and practices, has worshipped the God of their fathers; and in that pulpit the Gospel has been preached by many of the Lord's servants.

I do not think I ever had a more pleasing and abiding hope that the Lord had made me a "Village Preacher," than I had at this Foxcote anniversary. The text out of Peter, "The trial of your faith," &c., which came to me on Saturday morning, just before I left London for Cheltenham, retired from me all Sunday and Monday; so that I never touched it: but, on Monday night, as I lay in bed thinking of the Foxcote anniversary, up again came this great text:—"That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold which perisheth," &c.; for this I was thankful, and soon fell in sleep. From that text I spoke twice at Foxcote; and everything was blessedly pleasant. The singing was sacred and in harmony; our Cheltenham choristers took

the lead; and it was truly good. My subject was like a tree laden with fruit; and as fast as I could I gathered it, and gave it; but it beat me. After two long services I left the tree as full as ever; albeit the company found refreshment, and I was gratefully humbled down at the Saviour's feet. I visited one dear child of God, who is spinally afflicted; and with her I enjoyed sacred converse; although want of time forbade my ever attempting to enter into any particular theme. A meek and gentle spirit, when sanctified by godly fear, and a divine love to the grace and Gospel of Jesus, is of great price. When patience; a knowledge of the Lord; and a realization of the promise, "As thy days, thy strength shall be," all meet in a well-disciplined mind, as in the case I visited,—it is profitable, to sit by their side—and listen, and learn, the beautiful things the Spirit hath revealed and wrought. I feel a love to Foxcote, to its minister and people; and even hope we may together meet again.

During this month of May I have been favoured to visit, Braintree, Ripley, Bedmond. I have yet to go to Stonham, Stowmarket, Winston, Tunstall, and other places. Just a word, and I will close. At Braintree we had several preachers of the Gospel, and the meetings were comfortable. At Ripley, brother Charles Turner and his friends are preserved in a steady continuance in the old paths. Mr. Daws showed me a piece of ground on which he wished to build the new chapel; I shall be glad to see it finished—opened. At Bedmond anniversary, I was mercifully favoured, especially in the evening; for about five minutes in prayer; but enough. The pastor, Henry Hutchinson, and his partner, and family, and church, all appeared well. Anniversary services, day after day, are tiring to nature, but to carry messages of mercy to the dwellers in different parts of Zion is happy and holy employment. Our strength and time can never be better employed, at least, such is the experience of

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

If we do really love Jesus Christ we shall really love one another, and I defy the devil to deny it.—*Rowland Hill.*

"BECAUSE HE IS PRECIOUS UNTO ME."

WHEN I was last preaching in Ipswich, some one left the following note in the vestry. It contained such a singular mixture of despondency in self, and of faith in the Lord, that I give it here, hoping, thereby, to accomplish three ends. First, to warn the children of the Lord of the danger of falling. See from the note, how dreadfully bitter are the consequences of sin. Fear the first step wherein temptation is found. Then, secondly, I give the note, hoping it may, in the Lord's hands, be the means of keeping falling sinners from despair; and lastly, I give this note, trusting it may induce the writer to communicate with me; and I pray to hear the Lord has restored his soul to peace, and confirmed his faith. This would be a choice testimony to the VILLAGE PREACHER, whose address now is No. 1, Portland Terrace, South Hackney.

"MR. BANKS,—Having had the pleasure of hearing your discourse this afternoon—'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace,' I wish to say, during your discourse, there was one statement, 'being given over to Satan,' which seemed to be a great source of comfort; but I cannot account for it. I sat there, and listened under a very heavy burden, which sin and Satan have brought upon me. I think there is no one living at present can feel their burden so heavy, nor which no one has strove against more than I have; while continually there has been something to draw me into trouble time after time. I have felt it so greatly that I have been near to self-destruction; then thoughts of my dear children have stood between. I look back to a happy time when I enjoyed peace and happiness. I lost my dearest friends in a short time; I buried five in our cemetery. Since then, things have been all different; in fact, my mind seems quite lost or bewildered. Believe me to remain, yours, sir, in Jesus. Though I have fallen, I know that die when I may, I shall be with him, 'because He is precious to me.'

DELIGHTFUL CHANGE—DREADFUL TEMPTATION.

SUCH were our thoughts after reading the following note. Is there a man in all Christendom can send a wise and well-grounded word of comfort to this tempest-tost soul?

DEAR MR. BANKS—Not having heard from you so long, I thought I would write a few lines. I have been up to this last week in the most awful state of mind; in fact, hell itself must have been the next change. So I thought. Oh! the hard thoughts of God that I had; and then self pity. (Here we omit extremes of grief, indeed). In this state I went out one Saturday evening with father, as I was wondering where the scene would end, and wishing I knew the worst, making up my mind, come what will—it is no more than it deserves. I felt quite sure I was lost; when suddenly the words broke into my mind, softly at first, and then with more power—"Yet but a very little while, and the *indignation shall cease!*"

I did not know there were such words in the Bible; so I said, "If I can open upon the words, I will believe they are for me." With trembling hands I threw open the Bible ON THE VERY WORDS. Now, how to believe they were for me, I could not tell; it seemed almost presumption. Then these words came—"In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee," and not only heard and helped, but "I will preserve thee." Really, Mr. Banks, this seemed too good to be true. I have tried to take hold of the promises, but could not—not now, when they seemed to be given to me. On Sunday, Mr. ——— preached from Cant. ii. 10, 12. I never had a day like that before. He spoke of the winter in the soul exactly as I had felt it. To me it was spring time, indeed, then; but this lasted only a week; it is all gone; I feel a thousand times worse than before. It appears to me that I was in a beautiful dream; but, alas! I had to awake and find out the mistake. Oh! I feel that I cannot bear it. The wrath of God is more fierce, and these words stare me in the face—"Therefore, hell hath enlarged her-

self, and opened her mouth without measure." And something argues with me thus: "Judas was even permitted to kiss Christ, and yet was a very devil; if so, what might not a person enjoy, and yet be a reprobate." Oh! it distracts me to think of it. How I wish I had never been born, or that I had been a beast that had no soul. I have tried to believe in the annihilation of the wicked; but conscience will not be smothered so. What to do I don't know. I try to pour out my grief to God, but the heavens appear as brass, and something whispers, "The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord;" and with these thoughts I dare not even make the attempt to approach Him who is so high and holy.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIALLY GOOD.

IN his *Watchman of Ephraim*, a magazine for May, Mr. Wilson says—

"It is good to feel that we are what we are, not by the appointment of man, but by the grace of God; that we did not come into the world and fall into our place as a matter of chance; but that the Infinitely Wise and Almighty God foresaw and provided for our existence; that He prevented us with the blessings of His goodness, and prepared for us the marvellous means we possess of opening up the treasures of knowledge which have been hid from ages and from generations.

It is a great thing to feel that God knoweth us altogether, and that He hath made use of His omniscience to provide for us so many and such great means, both of receiving and communicating good; and this not for the enjoyment of transient pleasure merely, but as a preparation for never-ending happiness in higher states of being.

It is a great thing to feel that God is OUR God from everlasting to everlasting; not from yesterday merely, but from eternity; and throughout all the changes of time. He foresaw what was to be; foretold it, and it came to pass as at this day; and we are witnesses that God is true, both in the execution of threatened

Judgment, and in the bestowment of promised Mercy. We feel that there is no safety, but as being in the safe keeping of the Almighty God; and that there is no wisdom, but as being wise to do good.

God opens to us His bosom of love, and invites us to enter into His gracious and glorious designs, that we may "be made partakers of the divine nature, and escape the corruption which is in the world through lust;" that we no longer may succumb to mere secular influences which enslave and debase the soul; but "seek for glory, and honour, and immortality," and obtain eternal life.

What has he to fear who knows that he is, in the eternal purpose of God, where he is, that he may make the best of his circumstances, and even draw freely upon the infinite resources of the Godhead, for power to uphold in the right, and manfully to oppose the wrong?

By the word of promise, revealing the purpose of God and our portion therein, light is thrown upon the proceedings of God in Creation, and Providence, and Redemption; and we are given God's working in the past, as full security for our enjoyment of the glorious future.

God, in the most kindly manner, by His promises teaches us also prudence and moderation. We learn to use things present in the light of things to come. The evils of penury and depression are lessened by looking forward to and preparing for the time of enlargement. We learn to prize present restraint as an opportunity of concentrating our attention more exclusively upon the lessons most necessary for us to learn, that we may hereafter exercise ourselves as we ought, in the duties of our high calling.

How great the long-suffering mercy of God! How patient has He been with us! How ready to receive us with favour, even when we were yet a great way off! Over what rebelliousness and backsliding He hath passed! What long desolations and great tribulations have been passed through! He gave His word, and He hath performed it. He hath been ever teaching us that we may confidently look forward to the full accomplishment of what He hath said, and, by the example of our Great Teacher, He

taught patience and perseverance in dealing with others, in order that we may do them good in their latter end. How God has been bearing with our ignorance and perversity! Let us at length learn to be perfect in this, even as our Father who is in heaven is perfect.

A PERPLEXING PLACE FOR A PREACHER.

IT is Saturday evening, May 18th, 1867, and I am on my way to Cheltenham, packed in a Great Western second class, with nearly a dozen busy and large worldlings. The weather is delightful; but I am not so comfortable as I could wish, being tied up for room, and not in much freedom of spirit. I have breathed a silent prayer to the Lord for four things. 1. A message from Himself to carry to the people. 2. To be internally actuated by a pure and holy motive, that is, a principle of love to Christ, love to truth, and love to souls, seeking only to glorify and to serve the Lord in the ingathering, in the building up of the redeemed of the Lord. 3. I pray for grace and strength to enjoy the work and the worship of the Lord. And lastly, I pray for a safe return to my home and to my work in London. Before I left home this morning, those words of Peter's came to my mind as exceedingly important—"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold which perisheth, might be found unto praise, and glory, and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ." I am trying to consider

1. What faith this is. 2. How it is that the Lord tries this faith. 3. The real test of a deeply-tried faith—it is "more precious than gold which perisheth." Lastly, the ultimate triumph of this faith; it is to "be found unto praise, and glory, and honour at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

This division of the text to me seems natural, comprehensive, and of vital importance to the Church of God. Should I be favoured to enter into the mind and meaning of the Lord in the text, I shall be pleased to give it, for in unfolding the blessed word of God, I often realize a feeling and joy which earth, with all its perishing toys, can never give. C. W. B.

A SHADOW OF GOOD THINGS TO COME.

'Twas but a glimpse—I scarce could say
"He's mine," and realize the sweetness,
Ere He had taken Himself away—
Left me to mourn His visit's fleetness.

'Twas but a glimpse—perchance 'tis well,
For if prolong'd, and often given,
We were content on earth to dwell,
Relinquishing all thoughts of Heaven.

But there's a time—'twill quickly come—
When, at my soul's last great transition,
His beauties shall in Heaven, our home,
Feast evermore my 'raptured vision.

Newman's "Lyrics."

THE first libraries ever known or heard of in this world are said to have been in Egypt. Over each one would be written "The Office for the Diseases of the Soul." De Coetlogos says, this title, with much greater propriety, may be applied to the Sacred Scriptures—to the blessed Word of God: for this book, called "THE BIBLE," is the great storehouse on earth, which the Lord God Almighty hath given to His Church and to His people, from whence, by the power of the Spirit, and by the instrumental help of such apothecaries as He is pleased to employ, poor souls may be relieved, and cured, and guided safely into their desired haven.

But the genuine virtues of this blessed book are hidden deep in all kinds of types, metaphors, figures of speech, histories, narratives, experiences, parables, proverbs, and "dark sayings." But very few, comparatively speaking, can enter into "the mind of God" and "the meaning of the Spirit," as contained in these singularly and variously constructed cabinets of Divine truth. If a man, therefore, be manifestively favoured to throw light upon these high and holy sayings, the Church should gladly receive and greatly encourage such instruments. So said, and so wrote one of the wise men of a past age; and believing, humbly believing, that my soul has, at times, been fed with the "hidden manna," which in this great depository is concealed, I have wished to be a

little almoner, to hand out a few of the precious morsels which now and then my own soul hath rejoiced in.

It was Master Trapp, I think, who said—"The Bible is like an oyster: the letter of the word is but the shell; the meat is inside. If you cannot open the shell you cannot get the meat." This is surely true. I am fearfully persuaded that there is a deal of "SHELL"-preaching, of surface-preaching, of superficial writing, and of dramatical, poetical, and carnal contriving of literary baits, and of dainty dishes, for the mental and morbid tastes of the people, in these days; and at the risk of being considered insane, and even much worse than that, I dare to express my mind in that, I have my great desire to give to the poor of the Lord's people some of the rich dainties, which in the banqueting house are to be found. But my mind is so often fettered with the demands of temporal and commercial affairs, and my time so occupied with making provision for the way, that I cannot do as I would. Oh, help me, ye wealthy ones—help to relieve my anxious mind a little. Help to circulate this little "CHEERING WORDS" by thousands, and, then, when I cease to suffer temporally by its issue, I may be encouraged to devote more time to its production—to the enriching of its contents—causing my readers often to "sit down under many a sweet shadow of good things to come, and to find the fruit sweet indeed." Such is the prayer and desire of "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

Chrysostom says:—

"The mountains are the Scriptures of the Apostles and Prophets. (Matt. xxiv. 15, 16). And why does He bid all Christians at that time to betake themselves to the Scriptures? Because at that time, when heresy hath got possession of those churches, there can be no proof of true Christianity, nor any other refuge for Christians wishing to know the true faith, but the Divine Scriptures. For before it was shown in many ways which was the Church of Christ and which heathenism, but now it is known in no way to those who wish to ascertain which is the true Church of Christ but only through the Scriptures. Why? Because all those things which are properly Christ's in the truth,

those heresies have also in their schism: churches alike, the Holy Scriptures alike, bishops alike, and the other orders of clergy, baptism alike, the eucharist alike, and everything else, nay even Christ Himself. Therefore, if anyone wishes to ascertain which is the true Church of Christ, whence can he ascertain it, in the confusion arising from so great a similitude, but only by the Scriptures? . . . . Otherwise, if they should look to other things, they shall stumble and perish, not understanding which is the true Church."—Opus Imperfectum in Matt., hom. xlix., tom. vi., p. 204.

"And this I always exhort, and will not cease to exhort, that you not only attend to the things that are spoken, but also that when you are at home, you apply diligently to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; and I have never omitted constantly to inculcate this upon those who come to me in private. And let no one repeat those stale and much-to-be-censured words, 'I am engaged in the Forum, I have public business, I have a trade, I am a married man, I support a family, I am engaged in domestic affairs, I am a man engaged in the things of this life; it is not for me to read the Scriptures, but for those who have taken a farewell of the world, who dwell on the tops of mountains, and constantly live after that fashion.' What sayest thou, O man? Is it not thy business to study the Scriptures because thou art distracted with a thousand cares? It is thine much more than it is theirs."

SPIRITUAL RICHES.

If ever you would be rich in grace, be rich in spirituals, then keep humble.

PSA. xxv. 9, "The humble he will teach his way, and the meek he will guide in judgment;" James iv. 6, "He resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble." "He sets himself in battle-array against the proud," as the Greek hath it, "but he gives grace to the humble." He pours grace into an humble soul, as men do water or wine into an empty vessel. Of all souls,

humble souls do most prize spiritual riches; of all souls, they most improve spiritual riches; of all souls they are most fearful of losing spiritual riches. In Isa. lvii. 15, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, With him will I dwell that is of an humble and contrite spirit, and that trembles at my word." The word there rendered *dwell* is an Hebrew participle, and signifies dwelling. "Thus saith the high and lofty One, dwelling with him that is of an humble and contrite spirit." Humility, as the violet, though the lowest, yet is the sweetest of flowers. The word notes to us thus much: that God will not dwell with an humble man as a wayfaring man dwells with his relations, a few nights and away. Dwelling notes a constant and not a transient act of God. God will for ever keep house with the humble soul; when once they meet, they never part. There is no such way to be rich as to be poor and low in our own eyes. This is the way to enjoy his company in whom all treasures are.

HEART BREATHINGS BY A YOUNG MAN.

I AM very thankful for the favour of these lines. The writer is a good young man, whose parents and friend I know; and I rejoice to find that although far removed from all parental oversight, and plunged into the ensnaring bustle of a London life, still the grace of God leadeth him to roll his cares and sorrows upon the breast of his Lord; by whom may he ever be preserved. Amen.—Ed.

O! weary heart, be silent; why complain,
Because the way is rough? It is the same
Path thy Saviour went. Then sigh no more.
Look forward to that bright and happy shore,
Where thou shall ever rest.

Secure from those that would thy peace destroy,
No more to sigh; for there eternal joy
Shalt be thy lot, and thou, poor weary heart,
Shalt clothe thyself with strength; although thou art
So feeble and distrest.

Cease this murmuring; thankful be that thou
Art called to bear this cross; and though hard now

To bear, exchanged it shall be ere long
For a bright crown; and thou shalt sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

There shall these troubles all forgotten be;
And on eternity's vast boundless sea,
Thy bark shall glide, and thou shalt ever live,
And to thy Saviour, endless praises give,
And lose thyself in bliss.

London, May 20. HENRY DREW, JUN.

WORDS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTORS.

CHEERFUL IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

OF the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."—*Sir Henry Halford, Bart, M.D.G.C.H.*

THE BLESSED HOPE OF A RESURRECTION.

Few, I think, can have sat beside the death-beds of others, especially of dear relatives, and witnessed the lingering illness and long protracted agonies which so often precede the last struggle, without looking forward with horror to the possibility of all that agony being endured again. The death of a sinful mortal is in every case a dread reality; and to be assured that they who "shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world" shall never know again the dreadfulness of dying, is a great consolation

to all who have seen others die in the faith, and have hope of a blessed resurrection themselves.—*George Wilson, M.D.*

HEALTHY SOULS.

A soul can be nourished, fed, and developed; can be healthy or unhealthy; pained or pleased; it is the soul that experiences all conditions in the body; and, if the soul be disquieted, it is vain to expect wholesome blood to stimulate our hearts, or wholesome thoughts to stir our nerves. We are so immured and immersed in material things as to forget our real spiritual selves, the wondrous fabrics in which we dwell, and which, on an atom going wrong, we may be obliged to leave to irrecoverable ruin.

The love and truth that cherish souls are quite as substantial as any helps the flesh may need; and as a healthy body evinces a good appetite and good assimilation, so does a healthy soul.—*George Moore, M.D.*

NO SORROWING THERE.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD,—This comes in covenant love to you and yours, hoping this will find you well in soul and body, and likewise enjoying sweet communion with the Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, three Divine Persons in one God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Oh, to have communion and fellowship with a covenant-keeping God is worth more than all the world. John saith, "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death." (Rev. xii. 10, 11). The loud voice that John heard was a song of praise, on account of the victory obtained by Michael and his angels, over the dragon and his angels—that is, the devil and his power; and it being a loud voice heard by the apostle, is to show that there

were a great number that rejoiced upon this victory, obtained by our dear and ever blessed Jesus, who is the Captain of our salvation, who has fought all our battles, conquered all our enemies, and obtained a full and free salvation for all His poor elect family; and in consequence of this victory, they will all join in the song of praise in heaven.

Oh, my friend, well may the poor justified saint say, "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." All these shall join in the song that John heard in heaven. He saw in a vision the accuser of the brethren cast down; that is, he saw the devil and all his works destroyed by Christ Jesus. And this will be the song that all the saints will sing for ever: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death." Their testimony was their experience of a new birth by the Holy Spirit, and their adoption by the pardon of their sins; and having the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, that enabled them to love God, His ways, and people, and to hate sin and forsake it. "Loving not their lives unto death," sets forth their sufferings for truth's sake; a great many have suffered martyrdom for Christ's sake; these, we may truly "say, love not their lives unto death;" but all the Lord's children suffer, more or less, for Christ's sake, for they

> "Suffer martyrdom within,
> Though it seems less glorious."

But oh, my dear friend, remember this: the time is coming when all sorrow and sighing will be done away for ever and ever. May the God of Abraham, the fear of Isaac, and the blessing of Jacob, rest upon you and all the Israel of God. From your unworthy servant,

WILLIAM BURCH.

THE HEAVING OF THE HEART.

SOME people think the poets are all dead. But that is not correct. There are a few souls in this day who came into the world with the genius and singular gift of poetry deeply hidden in their mysteriously-wrought inward parts. They cannot help being poets, they were born poets. The Lord ordained them to be little merry-making souls. He designed that they should be little bright stars to light up the intellectual and literary heavens of this too oft gloomy world. In that soul, said the great Creator, let there be the light of poesy, which, like a fire, shall often revive the drooping spirits, and guide the wandering feet of Adam's fallen children. How thankful we should be that our heavenly Father has thus scattered some few of the live coals from off His altar among the sons of men, so that here and there we meet with one, who can, instrumentally, turn our mourning into dancing! Mr. George Newman, of Gravesend, is one of these choice and happy little spirits, whose second volume, entitled "Wayside Lyrics," has just been published by Whittaker's great house; and from this delightful small volume I copy the following lines:—

"O for a beam of Love Eternal,
T'illume this earthbound soul of mine;
A foretaste sweet of joys supernal,—
An earnest of a rest divine.

O for a smile from Christ my Saviour,
Assurance of His matchless love;
Blest token of paternal favour,
Presage of endless bliss above.

O for the ever-glorious Spirit
To teach and guide me night and day;
And to my soul disclose the merit
Of Christ the Life,—the Truth,—the Way.

O for a glimpse of home, of heaven,
That bright, ineffable abode;
Where angels, to adore 'tis given—
While blood-bought saints are nearest God.

O for more faith, and more confiding
In my Almighty Father's will;
And Jesus all my fears subsiding,
Sweetly whisper—"Peace! be still."

Then could I meet the trials and losses,
Troubles and conflicts of the road;
Knowing that daily, hourly crosses,
Still bring me nearer to my God.

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Cheering Words

FOR JULY, 1867.

REJOICING WHILE CROSSING THE JORDAN.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On my return home I was informed of the death of one of my hearers, whose end was glorious. We are told to "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." And, truly, "the memory of the just is blessed." The righteous hath hope in his death, and their light rejoiceth, when the lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

The deceased was a poor man, and he is the first that has departed out of this world whom the Lord hath called to the knowledge of himself by me; I therefore call him "the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ." Bless the Lord, O my soul! Amidst all the reproach that I meet with, these things comfort me much. God's hand shall be made known toward his servants, and he will show who are his, and who are not. I am fully persuaded that ours is the religion of Jesus Christ, let men say what they may; and though I am set forth as a most dangerous man, and reviled on all sides, yet God is pleased to set the broad seal of heaven to the ministry which I have received of him. I think much of Paul's words, "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?"

The death of this poor man has had great effect upon many. The Lord saith, "them that honour me I will honour." I did not fail last Sunday to declare in public what wonders God hath wrought. In the evening I preached his funeral sermon; the

people flocked in great numbers from every quarter, and a most happy time I had in the pulpit; my text was 2 Peter iii. 13, 14. The people were very attentive, and seemed much struck with the account I gave them, and many were greatly amazed to hear that one of the sect which is everywhere spoken against should have departed in the joy of the Lord.

Oh, how does Satan labour to keep poor sinners from coming to hear the truth, and how many divines he employs in this work! However, God will "seek his sheep and search them out;" and all that the Father giveth to his dear Son shall come to him; those shall be taught of him, and all shall know him; "but none of the wicked shall understand." I visited him several times, and it was very satisfactory to me to witness the composure of his mind, what peace he enjoyed, and with what pleasure he looked forward to his departure; his heart was fixed, trusting in God, and though he had to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, yet he feared no evil; his conscience was purged, therefore death had lost its sting, and perfect love cast out all fear.

The righteousness of Christ brought peace, and his soul was filled with the love of God; there is no fear in love, for "he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." The last time but one that I saw him, he told me that in time past the thought of death filled him with such terror that he was almost distracted; "but now," he said, "I lie down in peace, and am no more afraid of death than I am of going to sleep." He then told me he had heard many speak against me, and many were warned not to come to hear me; "But," he said, "I bless God now, and shall have cause to bless him to all eternity, that ever I saw yon." It was while I was speaking from Psalm cxix. 110—114, that God was pleased to bring him out of his trouble, and to bind up his soul in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ. "Oh," he said, "that all the professors in L—— could see me, that they might know what my religion does for me, now I lay in the prospect of death, expecting every hour to be my last." God was truly the health of his countenance, for his face shone like that of an angel; the day of death to him was, indeed, better than the day of his

birth. His spirit has returned to God who gave it, and his body to the dust as it was; where his flesh rests in hope, until Christ shall appear, when the last trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. When the Saviour appears we shall be like him, bear his image, see as we are seen, know as we are known, and be filled with all the fulness of God; and so shall we ever be with the Lord, casting our crowns before him, singing "worthy the Lamb." Wherefore let us comfort ourselves with these things. My kind love to all the flock. Yours, most affectionately,

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

THE PLOUGHMAN OF KILMANEY AND THE INFIDEL.

ALFRED PATERSON was a useful missionary and minister in the North. The following is a telling scene:—

"Your husband, I understand, is very ill," he said, as he knocked at a door one day in Holyrood Street, where he had heard that a professed infidel was very sick—"I am anxious to see him."

Shutting the door with great violence, the woman hastened to a neighbour's house. Mr. Paterson, however, went in. The man he found in bed, reading the newspaper.

"What do you want?" said he, in a surly and somewhat sneering tone.

"You and I are strangers," replied Mr. Paterson, mildly, "but I hope we'll not be long so. I'm a missionary; and as I was just going through the neighbours, I heard you were in distress, and came in to see you."

"I don't want you," he said, gruffly.

"But I want *you*."

"And what d'ye want with me?"

"I want you to come to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners; and *he* wants you to come to him. Let me tell you it's a serious thing to die."

Oh! I've made up my mind to that; so you need say no more to me about it;" and, taking up the newspaper, he resumed his reading.

"What have you made up your mind to?"

"Oh! to die, to be sure; there's nothing for me but death."

"Well, but how is it to be with you after death? You know that after death comes the judgment?"

"Oh! I want no more of you. God is merciful, and I've no fear of Him damning me; He never made man to damn him."

"I know that; it is man that damns himself. The Lord says, 'You have destroyed yourself,' and He adds, 'in me is your help.' 'Look to me,' says Jesus, 'and be ye saved.'"

"Oh! I've plenty of you; I want none of your talk."

Finding he could make nothing of him, he said, "Will you allow me to pray for you?"

"Oh! if you like; I don't much care about your prayer."

The missionary prayed; but the moment he began, the man took up his paper and read. "I'll come back and see you," said Mr. Paterson, when he had finished praying. "You may, if you like," rejoined the man; "but I don't care about your coming." And he went away.

He returned next week. The invalid's wife opened the door, and, as before, left the house when he entered.

"How are you to-day?" said the missionary, as he entered, and found the man again in bed at the newspaper.

"No better, and never will."

"Hadn't you better go to the Infirmary?"

"Oh! I've been there already."

"Were you long there?"

"No, just a day; I didn't like it. There's no use about it: I'll never get better."

"Well, that may be, but it is right to use the means which God has put in our power, and to look up to Him for the blessing—"

"Oh! I see what you're to be at again," he said, hastily interrupting him—"religion."

"I want you to come to Christ Jesus the Saviour, who alone can save your precious soul."

"Oh! you needn't trouble yourself about that, I've no fear."

"Perhaps not; but I have great fear that you die out of Christ in your sins, and then there is no salvation after death. Jesus came into the world to seek and to save sinners, even the chief."

"Do you think that *I* am the *chief* of sinners?"

"Do you think yourself a *sinner*?"

"Yes, but not the chief of them."

"Well, you say you're a sinner. Then you need a Saviour. You need salvation; and there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus. And I've to tell you that heaven is a holy place, and that nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, shall enter into heaven. Jesus hath said, '*Except a man be born again he cannot enter into heaven.*'"

"Oh! I've enough of that; I've made up my mind; you needn't say another word to me; I'll take my chance."

"Ah! my dear Sir, there is no chance in the matter. Jesus says, "*Marvel not that I said unto you, you must be born again,*' And what's more, Jesus hath said, '*Except ye repent ye shall perish.*' *He that hath the Son hath life; but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.*' Think, my friend, of this. Your soul is so precious, that nothing can redeem it but the blood of the Lamb. Jesus at this moment, stands at the door of your heart, and is knocking by his rod and word and Spirit, saying, '*If you hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to you, and will sup with you, and you with me.*' He is at the door of your heart, with a free, full pardon, ready to forgive you all your sins, willing to wash you in his own blood, and to clothe you with his righteousness, and to put you among the children." And he left the house.

The third visit was like the preceding: again the wife fled, and the man was at his newspaper.

"Well, have you been thinking about what I was saying?"

"No, I haven't," he replied, angrily.

"I am grieved to think, my poor man, that you're dying, and yet unconcerned about an interest in Christ."

"I told you before that I had made up my mind, and so you needn't trouble yourself."

"I cannot do that, my friend; I'm greatly troubled about your state. Oh! if you would lay down these papers and go to your Bible, you would see what you are as a sinner, and what you're exposed to. You're within a step of death and hell, where the mercy of God is not to be found. Now is the day of salvation. To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart. Let me tell you, Satan has got hold of your heart, and he is blinding your eyes lest you should believe and be saved. Oh! hear the Lord saying, '*Incline your ear and come to me; hear, and your soul shall live.*'"

As he went on in this strain, setting forth Christ to him, the man laughed in his face. "Well, I'll pray for you," he said, "that the Lord may bring you to a sense of your state. Oh! that He would quicken you!" He prayed. All the time the man read the newspaper. Having finished praying, Mr. Paterson again left the house.

THE ORPHANS OF BETHNAL GREEN.

When all the saints are gathered home,
And time its course has run,
What shouts the ransom'd souls will give,
When Jesus cries, "'Tis done!"

I HAVE promised to give the following little paper which I read to the congregation on Sunday afternoon, June 16th, 1867, when I preached a short sermon on the death of the two friends whose names are hereafter mentioned.

The words came with much impression to my mind, "And in their death they were not divided," I said,

I have nothing to do with Saul and Jonathan, to whose death the words refer, but to use them as expressing the oneness of the faith and fellowship, and that oneness in Christ, in which both died of whom we speak.

Let me speak a word or two:—

1. Of "their death."
2. In what sense they were divided in death.
3. In what sense they were not divided in death.

Having spoken a few words under these headings, I read the following paper:—

A very Interesting Account of the Late Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Bethnal Green.

Mrs. Smith died May 29, 1867, her husband on the following Wednesday, June 5th. I attended the funeral of both of them, in Victoria Park cemetery. The service this afternoon is to aid the poor orphan children. This account has been given me by a friend.

The first information that I have of Mr. Smith is that he was an orphan in Wokingham workhouse, Berkshire. I believe he never knew his father or mother, and in the course of twenty-five years acquaintance I never knew him claim kin with any person whatever, so that I believe him to have been an orphan in the strictest sense, not knowing father, or mother, brother or sister. At an early age he was apprenticed to a weaver, named Zaccharson. Of the particulars of his apprenticeship I know but little, but that little is to the effect that he suffered all the ordinary hardships of a friendless lad.

After he was out of his time he was employed occasionally as a bailiff, or broker's man, but even in this unpleasant and unpopular occupation, his heart was often wrung with pity for the poor creatures in whose house he was placed. I have frequently heard him tell of acts of kindness done while so employed.

Somewhere about this time his mind seems to have been to some extent impressed with the solemnity of death, by reading in a newspaper a few words quoted from one of Shakespeare's plays, although he knew not whence they came till many years after. It was on the occasion of the murder of Mr. Weare by Thurtel and his companions, and the writer was lamenting that the poor murdered man had been,

> "Sent to his long account, no reckoning made,
> With all his imperfections on his head."

And the idea conveyed in these words was afterwards one of the means used by his God in bringing him to a knowledge of his naturally sinful state and of his need of salvation; and this was the mode of operation:—

After a portion of his life (especially on Saturday nights and Sundays) had been spent at the public house, he was induced (I do not know exactly by what means) to become a teetotaller; and having signed the pledge he joined a benefit-club, known as the Rechabites, and so became acquainted with a number of fresh associates; he had not been long a member before one of these new companions was taken ill and died. This man, Samuel Bevan by name, was a member of the Primitive Methodists, and in his illness, Smith went to see him. Seeing him very ill Smith spoke to him of the advantage his illness gave him *of making up his reckoning with his Maker*, and how different it might have been had he been taken off suddenly, and without time for preparation.

The answer he raised was such as he never forget, "Ah, Harry, that has all been done for me." How the reckoning could be made up for a man was a thing he had never understood or tried to understand; but the answer gave him no rest till he had learned the way of Salvation by Jesus Christ. Noticing the troubled state of his mind, some of his companions asked him to come with them to the prayer meeting. He went, and became an attendant at King's road chapel, Reading. He was baptized by John Statham, on a profession of his repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The writer of these lines saw him baptized.

The character of the ministry under which he sat, may, perhaps be gathered from the following hymn, written by Ephraim Ainsworth, and appended to a memoir of him by Mr. Hatham, about forty years before:—

"Fare ye well, ye phantom pleasures
That have held my heart so long,
Fare ye well, ye conquered treasures,
Which inspires the worldling's song,
Vain your efforts
My departure to prolong.

"Pure immortal pleasures flowing,
From Immanuel's wounds I see;
Boundless treasures rich and glowing,
Every day more full, more free;
What a mercy,
I can say they are for me.

"Yes, on me, that precious fountain
Has its efficacy proved,
Though my sins rise like a mountain,
By it they are all removed;
And what thousands
Through it have their title proved.

"Yes, what thousands now in glory,
Still each other oft remind,
With the ever blissful story.
How he first their hearts inclined;
Then with rapture,
Join in worship so refined.

"Every day to this blest river,
May I ne'er forget to go;
And, when cleansed, adore the Giver,
That could love a sinner so;
Blessed Jesus,
May it ever near me flow."

Soon afterwards he became acquainted with, and married, Caroline Ellis, a young woman who lived in service not far from where he dwelt—namely, Castle street reading. This was about 1842. Slackness of trade brought him to London about 1843. Having succeeded in obtaining employment, the writer of this took down his loom, packed up his goods for his wife to follow him. Coming to London myself, in 1845, I found them in Park street, Globe fields, and attending worship at Providence chapel, Hackney road. About this time his mind seems to have come more closely in contact with the doctrines of free grace. The doctrine of election as it is usually called was a mystery to him. Hour after hour, night after night, and week after week, after the day's work was done, did the writer of this sit reading the Bible with him endeavouring to find out the will of God in this matter; but that which before was all a mystery to him became his chief stay and trust. And when at my last visit, thirteen hours before he died, I asked him whether he was still trusting *in the mercy of God through Christ?* he answered by asking another question, "What else is there for me to trust to?"

Without attempting any further details concerning him, I think I may safely add "he led him forth by a right way to a city of habitation."

Mrs. Smith (born Caroline Ellis) was the daughter of a paper maker, who in the Providence of God had been led to the Isle of Man, her mother being a Manx woman. He being brought back again, settled at Arbourfield, near Reading, Berkshire. After working there some years, attending the machinery of the Mill, his life on earth was suddenly terminated through his being caught in the machinery and torn so as to cause immediate death. At the time this happened she was a servant in London, but returning to Reading, she became acquainted with Mr. Smith, and was married to him. Soon after they had been in London a short time they opened their house in Park street as a city mission room. Here she was a willing and ready listener, but the chief thing that was under God, as a means of leading her to himself, was the death of her sister Elizabeth, about seven years ago; she died *trusting in Christ.*

During the last four or five years I have had less opportunity than before of the intimate acquaintance that I had, but on all occasions, whenever we met, heaven, and the way to it, was sure to be one of the themes of our conversation. And repeatedly has it been.

"No matter where my life be spent,
Nor when, nor how it end,
If Jesus, who will be my judge,
Will also be my friend."

I may safely say of both as I said of one, "He led them forth by a right way to the city of habitation." May their children follow them.

T. G. ATKINS.

[And, now, one word for the orphans. Our kind sister in Christ, Mrs. Bryant, of Quaker's street, Spitalfields, has collected a little from different friends. After the sermon, from a good body of respectable looking people, our deacons collected a little over thirty shillings. Surely, every charitable soul who reads CHEERING WORDS will make a small collection in their own circle, and send it to me, at 1, Portland terrace, Victoria Park road, South Hackney. A faithful account shall be given of all received by C. W. B.]

"GO AGAIN SEVEN TIMES."

SIX times Elijah's servant looked towards the sea before he could see anything; the seventh time he saw a cloud, but no bigger than his hand; yet that cloud, within a few hours, covered the heaven with darkness and the earth with rain. Just so may be the case with many a one when he is praying to his God, as Caleb's daughter did unto her father. Judges i. 15. Thou hast hitherto made me the owner of a dry, a barren heart; but give me now some springs of water, some feeling, at least, some sorrow for my sins. Well, though at six times bending of thy knees, God doth not grant it, and though at the seventh there appears but one small drop swimming in thine eyes, yet be not discomforted; that drop may prove a shower, the beginning of that thaw may at last dissolve my whole heart to water; and as there is a full joy for the thorough conversion of a sinner, there may be a suitable measure of joy for one tear, nay, for one desire of a tear, of any one sinner that repenteth.

If six or sixty prayers are past,
Pray on and never faint;
A blessing surely comes at last,
To cheer a drooping saint.

A SOLDIER'S ARREST.

WILLIAM FLETCHER, of "The Bible-carriage," is a Christian of the genuine stamp. I will shew him up to my readers in a few months. Here is one little leaf:—

"Notwithstanding that he had said he would go no more to hear of man's inability to save himself, he went again the following Sunday. That day the arrow of conviction was stuck in his heart, and none but the Lord could withdraw it, so as to give him peace. He felt very miserable during the following week, for the Spirit was again striving with him; he thirsted after spiritual knowledge, and read the Bible for the purpose of finding a promise that would give him comfort. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," Matthew

v. 6. O! what a precious promise! Reader, do you desire to know more of the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of God? Do you hunger after the bread of life? Is your soul thirsting after the living waters? Blessed be God, the promise is—you shall be filled. Or are you seeking salvation, and yet still unsaved? The promise is—"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. Then pray on, my brother or my sister; none ever yet sought the Lord with an earnest desire for salvation, who did not find peace for their troubled souls.

"Fletcher, at this time, seems to have been very anxious about his soul's salvation. The Bible was his constant companion. Referring to that time, he says:—"Sometimes I opened at the 8th of Romans, and read, 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.' Well, I thought, but I am not in Christ Jesus, so that can't apply to me. I then opened at the 3rd of John, and read, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' that promise always gave me hope, but I could not find that peace of mind that I sought after."

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER" AMONG THE PUSEYITES AND ARISTOCRACY OF SOUTH HACKNEY.

To Samuel Foster, in his little Hospital, at Sturry, near Canterbury.

MY brother in the sinner's hope,—You may think I have forgotten you: but, ofttimes in my long journeys, my mind flies away to your bedside, and there I see you as plain as ever I did, and sometimes wish I could come and see you, and pray with you; for, although I have been praying and preaching almost every day—twice many days, and sometimes three times in the day—still, I find so much outside work, such constant travelling,

and preaching, with all the cares of publishing and editing, all the anxieties of family, home, church, and a high spirit always crushed by opposition and reproach, yet frequently carried up into liberty, truth, and *now and then*—ah! my friend, "now and then" into real enjoyment of the presence and blessing of the Lord. Last Sunday morning, I was thus favoured. As I walked through St. Paul's churchyard, these words came right into me: "FEAR NOT, ABRAM,—I AM THY SHIELD,—AND EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD." I wondered if anything was coming again to hurt me; but soon I went to studying on these words, and before angels, devils, and men—yea, before the throne of the Lord, I could say three things:—

(1). The Word of the Lord does come into my mind. [Read my letter to my brother John, in this month's *Earthen Vessel* in proof of this.]

(2). I can walk in the busiest streets of London, when called hither and thither upon business; and I can meditate, arrange a subject, draw out sweet thoughts, and feed blessedly, at times, on the Word. Ah, I can think more than I can speak. This is a mercy for me, to have powers of thinking which no bustle, no noise, no clamour of cabs, and carts, and cars can hinder. Then

(3). My *memory* is so kind to me. She takes care of all the good things which my mind gives into her keeping. My memory holds fast the text, the divisions, the proofs, the illustrations, and observations I may make from the world's and the Church's history. All will be kept in good condition until the time comes for delivery; and then (the blessed Spirit, I hope I may say, through) my memory brings all in order. Hence, I am kept on in printing every week the *Gospel Guide*, every month the *Earthen Vessel*, CHEERING WORDS, &c., &c. And now I am printing a new book for Dr. John Mason, entitled, "PARADISE RESTORED;" to which, I hope, you will obtain some subscribers, as a little temporal help might flow to you that way. I am also printing "The Life of Mrs. Tolson," a lady who lectures and preaches in the North most extensively, and her history tells of multitudes being converted; but, I mourn daily over the fact that I see not conversion unto God in Christ through the Spirit as I could desire. My dear

and greatly afflicted brother, let me tell you I am often sorely tried in my mind because I do not now see and know the real conversions of sinners. Can you—will you pray for me in this respect? I have lately been preaching in St. Thomas's Hall, in South Hackney, which is a large new district, and what we call a most respectable or aristocratic suburb of the great city. In the centre of it, stands St. Thomas's Hall. There I preach Sunday morning and evening, and prayer meetings are holden every Sunday morning at 10, and afternoons at 3. As I go to my Hall services, I meet large regiments of ladies and gentlemen with their prayer books, psalteries, &c., &c. Of course, I walk in the road, and let them have all the pathway, as they are large in stature, full and fine in dress, most majestic in their march; and, I should hope, more filled with real piety in their souls than they appear to be with pride in their natural spirits. A Roman Catholic church, and a fast-growing Church of England or Puseyitish nunnery is in the neighbourhood of this Hall. Then, we have Sisters of Mercy, as they call them, a Home for Pilgrims, a Church and Establishment for converted Jews, a splendid Congregational Church, where they have concerts, &c.; and beside all these, there are churches, chapels, halls, rooms, and out-door preachers, of every shade and class. I think they look upon me as an intruder; but, while I wish them all good success in the Lord, I firmly believe I stand alone in the distinct and discriminating testimony forced out of me to the NATURE and the necessity of a DIVINE POWER in the souls of all who are saved; and also to the continued conflict between sin and the flesh, and grace in the soul, of all and of everyone who is travelling in the narrow path to heaven. Many ladies and gentlemen come into my Hall and hear me once; but they seldom come again. So, in every way I am deeply tried.

On the 14th of July, Mr. James Wells has promised to preach in the Hall, and make a collection, as the expenses are great.

I did purpose to give you some account of my village preaching this spring; but cannot this month. I have been to Bedmond and Ripley; to Braintree and Bergholt; to Ipswich and Cheltenham; to Foxcote, in Gloucestershire; and to Tunstall, Mendle-

sham, Stonham-Aspel, Winston, and Stowmarket, in Suffolk. Wonderful has been my Master's kindness towards me; but still the Cross is heavy to bear.

Now, Samuel, let me give you a true sample of genuine "CHEERING WORDS," such as my soul loveth.

Late, and weary, I sat down the other night; and opened a book, wherein I found the following precious words. Read them, Samuel. And if you want more like them, send a line to your poor weather-beaten traveller, C. W. Banks, whose cottage is called, 1, Portland terrace, Victoria Park road, in South Hackney. These are the words so sweet to my soul:—

And the savour of these good ointments means faith's delighted apprehension of the glories of Jesus. Oh, how unspeakably precious is He to the soul that can smell this savour! Nothing on earth can be compared with Him; nay, among all the shining ones in glory, there is none like Jesus. "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" "Oh black angels, but white, white Jesus!" cries dear old Rutherford. How sweetly did all his garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, when he first came to us in our soul's sorest anguish! and lifting from the earth the poor heart-broken one whom the stern law of God had smitten down, he wiped our tears, and smiled us almost to the gates of heaven, saying, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." How sweet, too, his perfume, as we trace his path of human love through the gospel story, and rejoice to find that the Christ of Nazareth, and Bethany, and Calvary; the Christ of Peter and John, and the Magdalene; the Christ of the sinful and the miserable in Judea of old, is the very Christ of our own daily life. How sweet the smell, when faith goes back once more on its oft-repeated visits to the Cross, to see the holy alabaster-box broken into pieces there, while out of it flows forth unhindered all the grace that is in the heart of God. Blessed grace, and blessed box, and blessed breaking! the restraint of such a treasury of love straitened and pained his heart, till it got vent to flow (Luke xii. 50). How sweet the perfume, as we travel from the cross to the sepulchre, to see the empty tomb and the folded napkin, and to realize once more that He who died for us in love,

now liveth for ever, having spoiled our cruel spoilers, and gone up with the shout of a victor. How sweet his perfumes as faith sees him on the throne of heaven, and hopes shortly to see him face to face. "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart" (Prov. xxvii. 9); but, to the believing soul, the name of Jesus is more reviving than all the balmy treasures of the east, however skilfully compounded or lavishly poured forth.

"His name is music to my ear,
And transport to my heart;
My hopes revive when He is near,
And droop if He depart.

"Let the rich miser prize his gold,
The monarch boast his crown;
To me, 'tis more than wealth untold,
To call the Lord mine own."

Alas! how few discern the savour of Christ's precious ointment. Man savours his own things, but naturally he has no relish for the things of God (Matt. xvi. 23). There is nothing more sad about his case than this, that he is not attracted but repelled by the holy excellences of Jesus. God's beloved Son is still, to men, only as a root out of a dry ground, with no beauty in him wherefore sin-loving man should desire him. With unanimous voice, the representatives of our race gave their votes against him, saying, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Alas! man naturally prefers the stench of the grave, among the putrefaction of which he burrows like the worm, to the heavenly fragance of the Rose of Sharon. Nay, the very same preaching of Christ, which to a living soul is the sweet savour of life, is to a dead soul the foul savour of death (2 Cor. ii. 16). Ah, we need to be made partakers of the same anointing, ere we can discern or be regaled with the heavenly odours of our Lord's good ointments! "Oh," says Rutherford, "if my soul might but lie within smell of his love, suppose I could get no more but the smell of it!"

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Cheering Words

FOR AUGUST, 1867.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS PATTERNS.

"Soon will the voyage of life be o'er,
And we shall reach a happier shore,
Where there will be no storm to harm,
Where we amidst seraphic calm,
Will tell to all in that blest realm,
A Father's hand was at the helm."

Gospel Magazine.

I WAS at Two Waters, in Hertfordshire, early in July, preaching anniversary sermons. The day was pouring wet; the chapel was not filled; but I was well supplied in faith and good feeling. "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation" was the text in the afternoon; and as time for evening service came on this singular thought crossed my mind,—"I am like a poor pedlar, with a few patterns of good things. I cannot go largely and deeply into the holy mysteries of the glorious Gospel; but I can leave a few patterns here and there, and they may lead some souls to seek after a larger acquaintance with the great realities, when my work and myself altogether shall have passed away." In this spirit I entered the pulpit that evening, and read the words of the old disciple: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." Here is,

I. A pattern of a most devoted and loving minister. There were two Johns—John the Baptist and John the Evangelist. The first was a stern and strong sort of man; he came to open the door of the New Testament dispensation; he came to prepare "the way of the Lord;" he came to herald forth the first advent

of the Great Redeemer; he came to strike the key-note of the evangelical ministry; pointing to, and proclaiming—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and, then, that John was taken away himself. The very fact that the first herald of the Saviour was cast into prison, and had his head taken off through the wickedness of a woman, significantly declares the danger connected with a faithful advocacy of the Gospel; and how frequently unholy passions may cut short the work of some most earnest and holy men. But this JOHN—this beloved disciple, this evangelist, this favoured servant of Jesus, who so singularly set his Master forth so prominently and preciously —is "the Elder," who saw much of the person and glory of Christ; who unfolded and declared the truth, and shewed the nature and the fruit of vital godliness; this venerable saint is a pattern of such a pastor, such a preacher, such a writer, and such a witness, as must be a blessing to any people, let him be found where he may. Let us closely examine the writings of John, for there the Gospel in clear beauty shines; and there its harmony is most complete.

2. Here is the pattern of a pillar of the Church. "The well-beloved Gaius, whom I love in the truth," says John. It is said he was a companion of Paul's; and housed the great apostle when he had no home to call his own. To have a friend and brother in Christ, to stand by you, to pray for and with you, is a comfortable help in this low land. And such was the well-beloved Gaius, of whom John says some things very expressive. Ah! they are patterns of things we all should aim to have.

(1.) His soul prospered: "Even as thy soul prospereth." Oh! what is that? The soul hath a great business in hand. It has to get clear out of Satan's power; to obtain the forgiveness of sin; to realize the cleansing efficacy of a Saviour's blood; to believe into Jesus with the heart unto righteousness; to wrestle in prayers, to prevail in intercession; to obtain a victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil; to abound in hope; to know the love of Chist which passeth knowledge; to get clear views of the great revelation God has made of Himself, of His Son, of His Spirit, of His kingdom, of His Gospel, of His people, and of their

eternal salvation; and, with all this, to have the feet set upon a rock, and to enjoy the clear shining witness and work of the Spirit; and with the Church to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." "He loved me, and gave Himself for me!"

The contemplation of these things almost makes me cry for sorrow, for I feel my soul doth not prosper as she doth desire.

"Waters to swim in"

is the banquet of love I would labour to attain unto; but, alas! I am worked down into weakness, and darkness, and have many seasons of soul-distress.

Of this Gaius John says—(2). "Even as thou walkest in the truth." The brethren came to John in his latter days, of whom he inquired, "How is my well-beloved Gaius?" Then they "testified of the truth that was in him," and how he "walked in the truth." Is not this a pattern most precious? Oh, if our Zion, if our churches abounded with men and women like this Gaius, how good, how pleasant it would be! Bless the Lord, I do believe there are some sweet Gaius's in the folds of the Good Shepherd now. May they increase a thousand-fold! Seek to be like Gaius, dear reader, of whom John says,

(3.) "Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren, and to strangers!" Mark that well. This Gaius was no screwed-up sectarian, no stiff-necked pharisee, no boasting bigot, no cold complimentary hypocrite. No! He was a plain, pious, practical, charitable Christian; hence, "the brethren and the strangers" shared the kind sympathies of the "Well-beloved Gaius." And John says, they bore witness of his charity before the Church; and taking advantage of all this, on behalf of these strangers and brethren, John to his Gaius says, "Whom if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, thou shalt do well." Why? The explanation shows these brethren and strangers were on a missionary tour, or evangelising work, seeking the good of their fellow-men. Hence, it follows, "Because, that for His Name's sake they went forth, taking nothing of the Gentiles.' Here are patterns of primitive Christians, and some few like them,

I hope, are still to be found; but I am admonished to be brief in these little "CHEERING WORDS," or I could draw forth some other patterns, such as the cause of John's great joy, because his children walked in the truth, in the experience of its power, in the defence of its honour, in the demonstration of its value, and so on. But I must only say, may the Lord make us "Walkers in the Truth." Amen, says THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE HOME AND THE HARVEST OF A YORKSHIRE LASS.

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song."

A LADY called at my office, and wished me to print her Life. I waited on her; consulted with her; and agreed, God helping, to do it. Her name is "ANNIE TOLSON," and for some years she has been exhorting, and seeking to bring sinners to the feet of Jesus; and if this book speaks truly—and it has commended itself to my heart—if these details are correct, then, indeed, the work done by her, as an instrument, has been most marvellous. At least, so it has appeared to me.

"What!" says one—"Do you believe in the preaching of the Gospel by ladies?"

"Away with such fleshly rubbish," says another.

"I suppose you will turn over to the Ranters before long," exclaims a third.

Nothing moved by this excitement, not presuming to enter into the secrets of the Eternal Sovereign Ruler of all things, without now deciding upon the genuineness of Mrs. Tolson's Life, Experience, Ministry, Success, &c., &c., I will only say, I have undertaken to issue her little memoir; and in reading the several chapters for press, I have been so much interested, that I really am prayerfully anxious to ask two questions.

First, will you, dear friend, give this lady's testimony of the way which the Lord hath led her, a thoroughly studious reading?

Secondly, will you help me to trace out the distinct features of

the good work of grace herein? Or, can you determine that this work is not of God at all? This will take you and me some time; but let us go on patiently. I will give you a view of her origin first. Here it is—

"I was born Feb. 17th, 1830, at a place called Car Lane, Bell Hills. Rothwell-hague, near Leeds. My father and mother, when they were married, were both members of a Christian society; father being on the plan as a local preacher. Previous to my parents' marriage, they were both brought up in very good circumstances, therefore when they commenced life they commenced it well; but unfortunately father had been brought up with home-brewed beer; and though a preacher on the plan, he still indulged in the fatal cup. One time when my father was coming home from his appointment, he was asked by a neighbour who had also been preaching in an adjoining village to have one glass of ale to warm them, it being cold, and they having so far to walk, father consented. They had but the one glass, and then went home. Another time, they were appointed to preach in the same places; it being a very wet cold night; again my father was asked by the neighbour friend to have another glass. Father reluctantly consented: when the one was done, father said, "Come, let us go;" but his friend said, "Just another." They took another, and another, and then the fatal blow was struck. They were seen going, reeling, staggering home. Soon the news reached the heads of the Society, and father was justly expelled. My mother was also expelled with him; through which cause my father went deep into the vortex of intemperance. Very soon their little property was gone; their money spent; and with a large family of children, mother was left to pray and struggle alone, with a drunken husband. The elder portion of the family grew, and got settled in life; the middle portion died, and three of the younger out of twelve were left alone to suffer poverty and distress; *i.e.*, my sister Elizabeth, myself, and my youngest brother Aaron.

"My father worked hard, but yet he drank harder. At the same time, there never was a more honest and upright man, when sober; but when in drink, he was like some fiend let loose. He

would come home at the midnight hour, and take us from our beds, rain, frost, or snow, and turn us into the lane without one single bit of clothing. That was our portion frequently, till we trembled at the approach of him whom we ought to have been glad to see.

"One night my father came home intoxicated; when he entered the house, we being all in bed trembling with fright, as he with oaths and curses swore that he would slay us all. At that moment he rushed to my mother's bedside with a razor in his hand, swearing by all that made him, if she stirred that he would take her life. Mother prayed at that awful moment that God would deliver her, as He had often done before; and while thus silently engaged, the razor dropped from my father's hand: he went away, and was quiet that night: we thanked the Lord for His kind protection. Mother never ceased to pray. She was clean and industrious, and often cheered us by talking about Jesus; and told us that our poverty was not half so bad as what He had suffered for us. Many times we had to cry unto the Lord for help, being without food for days. On one of these occasions, being in deep distress, we knelt down at our family altar, and prayed that the Lord would send us help, at which time a lady was at the door with a basket full of all kinds of provisions, such as we stood in need of; thus again God hearing and answering our prayers, we unitedly praised Him for all His mercies, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

REIGNING WITH CHRIST.

THIS living and reigning with Christ a thousand years, cannot be meant of a spiritual reigning in the participation of grace here, or the soul's enjoying of God in glory after death. It cannot be a reigning with Him, whilst in a mortal state, for as such none did ever yet reign with Christ a thousand years. Neither is the life of any of the saints, whilst they be in their mortal conflict, and suffering condition, anywhere in Scripture called a living and reigning with Christ for so long a time. And

as for the soul being in heaven after death, I cannot find any place where this is called a reigning with Jesus Christ for such an exact term of years. Neither can these words be taken so properly; because many of the children of God have reigned under this consideration with Christ some thousands of years. Again, some of the saints (a little before Christ's coming) will not reign with Him in this respect not one hundred years. I cannot see then under what show of reason, the souls of the saints in heaven can be said to be a living and reigning with Christ a thousand years. Therefore we must seek for an interpretation more congruous to the text than this; and that is, that all the saints, whether martyrs or others, who have part in the first resurrection, together with the living saints changed, shall, in the kingdom of Christ, live and reign with Him a thousand years; nay, that word, and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years, carries an undeniable evidence in itself, that it must be a living and reigning with Christ in their bodies, when reunited with their souls in a glorified state at the resurrection.

GODLY COUNSEL TO TEMPTED SOULS.

CHEERING WORDS must be bottomed on solid ground. The term "cheering" supposes a melancholy case, or, a painful condition, or a dark cloud, or a long lane, or a dreadful enemy, or a fearful apprehension, or something of that sort. If I put in CHEERING WORDS, some few lines for the afflicted, will my readers try and find out such cases, and then, to such poor downcast, benighted, sorrowing, mourning souls, give CHEERING WORDS? Ambrose Searle says:—

If ye are in adversity, Satan usually tempts us to the use of unlawful means. Thus when Christ had no ordinary means of getting bread, Satan tempts him to provide for himself by extraordinary. When Esau came out of the field weary, and hungry, and almost dead for want of meat, then sell thy birthright, said Satan, and so he did. When Peter was in great danger in the high priest's hall, then, deny thy Master, said

Satan, forswear him, and curse thyself. When we are in adversity and in want, then saith Satan, thou must not put forth thy family to beg, thou must live, thou must utter thy wares, though by lying, swearing, exacting, deceiving. Want and necessity is the devil's opportunity to fall upon us; fowlers usually set their snares for birds in the winter time, when there is want of food; and therefore prayed Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; and why not poverty? Lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of God in vain." Prov. xxx. 8, 9. In poverty, temptations are strong to distrust, to steal, lie, swear, or to use ill shifts, and unlawful means. Many a time have I seen a professor put to shift, and whilst others censured, I have thought with myself, ah! poor soul, why should I or any other censure this poor man? little know we the temptations to which he is subject. But to such let me give some counsel.

"THE GOLDEN AGE?"

WHENCE IS IT? WHAT IS IT? AND WHERE?

"Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear;
When fully He the work has wrought,
Which caused thy anxious fear."

I HAVE had the honour and pleasure of printing and publishing a handsome little volume, on the title of which these lines may be read—

PARADISE RESTORED:
AND JERUSALEM DURING THE MILLENNIUM.
By DR. JOHN MASON, L.R.C.S.ED.

In the third chapter of this volume Dr. John Mason describes three classes of persons who are looking for what may be termed "A Golden Age."

This three-fold description of class, of character, and of expectation is comprehensive; it is wisely and decisively drawn; and a careful consideration of this three-fold expectation of men, will prove to enlightened minds, that Dr. John Mason, is a Scribe

well instructed in the mysteries of the Holy Word. And I can seriously ask the readers of CHEERING WORDS to give this good Doctor's *Paradise Restored* a patient reading. The book will be an ornament to any Christian's study or parlour table; but more than that, it will (if the blessed Spirit sanctify its contents) be a source of edification and of comfort to the souls of teachable Christians.

The sixty-first chapter of Isaiah's prophecy has lately engaged my special attention. I have read the tenth verse of that chapter for my text. I have said that sixty-first of Isaiah comprehends a full prophetic record of the Gospel dispensation. From the first to the end of the ninth verse, the gloriously anointed Saviour is speaking. He speaks.

1. Of his *Qualification* for his work. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," &c.

2. He speaks of his people's condition when under the law, "Meek, broken-hearted, prisoners, and in captivity."

3. Then, of their state under grace; giving them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for their mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

4. Their work comes next. They shall build, repair, restore, and raise up. They shall feed the flocks; and as ploughmen and as vine-dressers shall they labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

5. A cluster of promises follow on: "For your shame, ye shall have double; ye shall rejoice in your portion," &c. Now

6. Comes in a word respecting the manifestation of their character. "All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed." Of these particulars much might be said; but now look

7. At the golden age the Church describes. At the tenth verse she now breaks out—

"I will rejoice in the Lord."
"My soul shall be joyful in my God."
"For He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation."
"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

Strong faith in Christ may thus triumph, even now, at times; but when the Church can really and perfectly sing this anthem, when every note of it, every word of it, every sentence of it shall be fully realized in her exalted condition, then—then will be the Golden Age for the whole election of Grace.

What changes may precede this, I cannot, in this short prefatory note venture to declare; but I covet more light upon the questions now stirring some parts of Zion.

TENDER QUESTION.

THE last Sunday in June, in 1867, was one of the most delightful Sundays we have had at St. Thomas's Hall. It was the anniversary of our Bethnal Green Evangelical Sunday school. The children sang in harmony, and very sweetly. Mr. Duncan trained them to great perfection; and it really was delightful to hear them. In the afternoon Thomas Stringer preached a Gospel sermon; and I went to hear, and quietly to enjoy one service as a private hearer. It was a treat to me; for when our brother Charley Longley read out the hymn before the sermon, and when the dear children sang it with much distinctness and feeling, it ran so powerfully into my little crowded heart, that I could not refrain from much weeping. The questions are solemn, and the sympathies and sentiments are so natural, yet Christ-like. I give them here in full.

"Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll,
Wherein all the bright for ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbour
When our stormy voyage is o'er,
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By that fair celestial shore.
Shall, &c.

Shall we meet with many loved ones
Who were torn from our embrace,
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall, &c.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own,
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon his throne?
Shall, &c.

A BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

"I HAVE known, or I think I have, some of the sweets of pardon; but the very mention of them, or the contemplation of their enjoyment by others, only seems to aggravate my misery: inasmuch as I have lost every once-precious sensation of them, and am left in a cold, careless, and altogether comfortless condition." Well, reader, upon the very threshold of the subject, cannot you say, "Oh that I were as in months past!" You know that Job (that "perfect and upright man, one that feared God, and eschewed evil") said precisely the same. So that you have at least *one* family feature.

There was another desire of his which we fancy will express also the very language of your heart (Job xxiii. 3, 4), "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." Be honest, now, to your own conscience, to that divine work which the Lord the Spirit hath wrought in your heart, and say whether there is not (as it were) bubbling up in your heart that little gentle desire, though but as a still small voice, thus:—

Do not I love thee, dearest Lord!
Oh, search this heart and see;
And from my bosom tear—"

[How do you repeat that word "*tear?*" Is there not a degree of vehemence with it? Are you not almost suiting the action to the word, and in the agony of that jealous fire which the Holy Ghost hath enkindled within, are you not making bare your bosom, exclaiming, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him?"]

And from my bosom *tear* the part
That beats not true to Thee."

Reader, this is the quintessence of love. Suppose we, or any one else, were at this moment to say a word derogatory to the wisdom, or the power, or the justice, of your precious Lord, what would be your feelings? We know that (barren and benighted as you

may now feel) you would rise in holy indignation, and very speedily show, not only "whose you *are*, but whom you *serve*." So that goodness and mercy are really following you, though you are in measure ignorant of the fact. You are learning some profitable lessons in the midst of this felt-desertion; that "though you believe not, He abideth faithful; that the *security* of salvation does not consist in the *sweets* of it, but solely in that indissoluble union, covenant faithfulness, and unchangeable love of Jehovah, in and by which you shall everlastingly stand. These are among the glorious, soul-comforting truths which can only be learnt in connexion with barren frames, dark dispensations, and cloudy circumstances; but most precious truths they are as realised in the heart and mind.

Beloved, "it is well!"
God's ways are always right;
And perfect love is o'er them all,
Tho' far above our sight.

Beloved, "it is well!"
Tho' sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.

—From Mr. Doudney's little book, *Why Weepest Thou?*

INFANTS IN HEAVEN.

MR. W. MAYO, of Oxford, has published a little sixpenny volume, (at J. Paul's) entitled, "Infant Salvation;" shewing, "How infants are saved without either baptism or believing." We have thought there is much original and useful thought and expression in this small volume. One extract may set some minds enquiring how far Mr. Mayo's interpretations and conclusions are well supported by the whole world. Here is a leaf or two.

Some people now-a-days are very much afraid that the devil will have the larger share of mankind, and that he will have the pre-eminence in point of numbers. But what does Paul say to

the Colossians, "That in all things he (Jesus) should have the pre-eminence" Col. i. 18; and he will too, both in numbers and glory. When we look around us, we see so much serving of self and Satan, that we are almost ready to exclaim, how can Christ have the pre-eminence when so much sin abounds on every hand? But if we will just look at the passage under consideration, we find our Saviour has made sure of it when taken in connection with the passage from Colossians i. 8. We see here that two-thirds of the inhabitants of the land are to die in infancy; for he says by his prophet, "I will turn my hand upon the little ones, and in all the land two parts therein shall be cut off and die." Hence, by taking our former explanation, that all infants are saved by virtue of Christ's death, we deduce from this that He must have the pre-eminence, even were the devil allowed to take possession of all those that "shall remain therein." But blessed be His holy name it is not even so; for those who remain shall be tried and refined. And as there is a vast amount of dross in the world, the devil will no doubt have an immensely large number; but when the refining process is complete, Christ will take to himself all the pure and precious, while He leaves the dross for the devil, who can never have more than Christ permits him to have; so that upon the theory we have laid down we find infants are saved; and also from the fact that Christ shall "have the pre-eminence," as the word of God declares, which could not be, if these two-thirds who are "cut off and die" were lost. We find the passages so harmonise that one proves the other. The prophet Zechariah proves that Christ shall "have the pre-eminence" by the fact that two-thirds die in infancy; and Paul proves the salvation of these "two parts" by the declaration that Christ "in all things should have the pre-eminence." And those spirits, when wafted into the mansions above, grow in a purer atmosphere than ours, and are nourished by the pure love and presence of Him who redeemed them by His blood.

We do believe that "as the tree falls so it lies," and yet we do not believe that death can stop our spiritual growth; but that when we are transplanted to those glorious mansions, we shall grow faster, and shall know more than we ever could have

done here below. Our understandings will be enlarged, our hearts expanded, and our spirits quickened, so that we shall more fully understand the riches of His grace who "loved us, and gave Himself for us" (Eph. v. 2.) And do you think that the spirits of those who die in infancy remain infantine in that glorious heaven of bliss? Nay, verily, rather that they make advancement in knowledge, both of themselves and of their Creator and Redeemer.

Now then these "two parts" who die in infancy are saved, and made partakers with the saints in the kingdom of God's dear Son; for Christ could not be said to have in all things the pre-eminence if it were otherwise. And now, my dear reader, if you are a parent who may have mourned the loss of one dear little thing that had begun to bind itself round your heart, and you found it hard to part with the little treasure, remember it is not lost but gone before:

> "Dear is the spot where infants sleep:
> Their spirits safe on Canaan's shore,
> Oh why should we in anguish weep?
> They are not lost, but gone before."

And gone from the evil to come, as part of the "two parts" that were to be "cut off and die;" and that little one now is singing in that glorious place, for

> "In flowing robes of spotless white,
> See every one arrayed;
> Dwelling in everlasting light,
> And joys that never fade,
> Singing Glory, glory, glory!"

Where you may soon be called to join them if you are a believer in Jesus, and have been led to cast all your care upon him who careth for you.

THE ORPHANS OF BETHNAL GREEN.—Received from Thomas Pocock, Esq. £1. Friend, 6d. in stamps. Miss Turner, 6s. Mr Creswick Nichols, 2s. 6d. Mr. Tettmar, of Whitehaven, 5s. Mr. Bryant has kindly promised a letter descriptive of the state of the orphans, which we shall give as soon as received.

THE PATRIARCH AT WATFORD.

AT Bushey-heath chapel, on Monday, July 22nd, we held special services. When I entered the place in the afternoon, that venerable, that transparent saint, Thomas Hanshaw, was reading in Ephesians, and then he offered prayer. I spoke from the words in Ezra, "The people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." All the time I was preaching in the pulpit, that happy servant of Christ, Thomas Hanshaw, sat looking, listening, smiling, sometimes weeping, and occasionally nodding his head, as though he fully believed the words he heard. At tea time, he was like a young man, serving the friends with tea and cake, and bread and butter, and cheering them with pleasant and blessed words as well. He shewed me the corner of a cottage where he first began preaching the Gospel on that heath. He must, I think, be going on for fourscore; and yet, he labours, he preaches, he sings, he serves the churches in dispensing the word, and he always is happy; or, at least, he looks smilingly happy, and of his Lord he speaks gratefully happy, whenever I meet with him. How true, in some cases, at least, "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright." Some young ladies played and sung

"A day's march nearer home!"

Oh! it was delightful. Then we held a public meeting; and when the minister, the chairman, Mr. Brittain, introduced me, he spoke so exceedingly kind. He said, our brother knows he is only an "Earthen Vessel," but then he is a "Gospel Guide," and a "Protestant Guardian," and if you ever heard of one called "The Village Preacher," here he is. We had a nice meeting. I hope the Lord will long spare grandfather Hanshaw; and bless his grandson, James Brittain, in preaching the Gospel on Bushey heath.

THE world imagine that religion robs a man of his happiness; but soon after you have commenced a religious course, use will make it easy and pleasant; new joys will spring up; and you will find it the happiest life in the world, to live in close communion with God.

A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

"'Tis come—the glad millennial morn—
The son of David reigns;
Sing, sing, O earth, for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod,
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.

But chiefly thou, Jerusalem,
Thou queen of cities, sing;
With shouts of triumph welcome now
Thy Morning Star, Thy King.

He gracious Saviour, faithful still
To thee, His faithless dove,
Forgives thee all, and bids thee dwell
Within His breast of love.

Nor thee alone, for see on high
His saints triumphant now,
With all the hosts of seraphim,
In ceaseless worship bow.

O blessed Lord! we little dreamed
Of such a morn as this—
Such rivers of unmingled joy—
Such full, unbounded bliss!

The above lines are from Dr. John Mason's new work, *Paradise Restored*.

London: Printed by Robert Banks, 4, Crane-court, Fleet-street, E.C. Published by Mrs. Pavl, Chapter-house court, Paternoster row, E.C.; and sold by most Booksellers.—Price One Halfpenny.

Cheering Words

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1867.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.*

WHAT? All things we stand in need of. He has done it hitherto; and why should we distrust Him who is yesterday, and to-day, and for ever the same? Yes; the Lord has blessed richly all our endeavours to promote the glory of His name amongst Israel, and we have abundant reason to magnify His faithfulness, and to call upon all our friends to bless, with us, the King of the Jews, who has graciously countenanced our efforts and given us every day our daily bread.

Let me briefly state what our God has done for us. In October, 1864, I arrived in London, a foreigner and stranger, but animated by an earnest desire to do for my Jewish brethren, converted and unconverted, all that God would enable me to do. I had been a Jewish Missionary for the last twenty-two years, in Germany, Turkey, and Holland; but I knew perfectly well that no place was so suitable for this work as London, the metropolis of the world. Daily intercourse with Jews, and prayerful consideration of their wants, convinced me that three things were highly desirable for the promotion of Christ's kingdom among Israel:—

1. A home for young and educated Jews who had learned no trade, but were either engaged in business or in studies, and

* This article is from *The Scattered Nation*, edited by Dr. Schwartz. He is cheerfully doing a good work.

who had lost everything in consequence of their confession of Christ.

2. A periodical in which the cause of Israel could be pleaded, and the Israelitish view and exposition of Scriptures be given, along with answers to the continual attacks on the truths of the Gospel by Jewish writers, more especially by the *Jewish Chronicle.*

3. A union amongst Hebrew Christians, which was to be a witness to Jews and Christians, and a centre for all Hebrews who had been cast out by their own nation, and yet were not ashamed of the hope of Israel.

The Hebrew-Christian Alliance, blessed be God, is a fact, and though as yet a tender plant, it grows and begins to yield fruit to God's honour.

The magazine exists, and by God's goodness has found favour in the eyes of many of his children. It is no small undertaking to start a monthly in London; and even my best friends shook their heads when I laid before them my intention. They thought it very desirable, but ——. Well, the Lord has helped us; our periodical exists, and if our present friends continue faithful, as I fully believe they will, and bestir themselves to gain subscribers, the *Scattered Nation* will not only be regularly continued, but will occupy its place amongst those publications which give no uncertain sound, and testify of the truth against every kind of error by unfurling the banner of the King of Israel and the Head of the Church.

The Home began like a mustard seed, and has grown wonderfully within a short time. In July, 1865, I baptized a young Jew from Algiers, who laid his whole very respectable living at the foot of the Cross; for the evening before his baptism he was discharged by his Jewish employer, with a very flattering testimonial, and the declaration that the only motive for parting with him was his confession of Jesus.

In December, 1865, I baptized another young man who had been a teacher of Hebrew and German in one of the best Jewish schools at Brighton, and who of his own accord gave up his position because he could no longer teach in a Jewish school.

These two young men had lost everything for Christ's sake, and it seemed to me to be a Christian duty to provide for them a place of refuge till they could find suitable employment. God inclined the heart of a Christian brother, who did not know me personally, when I communicated to him my plan in writing, to send me a cheque for £25, and thus the Jews' Home came into existence.

We began with one room, and added another when one or two more young men applied for admission. They came from all parts of the globe, having been led to the knowledge of Jesus in various ways; and though they belonged to different churches, they felt united in their Jewish descent and in their obedience to the Messiah. In October, 1866, the Home had nine inmates, amongst whom there was one who had been baptized in Pesth, but could find there no employment, though he was an excellent chemist. The prejudices against converted Jews are so strong on the Continent, and especially in Popish countries, that it is very difficult for them to find employment, so that the Home relieved the anxiety of an excellent missionary by offering a shelter to the worthy convert. We are quite willing to do the same service to other brethren abroad, as far as God enables us. After a few months, employment was offered in St. Thomas's Hospital, and to this day our brother gives great satisfaction. For the teacher, a way was opened to an engagement in a kind Christian family, and gradually he has won many friends in the place where he now resides, and he is fully able to maintain himself by lessons in private families and schools.

A third had been sent to Jaffa as superintendent of the Model Farm, and the accounts which have reached us are highly satisfactory, and clearly prove that a wide door of usefulness has been opened up to him. We shall ere long lay a full statement before our readers.

A fourth has found employment as a clerk in a very respectable house, and will thus be enable to earn his livelihood.

Of the ten young men who are now with us, three are still Jews. One of them was till lately a teacher in a Jewish school with a good income; but, through the reading of the new Testa-

ment, he was convinced that Jesus is the promised Messiah, and he left the school, though he did not know where to turn for help. Another was sent to us from Paris, and his history is so marvellous that I intend giving it in full some at some future occasion.

I may here mention that one of the inmates was baptized in December, 1866, and another, whose biography is given in this number, in April, 1867. In a few weeks one or two more will be received into the Church of Christ.

When I now add that without the help of a society, special agency and organization, the necessary means have been obtained by a simple statement of our wants in the *Scattered Nation*, you will agree with me that the Lord has really blessed us abundantly.

The very blessing God has vouchsafed creates for the present a difficulty, but encourages me also in the hope that greater blessings are still in store. I had to hire one room after another, and as I had to take partly furnished rooms, the mere rent is at least seventy pounds per annum, though the accommodations are decidedly insufficient. We want more rooms for the Home, an office for the Hebrew Christian Alliance, and a Hall for the regular meetings of converted Jews twice a month. If I could realize the desire of my heart, I should like to hold conferences with Hebrew and Gentile Christian brethren and sisters in such a hall, in order to search together the Scriptures and to build up one another in our holy faith in these days of wide-spread error and delusion.

A suitable house has become an imperative necessity.

When mentioning these facts and my wants to some friends, they said to me, "Why do you not publish what God has done for you, and what you now stand in need of? Is He who has inclined the hearts of so many to help you with small gifts, not able to move the heart of a wealthy brother or sister to give you a house for them who have lost their home when they followed Jesus? Might there not be someone who would feel inclined either to give you the ground or to build and to let you a suitable house if you promised to pay, with God's help, a reasonable rent?"

I remembered our watchword, "The Lord will provide," and, after prayerful consideration, I sat down and penned these lines, spreading our necessities before our God and His people.

It is, then, a work recognized by God, for He has blessed it: He will not abandon His work. I am ready to give every information that might still be required. In God's time we shall most assuredly get such a house, as it has become a necessity on account of the very blessings He has vouchsafed.

C. SCHWARTZ.

4, St. Leonard's Gardens, Paddington.

[I have read this with deep feelings, because, in taking St. Thomas's Hall, in South Hackney, I was desirous to plant the Gospel in that new neighbourhood. And I have not been yet allowed to sink; but it has been a trial. I am looking up to the Lord to provide means still to keep the Gospel in Squirries street; and to plant a cause in that new district of South Hackney; and I ask the benevolent of the Lord's family to help me in this by no means little effort.] C. W. B.

CHEERING WORDS FROM THE LIVES OF MEN WHO ONCE WERE HERE.

THE SHEFFIELD POET, JAMES MONTGOMERY.—*Onward!* is the title of a well conducted serial; published by the Band of Hope Unions of Cheshire and Lancashire. In the July number for this year, there is a paper by Mr. J. Dyson, on JAMES MONTGOMERY, whose poetic genius, and high standing with the press, constrains us to place in our little monthly the following extract. It is a pretty portrait of a most peculiarly energetic and favoured man.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4th, 1771. His father, a minister among the "Moravian Christians," gave his son a good education. At ten years of age James began to write verses. When quite a youth he was placed in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Dewsbury, in York-

shire. He left Mirfield when about eighteen years of age, with three shillings and sixpence in his pocket. In five days he wandered to the "Queen of Villages"—Wath, near Rotherham, where he remained in a situation, in a shop about thirteen months. Young Montgomery being early thrown on the world, had learned to regard "trifles," hence he saved his "pocket money," and when he left Wath had sufficient to convey him to London. After remaining in the metropolis eight months without succeeding in getting his poetry printed, he felt displeased and returned to his old master at Wath, by whom he was welcomed, proving that he had been a *good servant*.

One day young Montgomery saw an advertisement in a newspaper called *The Sheffield Register* for an assistant in the office. He applied to Mr. Gale, the proprietor, and got the situation. In a short time he was found competent to manage the paper in his master's absence. He had many difficulties to encounter, but his motto was "Onward," and his noble spirit overcame all. These were days of political strife. Young Montgomery innocently printed some poetry he found in type in the office and for this he was imprisoned.

In the year 1795 Montgomery became proprietor of the paper then called the *Iris*. He printed an account of the shameful conduct of Colonel Althorpe, who ordered the soldiers to fire among the people at the election in Sheffield. Two men were killed and others wounded. Montgomery thus described the affair:—"A person, who shall be nameless, plunged with his horse among the unarmed, defenceless people, and wounded with his sword men, women, and children, promiscuously." He was for this convicted of "libel," and sentenced to be "fined £30, imprisoned for six months, and ordered to find sureties for his good conduct for two years."

The honoured and good John Pye Smith conducted *The Iris* while he was in prison. After these troubles, Montgomery's career was uninterrupted prosperity. "God with him." By his ability and industry the paper improved. He published, in 1806, his poem entitled "Wanderings in Switzerland." Many others followed. The gains of business and the profits of his poems

enabled him at length to retire into private life. Government granted him a pension of £200 per year. His private virtues and public munificence won for him the esteem of his townsmen, by whom he was regarded as a "Christian" and a "gentleman." He was foremost at every good work; he presided at many missionary, Bible Society, and Sunday school meetings, nor he was liberal and unsectarian in his views.

The writer, then a very little boy, was taken by his mother to a missionary meeting. The venerable poet was chairman. To encourage them in their noble enterprise, at the close of the meeting, Montgomery, with great earnestness and solemnity, said—

"Go on, go on, go on,
Again I say, go on."

The poet, who was never married, lived to the age of eighty-three, and died, at "The Mount," near the Wesleyan College, Sheffield. The procession was nearly a mile long; all the public bodies of the town were represented, while unnumbered thousands attended. He was interred at a sweet spot in the Sheffield Cemetery, where a monument perpetuates his memory, consisting of a bronze statue of the poet on a marble pedestal, erected principally by Sunday school teachers and scholars, at a cost of £1,000, with this inscription:—

"HERE LIES INTERRED, BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM,
THE CHRISTIAN POET, PATRIOT, AND PHILANTHROPIST.
WHEREVER POETRY IS READ, OR CHRISTIAN HYMNS ARE SUNG IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, 'HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH'
BY HIS
GENIUS, PIETY, AND TASTE EMBODIED IN HIS WRITINGS."

Thus the youth who came to Sheffield poor and unknown, by his eminent ability, good conduct, plodding industry, urbanity of manners, holy life, and sublime poetry, has won a name that shall live as long as time endures. Then let us emulate him by consecrating to God, our entire life, remembering his words:—

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal spheres shall shine
A star of day.
The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

In closing, I am sorry to say that the old "Iris" newspaper office, in the Hartshead, Sheffield, where Montgomery wrote so many beautiful hymns, is now a dirty, low, public house, called "Montgomery Tavern."

"THEY SHALL PERSEVERE!"

IT is Saturday night. Heavy and weary is my spirit; but in my study I found a sermon by that searching preacher, J. J. West; and as I found it good, and know it is true, I give a word or two from it. He is on that weighty and worthy theme, the sovereignty of God in choosing sinners in Christ, and trying to comfort poor distressed ones. He says:—

"My hearers, are you in distress of soul because of sin? Do you know Hannah's feeling—Eli mistook her case—"I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul to the Lord. We will take a case before we pass on to the other head. Take the case of the two dying thieves. Why save the one, and why not save the other? Simply because the one was amongst the all – one of the given ones—saved *before* all time; he was chosen, he was set apart, and at the set time of favour appointed before all time, he was to come and humble himself, to repent of a life spent in sin, and to pour out from a broken heart that all-sufficient petition—Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "To-day thou shalt be with ME in Paradise," was the answer of the Saviour to that poor dying sinner's soul. I insist upon it as a fact, and heretics cannot gainsay it, that here stands Jehovah's holy and unaltering word—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." This is HIS own word!

I am speaking, I hope, to honest, poor sinners here. I do not mean to say—"Peace, peace," if there is no peace, but I do hope that there is (generally speaking) a crowd of poor sinners assembling here who are in earnest, who know what trial is; who know what exercise is; who sorely feel their own sins, and who know what breakage of heart is because of sin!—it is not *change* of heart, it is breakage of heart.

"Unto thine altar Lord, a broken heart I bring;
And wilt THOU graciously accept of such a worthless thing?"

Yes, the Psalmist answers it—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, THOU wilt not despise."

"Mighty enemies without,"—

(I know that well)—

"Much mightier within—
Thoughts we cannot quell nor rout,
Blasphemously obscene.

Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
Hell, and all its murd'rous train,
Threaten death on ev'ry side,
And have their thousands slain.

But we build upon a base,
That nothing can remove,
When we trust electing grace,
And everlasting love.

Victory over all our foes,
Christ has purchas'd with HIS blood;
Perseverance he bestows
On every child of God."

They *shall* persevere—that is Jehovah's act in them. He gives them the power to persevere. Oh, that eternal love of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, to his people! The Church of God stands before him perfect in his Son; "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

REFLECTIONS FROM THE NORTH.

"We shall meet with many a loved one,
Who was torn from our embrace,
We shall listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face."

THESE words of sweet certainty have come home to my heart with quiet power as I walked into this quiet town reposing at the bottom of the Lammermuir hills, all pregnant with tales of interest in the past "border history." Dunse La reclining at the back of the town, reminds us of the days of "Watelo and Ward," when good General Leslie, led out his 40,000 troops at the sound of drum each day to worship the Lord God of hosts. Opposite where I now write, stands the "Thatched-house," where the holy and learned Thomas Boston was born about the year 1676, died 1732, Minister of the parishes of Simprin and Etterick. Author of *The Four-Fold State*, &c. To mark the "famous" house, wherein he first breathed the breath of life, some of the inhabitants have inserted a tablet in the front wall.

The late Rev. James Hervey recommending the *Four-Fold State* in vol. i., page 343, of his *Dialogues*, says, "The sentences are short, and the comparisons are striking, the language is easy, and the doctrine evangelical, the method proper, the plan comprehensive, the manner searching, yet consolatory. If another celebrated treatise is styled, *The Whole Duty of Man*, I would call this 'The whole of Man,' comprising, What *he was;* what *he is;* what he *should be*, and what he *will be* in glory." Since Boston's time many changes have come over Dunse and the county of Berwickshire, both in a moral and social sense, and we fear that the past days were even better than these. Also in religious things we mark many outward changes, churches and congregations have been multiplied; but whether the number of worshippers have increased, or the tone of Spiritual life, or Spiritual teaching, has advanced, we much fear.

The revival movement has also had a considerable effect upon the whole district, and as is the wont of the Spirit of God, he has thrust out many as evangelists from every department of trade,

including some from almost every sect or denomination, whose hearts, as a rule, seem to be in advance of their heads, and those who are truly spirit-born, spirit-led, and spirit-fed, begin to see more fully that they can only serve the "One Lord," and hence many begin to shake off the name and grave-clothes, and hinderances that naturally cling to all the men-made machinery. This of itself permits light to come into many hitherto prejudiced minds, regarding the Lord's ordinance of baptism of believers by immersion, and the Lord's Supper has to be observed each Lord's day; and then, on following these things, most of the recent converts believe the sweet words of him who said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," &c., so that the Gospel of the Kingdom of God being received, they are being bold to declare the whole counsel of God, knowing that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

And now, with the blessed hope of his speedy return, and our gathering together to him, those dear ones

"Torn from our embrace,"

we resolve in the power of his Spirit to return to our various work for him, keeping that glorious consummation distinctly before us, and we pray the Lord to prosper and own his own Word and work in Dunse.

A MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE.

A NOTE TO MR. CHAS. Z. TURNER, MINISTER OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, RIPLEY, SURREY.

THE following few lines express a depth of soul-trouble not known by many, out of which the Lord delivered the writer by his own word. We are glad to record such mercies. Help us, all ye friends of poor sinners; help us to scatter such seeds everywhere. We hope brother Charles Turner, and all the Lord's servants, may have many such testimonies.

"Chertsey, June 6, 1867.

"DEARLY BELOVED OF GOD,—No doubt you will say at the reception of this, "Here comes this troubler in Israel again." How-

ever, if God is pleased to lay with weight upon the mind, the temporal welfare, the soul's prosperity, and cause a soul travail, for the testimony of one of His own sent servants to be owned and blest, then 'tis nice to hold correspondence by the way, if we cannot see each other in the flesh. Such, I trust, has been somewhat the feelings of the poor worm now scribbling since last I parted with my own dear Charles. Methinks, you will get this on the Sabbath morn. How glad should I be to meet with you; but I dare not run away from God's dear few here. I hope I may have the great pleasure of seeing you on Sunday next at the anniversary. If you could spare the time, how glad should I be if you were appointed to preach the sermons. What a mercy it is to meet with a precious Barnabas (a son of consolation) to take one, as it were, by the hand and lead them back, ministerially, to the spot and places where they were found of the Lord. Such has my own dear brother been to God's dear children here; and the day is nearing on when his precious soul will be ushered into eternal glory with, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me." Last Sabbath evening, when you were speaking so blessedly of the weeping sinner, my poor soul was led back to the spot where I walked to and fro, wringing my poor hands beneath the burning wrath of God in my soul against sins of the blackest die, crying out amidst deep despair, "Does not thy sacred word proclaim salvation free in Jesus' name? To him I'd look, and humbly cry, Lord, save a wretch condemn'd to die;" and although thousands of times since then I have doubted whether the little helps, and hopes, and comforts I have had by the way were indeed realities, yet, I have not doubted the reality of the wormwood and gall my soul had to drink. Well do I remember one night rushing into an ale-bench, and began drinking, singing, and carousing, trying, by so doing, to drown my trouble; and the next morning when I arose, whilst going across a meadow, I thought every step I took my fate would have been that of Korah and his wicked company; and then set in that wretched temptation to self destruction, which I laboured under for many, many months; and which fell upon me so strong that I took a *silent* farewell of a

dear wife and children, fixed upon a spot in a deep river, looking around to see if any mortal eye was upon me, and when about to plunge my body into a watery grave, and my distracted soul into a burning hell, the Lord in mercy interposed, and said, "DESTROY IT NOT, for a blessing is in it." Oh, my dear, dear brother, how true the language of the poet—

"Preserved in Jesus when my feet made haste to hell!"

I must leave the subject. Forgive my burdening your mind with another scribble. I did not think of this when I first began; but as it is, I trust the Lord's mercy to the vilest of sinners, I know you will bear with it. I hope the Lord will send you to speak in His gracious name here again. I know the few here are longing for another opportunity. Sure I am, the Lord took the gracious words from the mouth of His own dear servant, and made them the joy and rejoicing of the hearts of His own children. Oh, what a love doth this beget in the heart towards the servant of the Lord! It is no wonderment to me that the followers of the apostle should weep sore, and fall upon his neck, at his departure from them. Yea, I should wonder if they *did not*. Poor dear hearts, well can I enter into their feelings. I must close this tale of love, and take my farewell of the watchman on the walls of Jerusalem. I believe *there* the Lord will have him *yet* stand, and may He in mercy well discipline him with—"Watchman, what of the night?" so that he may sound an alarm to the (elect sinner) dead in sin, and give a warning voice to God's dear heritage, that they may walk tenderly before God. God bless thee, ever thine in the Lord, T. PALSGRAVE.

[We read this note on a journey to the forest of Dean, and felt thankful for it.]

Astonishing! can I give meat and drink to the Lord Jesus? Can I clothe Him, can I take Him in who is the SON of God? Then will I not lose such an opportunity of testifying my gratitude. Lord, I have given myself to Thee; I have nothing but what belongs to Thee; for lands, houses, and everything that I possess, are Thine.

THE ORPHANS OF BETHNAL GREEN.

MRS. BRYANT has forwarded to us the following note, which we have great pleasure in giving:—

DEAR MR. C. W. BANKS, will you have the kindness to thank all our Christian friends on behalf of the orphans of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. We have been able to clear every expense that belonged to the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. There was 8s. 3d. left; I have laid that out in a few clothes for the youngest orphan, as you will see by the receipts I gave you. I sincerely thank you for what you have done on their behalf; and may the Lord bless you and yours abundantly; and may the Lord bless all our Christian friends. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." I also thank our brother Mr. Morgan, 16, Fuller street, Bethnal Green road, who has kindly assisted me in this work. May the Lord bless you all, is the sincere prayer of yours truly,

F. BRYANT.

[This has been a real work of charity. Mrs. Bryant has acted as a mother, as a real friend; Mr. Morgan and others have assisted her. We have a few shillings in hand still, to do something toward clothing the little boy, who is at work: and we ask for more help. We could visit and relieve many cases of real need and distress in Bethnal Green, if we had the means. We believe we are in the Lord's hands for good.—C. W. B.]

RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS.

MY VERY WORTHY AND DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot but most kindly thank you for the expression of your love. Your love and respect to me is a great comfort to me. I bless his high and glorious name, that the terrors of great men have not affrighted me from open avouching of the Son of God; nay, his cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare: it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour. I have not much cause to fall in love with the world; but rather to wish, that He who sitteth upon

the floods, would bring my broken ship to land, and keep my conscience safe in these dangerous times, for wrath from the Lord is coming on this sinful land. It were good, that we prisoners of hope knew of our Stronghold to run to before the storm comes on; therefore, sir, I beseech you, by the mercies of God, and comforts of his Spirit, by the blood of your Saviour, and by your compearance before the sin-revenging Judge of the world, keep your garments clean, and stand for the truth of Christ, which ye profess. When the time shall come that your eye-strings shall break, your face wax pale, your breath grow cold, and this house of clay shall totter, and your one foot shall be over the march in eternity; it shall be your comfort and joy, that ye gave your name to Christ. The greatest part of the world think heaven at the next door, and that Christianity is an easy task; but they will be beguiled. Worthy sir, I beseech you make sure work of salvation; I have found by experience, that all I could do, hath had much ado in the day of my trial; and therefore, lay up a sure foundation for the time to come. I cannot require you for your undeserved favours to me, and my now-afflicted brother; but I trust to remember you to God. Remember me heartily to your kind wife.—Yours in his only Lord Jesus, S. R.

LEARNING OF GOD.

THERE is nothing so abides with us, as what we receive from God; and the reason why Christians at this day are at such a loss as to some things, is because they are content with what comes from men's mouths, without searching and kneeling before God, to know of Him the truth of things. Things that we receive at God's hand, come to us as things from the meeting-house, though old in themselves, yet new to us. Old truths are always new to us, if they come to us with the smell of heaven upon them. I speak not this because I would have people despise their ministers, but to show that there is, now-a-days, so much idleness among professors, as hinders them from a diligent search after things, and makes them take up short of that which is sealed by the Spirit of testimony to the conscience.—*Bunyan.*

THE PROMISED LAND.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

THERE is a land where troubles never come
A sunny land, whose atmosphere is love;
There God's sweet flowers in fadeless beauty bloom,
There gentle peace rests like a brooding dove.
No cloud is wafted o'er that sky serene,
No shadows fall—no tears—no sorrow dims the scene.

O happy land; my own eternal home!
The fair inheritance secured to me;
As day by day in desert tracks I roam,
My wistful eyes thy distant hills would see:
I hasten on, nor pause to take my rest,
My all is measured there; yes, all I love the best.

'Tis not the beauty of that land of light,
That lures me on, its joys divine to share;
'Tis not the glimmer of its portals bright,
In sheen of pearl, so exquisitely fair:
Not e'en its heavenly music would I hear,
If One were missing there, the One my heart holds dear.

Lord Jesus Christ! my Lord, my Saviour dear,
'Tis with Thyself in light I there shall dwell;
Beyond all need, all danger, pain, and fear,
There shall I evermore Thy praises tell;
His matchless grace, His love beyond degree,
Who on the cross poured forth His precious blood for me.

O best beloved! with hopes so passing sweet,
I care not what these changeful days may bring;
Thy ransomed ones shall in Thy presence meet,
No weeping there, we shall give thanks and sing;
Then keep us, waiting still! Thy face to see,
Lowly and meek, and pure and ever true to Thee.

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Cheering Words

FOR OCTOBER, 1867.

"THE CONVERSION OF MY HUSBAND AND OF MY FATHER."

"THAT is, to me, a wonderful chapter," said a convinced old man, "which I have read in Mrs. Tolson's life, wherein she relates the professed conversion of her rather careless husband, and her dreadfully drunken, cruel, backsliding father!"

"Her father, Sir," said I, "was once a zealous local preacher; but, he fell into drinking habits, became a confirmed drunkard, a cruel father, a horrible husband, an awful character; yet, after all, the scene of his repentance at his daughter's feet seems too powerful to be doubted. You must read the book, to understand the case correctly; it certainly speaks most wonderfully in favour of the ultimate recovery of the whole of Christ's wandering sheep, if his soul was really saved!"

Thus spake the old man and myself.

The fact is, I have just issued Mrs. Annie Tolson's life,—a shilling volume; and from its contents I take the following few paragraphs. All my readers may not be prepared to think all Mrs. Tolson says is genuine religion, and the result of saving grace; but I do not stop to enter into secrets. I have seen and conversed with her. I have revised, read, and printed her book; and I think it contains facts expressive of sovereign grace. I am sure some will read the following ninth chapter of her book with feelings of sympathy.

We have her life from a child. I wonder she ever got married. But she did; and here is some account of her married life. She says:—

"When I first got settled in Liverpool I opened my house for a week-night prayer-meeting. By this time the house had become too small, so we were obliged to have two meetings on the same night, one in the front room, the other in the middle room. My husband at this time became much concerned about his soul; he had also made up his mind to become a total abstainer, unknown to anybody.

It was just at this time I was asked to give my first temperance speech. My husband heard of it, and thought he would go on the sly to hear me. He did so, and was very much affected, especially while I sang the husband's dream:—

Why Herbert, you look healthy now;
  Your dress is neat and clean.
I never see you drunk about—
  Oh, tell me where you've been.

Your wife and children, are they well?
  You once did use them strange;
Oh, are you kinder to them grown—
  How came this happy change?"

It was a dream, a warning voice
  Which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse,
  Grim want, and misery.

I thought once more I staggered home,
  And strangers in the room;
I missed my wife, where can she be?
  Oh, what a solemn gloom.

"Oh, father, come and wake her up,
  The people say she's dead;
Do come, and make her speak once more—
  We'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead," I frantic said,
  And rushed to where she lay,
And fondly kissed her once warm lips
  For ever cold as clay.

"Oh, Mary, speak, 'tis Herbert calls,
  I will never cause you pain;
Once more, my Mary, speak to me,
  I'll never get drunk again.

"Oh, Mary speak—'tis Herbert calls!"
"Why so I do," she said;
I woke, and true, my Mary dear
Was kneeling by my side.

When I arrived at home that evening my husband was already there, and asked me what sort of a meeting we had had, as though he had not been there. Shortly after this he signed the temperance pledge.

Richard Weaver had now left us to go labour in another part of God's vineyard. My first little boy was then turned seventeen months old; his father doted on him, he was such a bright, intelligent little fellow, when he got fairly on his feet, and could say almost anything. He sickened; every means was used for his restoration, but all failed. Just before he died, he said—"Mamma, ting." I said, "What must I sing, my darling? Must I sing—

"Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more?"

"No," said the little fellow. I then said, "Must I sing—

"Oh, heaven, sweet heaven
Sweet heaven of rest;
How I long to be there,
And its glories to share,
And lean upon Jesus's breast?"

He said, "Iss, Mamma, 'heaven of rest.'" I then, with a lady friend that was staying with me, tried to sing it as well as I could. He then began to clap his hands and move his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and departed this life while exclaiming, "Pritty, pritty, mamma—pritty." I then again could hear the voice of the Lord, saying, "I will take and nurse thy children for thee, and thou shalt nurse many for me." Four have now been taken from me, but still with the poet I could say—

"These lovely buds so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just come to show how sweet these flowers
In Paradise could bloom."

I prayed especially at this time that my loss might be my husband's gain, which I am thankful to say was very soon accomplished. The Sunday after, I asked my husband to go to chapel with me in the morning, but he refused, and said he would take a walk with a man whose name was Lloyd, that was staying with us for a few weeks until he could meet with a house to suit them—who is to this day a staunch teetotaler; but I am sorry to say he is a backslider. The two of them had agreed to go across the water to spend the day in pleasure. Just as they passed down the lobby of the house, I followed them, looking steadfastly at them in the face. I said, "Remember, while you are going out in the world to seek pleasure on God's holy day, I will be upstairs praying for God to bring you down on your knees." They went away with a smile on their faces; and when they had got close to the Custom House, Lloyd fell; and as soon as he had power to get up (my husband laughing at him) he said—

"Tolson, do you think she is praying?" To which my husband replied,

"Yes, she's praying no doubt."

"I am going to go back," said Lloyd.

"Very well," says my husband, "we will go back."

While I was breathing out my soul in anxious prayer to God for the two Sabbath-breakers, a loud knock was heard at the door. When I got down I found the two Sabbath-breakers. Lloyd looked at my husband, and said,

"Tell her."

My husband, after a good laugh, said—

"The Lord has brought him down."

I told him, "Yes, and the Lord will bring you down before long." My husband at once commenced to attend chapel, which was a source of great comfort and joy to me. After coming home from chapel, my husband could not go to bed; he was so anxious about his soul that he could not think of going to bed in that wretched condition. I read a portion of the Word to him, and then we knelt down to pray together. He still could not find peace, and he wept and groaned. I kept quoting passages to him to encourage him. After a very long and severe struggle

unto a very late hour in the morning—the fire was out, the candle was out, and all was darkness, without; but we had a glorious light within. I and my husband commenced singing,

"Soon as my all I ventured,
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirt entered
And I was born of God.

"I was to God a stranger,
'Till Jesus took me in;
He free'd my soul from danger,
And pardon'd all my sin."

My husband became a consistent Christian and Sunday school teacher, and member of the Primitive Methodist Society. We could kneel down at the same family altar; and I could resemble it to nothing but being like heaven.

One night after reading a portion of God's Word, we were about to kneel down to pray—it being then about ten o'clock at night—when a loud knock was heard at the door. When I had opened the door, I was surprised to see a policeman on the top step. When he enquired if Mrs. Tolson lived there, I answered, yes; when a voice at the bottom of the steps cried out "I am right, sir." That voice I owned to be my father's. I then called him in and asked him what he was doing there at that time of night.

He said, "I have come to ask your pardon."

The poor old man could scarcely speak, his heart seemed well nigh broken. After I had led him to a seat, I threw my arms around his neck, and replied, "I have nothing to forgive you."

"Oh, yes, my child," he said, "you have. When you were but a girl, did I not take your tender form and put you to the door on a cold wet night, simply, because you had been to worship God? I have only repented once, and that has been ever since I have asked the Lord to pardon all my sins; but it seemed as if I could not find peace until I came to you. I scraped a little money up together, as much as paid my fare to Manchester. I have walked from there to here."

My father was then in his seventieth year. I placed something before him to eat.

"I cannot eat," said he, "until I feel better. Do you forgive me, my daughter?"

"Oh, father, I freely forgive you; let us ask God to forgive you."

We then all knelt down bathed in tears. We all prayed, especially, that God would release him; and while thus engaged, he found peace to his troubled soul. We could then sing—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and live,
Lay down, ye weary ones, lay down
Your head upon my breast.

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
For he hath made me glad."

When we rose from our knees, my father's countenance changed, and said, "Now I am ready to die." He spent a fortnight with us, and the Word of God became to him more precious than rubies. He seemed to eat every word of it, and he daily grew in grace and in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ, He also became an abstainer for the short time he lived. After the fortnight had expired, he returned home to my mother with joy. I could call out at this time, "Praise the Lord, O my soul;" for he then had answered my prayers on behalf of my husband and father.

Bethnal Green.—The following note is from the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose deaths have been noticed. "August 30th, 1867, 12, Gibraltar gardens, Bethnal Green road. Dear Sir,—I desire to return you my sincere thanks, for the kindness I have received from you and the friends for myself, brothers, and sister during our late severe affliction. May the Lord reward you for your kindness to us. Yours truly, G. Smith.

IS THERE A HOLY SPIRIT?

By C. H. Spurgeon.

THE world of sinners despises the Holy Ghost, "because it seeth him Him not." Men want the Holy Ghost to be something tangible—a thing they can recognise with their senses. Have you ever heard the argument used by a good old Christian against an infidel doctor?

The doctor said there was no soul, and he asked, "Did you ever see a soul?"

"No," said the Christian.

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes," said the man, "I feel I have one within me?"

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four senses against one; you have only one on your side."

"Very well," said the Christian, "Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes."

"And that is quite enough, I suppose, to prove there is a pain?"

"Yes."

So with the Holy Ghost; if you did but feel his influence, you would no longer say there is no Holy Spirit, because you cannot see Him.

Are there not many things in nature which we cannot see? Did you ever see the wind? Yet you know there is wind, when you behold the hurricane tossing the waves about, and rending down the habitations of men; or when in the soft evening zephyr it kisses the flowers, and makes dew drops hang in pearly coronets around the rose. Did you ever see electricity? No; but you know that there is such a thing, for it travels along the wires for thousands of miles, and carries our messages; though you cannot see the thing itself, you know there is such a thing. So you must believe there is a Holy Ghost working in us both to will and to do, even though it is beyond our senses.

O Lord! pour thy Spirit upon us, according to Thy Word.

"*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Matthew xi. 28.

WAR AND VICTORY.

"Jesus, our surety, offered His sin-atoning blood;
And we, by what He suffered, are reconciled to God.
If He could us deliver when sinking in the grave,
Now that He lives for ever, hath he not power to save?
His mighty hand is able to end His work begun;
That grace which saves the rebel, can surely bless the son."

THUS sang poor David Ives, whose spirit is now before the Higher Throne. And in the same spirit has Thomas Edwards spoken, in a sermon he has published on that beautiful text, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!"

THOMAS EDWARDS is the present minister of the new Salem, Tunbridge Wells, a pretty place indeed. Some years ago the great Thomas Stringer and myself were sent for to publicly recognise this beloved brother in Christ as the pastor of a newly formed church, then meeting in the Old Independent chapel in the Wells. That little church had come out from the Hanover chapel, and had called Thomas Edwards to be their minister. Down to the recognition services we went. A pleasanter looking brother, one more happy in the Lord, than Thomas Edwards, you

would scarcely meet in all the county of Kent; and everybody knows that the gardens of hops, the orchards of fruit, the fields of corn, the winds from the hills, and the sweet dews from the valleys, which so abound in that delightful county, all tend to give the people "bred and born" there, a David-like complexion, of whom it is said, in 1 Samuel xvi. 12, "He was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." So, without any flattery, we thought of good Thomas Edwards; and when the recognition day came, as it is said of David, so of this young Tunbridge Wells lad, "The Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he." And as well as we could, instrumentally, by our prayers and counsels, we did. And the Lord prospered Thomas and his people; and they built a nice substantial house for the worship of God; and they called it REHOBOTH, for the Lord did make room for them.

That Rehoboth was, and is, a Strict Baptist chapel, and Thomas Edwards *was*, but *is not*, a Strict Baptist minister; for as touching the solemn ordinance of believer's Baptism, Thomas has altered in his views; so he left his own Rehoboth, and has now built a "Salem." So, this brother, in the course of a few years, has been the means of building in one place, two places for the proclamation of the Gospel—Rehoboth and Salem.

In all this work, our brother has had many inward conflicts, and many heavy cares; but, now, he comes out singing:—

> "Thanks be unto God the Lamb,
> Our Victor He! the great I AM;
> Of Him alone we sing and talk;
> Through Him, to glory, we shall walk."

Well; we only wish we were as happy as this good man is. A present victory we desire, and for it wait and pray.

A few nice words from the sermon referred to, we here give. We marked many little pieces; but the following paragraph is all we can find room for, and it will justify our previous remarks.

About the middle of the sermon, Thomas broke out in a heavenly strain, and said:—

"Those brought to know and to love him, who gave himself for

them, say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory." How sweet when we can say, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The free justification of ungodly sinners like us is such a blessed reality that we cannot see it without having our hearts warmed, and drawn out to love him in return. We are, certainly, here covered like the tabernacle of old with rams' skins dyed red, over which was the covering of badgers' skins. Ah! those who looked at the outside could not see the under cover of red, and so now, dear children of God, they cannot perceive how we are washed and cleansed and justified by the precious blood of Christ. They cast, now, some rough looks upon God's people, who are justified "freely by his grace," but by-and-bye such will sing, "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," and "Hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

HOW THE MAN OF GOD DIED.

THE late Rector of Christ Church, Blackfriars, is gone home. They called him "Good Joseph Brown." In Mr. Curling's funeral sermon, which Mrs. Paul has published, he said (toward the end of it):—

"Would you ask how he died? Oh, just as he lived—quietly, very quietly. His disease was of that nature that he could not say very much; but he had a heavenly calm, as he had all along during his last illness—all along leaning on the arm of his beloved; entirely 'looking to Jesus.' The sun shone brightly today, you saw it shining; you felt its influence, all nature was revived by it. Just two hours ago, as we say, it began to sink to rest. Ah! you won't look at the sun in its sinking to rest; your thoughts will be about the sun shining in its beauty and in its glory. You think of the sun illuminating the world. You think of the sun causing nature to vegetate and fructify; you walk in the warmth of its genial and blessed influence. Therefore you need not so much ask how the man of God died. I tell you he died listening to his Bible. He died receiving from his dear son's

lips (who I am glad has had the Christian fortitude to take part in the service to-night)—he died receiving from his son's lips the word of Scripture, which he repeated verse by verse after him: 'The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He feedeth me beside the still waters; and He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

We may well say, "*Let my last end be like his.*"

LEADING LOST SINNERS TO LOOK TO THE LAMB OF GOD.

WE have read a tract, entitled, "*A Damsel's Desire to Lead Sinners to Jesus.*" It is one of those precious gushings out of a heart filled with strong faith in Jesus, which we now so rarely meet with. We must not say of this tract that it is as good as any of Rutherford's Letters; but, honestly, we may testify that its spirit, its tone, its aim, appears as near akin to Rutherford as anything we have seen in these times of hard argument and of little unctuous power. Do read this "DAMSEL'S DESIRE." It shows more plainly than anything we have lately seen, what our spirit and what our aim should be. It breathes the very spirit of CHRIST Himself; and the Word says, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Reader, if you doubt your interest in Christ read this "*Damsel's Desire.*" See if thy spirit, and her spirit, and the spirit of all true saints agree, as regards the awfully glorious and all-sufficient sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. It may do thee good, poor doubting Christian. Or, if any professor of the free-will Gospel call thee an Antimonian; if such an one tell thee we care for nobody's souls but our own, then, give to such accusing professor this "*Damsel's Desire.*" Tell him that tract, in some measure, expresses the real desire of all who love the Lord Jesus, and who hope to be saved by Him. Yea, we may say, give this tract to any-

body, to everybody;—in the hands of the Lord it may do them good. If any difficulty is found in obtaining it, for six stamps sent to C. W. B., 1, Portland terrace, South Hackney, he will send six copies of it to any address in the kingdom.

GO THOU—AND DO LIKEWISE.

I WAS writing a note to a young minister in the country, and was pleading for a poor and struggling cause in the country, when the thought occurred, like this, "Our own cause is a poor one too." So, inadvertently, I closed my note by saying—

Lend ye a pitying eye,
Lift one prevailing prayer;
Put forth a helping hand,
For all looks gloomy there!
The people round our door look sad,
And I—their cure—can't make them glad.

Two words were then whispered into my soul, (1) "Hope to the end, for the grace which is to be brought unto you at the appearing of Jesus Christ," which word indicates much opposition in the way; still, there is a brighter day before us, therefore, despair not, but, hope even to the end; for grace will bring much to believers and seeking sinners at the appearing of our glorious Lord.

But real Christianity must be clothed with CHARITY. We are to be followers of HIM who went about doing good; hence that (2nd) word came, "Go, and do thou likewise."

The man fallen among thieves, represents the whole mass of mankind in the fall; as well as special cases of the brotherhood, who may have gone down deep in distress.

The priest and the Levite represent those who never go out of their way to help a poor fellow out of the mud and the mire, while

The good Samaritan is a happy illustration of the blessed Saviour who, in His Humiliation, and in all the ages of His Ministry, goes down where ruined sinners lay, and fetches them up.

WHAT WE WANT IN BETHNAL GREEN.

WELL, we certainly have wanted many things;—a New Tabernacle, a Sick Society, a Tract Society, and, above all, and with all, the reviving, the converting, and uniting power of the Spirit of the Lord, to make our dry bones live. But, opening the September number of *The Remembrancer*, the other day, I read the following note respecting a lady "WHO SEARCHED OUT THE POOR." Ah! that is it. We have one in Mrs. Bryant who does all she can this way; but we want the means to help the real, the literally starving Christian poor. I know an old silk weaver and his wife, who have lived in one cot nearly fifty years, and now they are worn out and want help; and I cannot help them, and it grieves me sore. The good old man's name is Thomas Patrick. He lives in West street, Green street, in a cot as neat and as clean as any little palace; but now they want a Pilgrim's Lodge, and so do many more I know.

But let us read *The Remembrancer*, and may it stir up many a heart. Here it is:—

"Go and see Mrs. ———; I hear she is ill and badly off, and take her this shilling." So said a Christian lady, who, in her younger years often searched out the poor, and who was now well pleased to set others to do the work which age alone had compelled her to relinquish.

Mrs. ——— was a poor widow, afflicted with asthma, midway between forty and fifty years of age, with two boys just beginning to be troublesome to a sickly mother. She had a pleasing countenance, though greatly marred by her disease, which, with her trying circumstances, gave an anxious and painful expression to her features. She had on her lap the infant of her neighbour to look after by dav, by which she earned a few pence. Her Bible lay open on the table, and it looked so dirty and worn that one could see it was a well-read book. "Do you get your comfort here?" it was asked; for the poverty of the room, and the poor woman's wretched appearance, defied all hope of comfort from things around. "No," said she sorrowfully; "I read it, but I get no comfort out of it; the blessings spoken of there are

not for me." She was soon led to tell her little story, which was nothing remarkable. In her early youth, she went to service, and lived only in one family, where she was treated with the utmost kindness, and a lively interest taken in her spiritual welfare. Ultimately she became the companion and tender nurse of her widowed mistress, till death dissolved the tie. With light in her head, but no divine life in her heart, she was cast upon the world to make her way in it as best she could; and being an attractive-looking young person, it was not long before she became acquainted with a worldly young man in good circumstances; and with some misgivings, from the knowledge she possessed of religion, she married him. After the birth of her second child her husband fell into ill-health; business declined; his death brought her into difficulties; her things were seized for debt; and, broken down in health, she was cast upon the parish pittance for her support, and a small weekly allowance left to her by her attached mistress. Truly she needed the shilling that had been sent her. It was a bitterly cold day, the fire had sunk to the lowest bar; and the poor woman with tears said,

"O, how good is God! I can get some coal now."

Conversation then followed about soul matters. It was plain to see where she stood. The Lord was at work in her heart, showing her what she was; but the remedy was hid from her view.

"I was just reading," she said, "about the children of Israel standing before the Red Sea, with their enemies behind them; God told them to go forward, and they went, and they were saved; I ought to do the same, but I don't."

"There is no 'ought' at all in the case, my friend, for you can't. God told them, through Moses, to go forward; and when God speaks through the Spirit to your soul, then you will be able, like them, to go forward. There is a great difference between reading the Word of God with our eyes, and hearing God's voice by the ear of faith."

"I have never heard God's voice yet," said the woman weeping.

"O yes, you have. You have heard God's voice that told you you were a sinner; He has told you that there is a heaven and

a hell; He has told you that no unpardoned sinner shall live with Him; this is the voice of God in your soul." The poor woman cried violently as she said,

"I wish it was true; I wish I did hear His voice; I want to know something of the way of salvation."

"How do you expect to be saved?" "Only by Christ," she replied firmly; "but I am a stranger to Him; He is so far off, and I am so wicked."

"Then how do you think you can get to heaven?" "I must be different; born again; and get my sins pardoned."

"Well, all that is true; but how are you to get it?" "By believing."

"And how do you come at that?" "By prayer."

"And how do you come at that?" The woman paused. "Now you want to get the blessings of the Gospel by some act of your own, but they come to the soul neither by faith nor prayer." The woman looked surprised. "It is the act of the Holy Ghost to show a sinner the way of salvation; it is not revealed to him for his faith or his prayers, but according to the will of God, by His own sovereign grace; and all those, for whom God designs salvation, shall be given the eye of faith to see it and receive it; and they shall enjoy the spirit of prayer, to hold intercourse with God about it." "O," said the poor woman, "if I did but know I was saved. I am as ill as I ever I can be, at times not knowing how soon I may stand before my Maker, but I don't know whether I shall be saved or lost."

"Well, the Lord could tell you in a minute, and clear away all your doubts and fears by one word; but it may not lie in His purpose to do so just now; it may be His will to try the faith and hope and love He has given you, and to exercise you in prayer about this matter."

"But what am I to do?" asked the woman. "Why, you can do nothing. If the Spirit enable you, you may spead out your case before Him; but you cannot hurry God. You did not give yourself repentance, and you cannot give yourself remission of sins. This is the Spirit's work upon the soul, and comes to the elect of God according to the promise of Christ."

(*To be continued.*)

VICTORY.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

UNTIL I saw the blood,
'Twas hell my soul was fearing;
And dark and dreary in my eyes,
The future was appearing;
While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.

Until I saw the blood,
For mercy I was crying,
As if to move the heart of God,
Or win his favour trying;
But all the seeking seemed in vain,
The wish'd for peace I could not gain.

But when I saw the blood,
And look'd at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once,
And I with transport read it;
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And "Victory" became my cry.

My joy was in the blood,
The news of which had told me,
That spotless as the Lamb of God,
My Father could behold me;
And all my boast was in His name,
Through whom this great salvation came.

The fear of death was past,
The sense of sin had vanish'd,
And all my misery of soul
Was now for ever banish'd,
By that blest truth which enter'd in,
That Jesus Christ had cleansed from sin.

My hope was through the blood,
Of being soon in glory,
And learning in a brighter scene,
The fulness of that story,
Which made my new-born spirit cry,
And shout aloud for "Victory."

And when, with golden harps,
The throne of God surrounding,
The white-robed saints around the throne
Their songs of joy are sounding;
With them I'll praise that precious blood,
Which has redeem'd our souls to God.

"I can assure you, from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm, blue sky, which no earthly clamours can disturb. It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick bed soft and downy; yea, it takes away the scowl of death."—*M'Cheyne.*

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Cheering Words

FOR NOVEMBER, 1867.

RECEIVING CHRIST.

ONE THURSDAY, after returning from the city, weary and gloomy, I rather hastily and feelingly dropped on my knees, secretly beseeching the Lord to whisper some word to my soul to carry to the people. It does encourage me to be able to write the fact, that as soon as I sat down in my old study chair, those words of John the Evangelist fell upon my heart, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," &c.

During the few moments I had for reflection, my mind freely enjoyed thought upon six things John so plainly, and yet so beautifully gives utterance to; and when in the pulpit, I was led to speak of these six things, I was full of joy and of holy power; and really wondered at the change which my soul experienced. I really am glad at any time to speak highly, and correctly, and faithfully, gratefully, of my Lord Jesus Christ. It is so delightful when, from the heart, one can extol the Friend of sinners; and realise His friendship too. Look at the six sentences which declare both.

THE GREATNESS AND THE GOODNESS OF THE THRICE-SPOKEN WORD.

"In the beginning was *The Word.*" There is the *eternity of Christ.*

"And *The Word was with God.*" There is the *Unity of Christ.*

"And *The Word was God.*" There is the *Divinity and eternal Godhead of Christ.*

Into this sea of divinity, however, I cannot either plunge or swim now. I simply write down the six things which were opened to my mind that evening.

Of Christ Himself, three things are spoken, (1) "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." There He shines as our Creator, and as Nature's universal Father. Oh! what must be His power! (2) "He was in the world, and the world knew Him not." There is His divine but hidden, yet sovereignly manifested PRESENCE. To many of the ancient saints He unveiled His glory; but neither before, nor at, nor since, His incarnation, has the world—the unbelieving world—ever known anothing of Him. (3) "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; for until the Spirit is poured upon man's soul, no man can receive Him.

Of His quickened and enlightenened disciples, three things also are said. (1) They were born—not of blood—the word is blood," it is a negative upon the creed of the Jews, who said, by the blood of circumcision, and by the blood of the passover, men went into the kingdom of God; but these were only types; they could never take away sin. "Nor of the will of the flesh; nor of the will of man, but of God." God, the Spirit, doth new-create the soul; then, (2) they receive Him. In the proclamation of the Gospel; and by the revealing power of the Spirit. How spiritually sublime is that receiving of Christ! I would like to show again how I received Him; but I cannot here. Then, (3) it is said, "to them gave He power," or, the right, to become—(in faith's experience, and in the Father's development of grace)—the sons of God—even to them that believe on His name."

This is only a skeleton of the subject. Take the bones; get out the marrow; and may thy soul delight itself in fatness; for so really prays "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

What makes Christ more precious to the believer to-day than he was yesterday? Because he sees he needs him more.

COMING TO CHRIST.

IT is not every Christian man can tell what this is so well as the late James Osborne did in his "Lawful Captive." His experiences are so beautifully expressed, that the Editor of *Tales to tell the Truth*, has placed Mr. Osborne's testimony at the end of that most singular tract, entitled "A Damsel's Desire to draw Sinners to Jesus." There are three of these tracts issued now:—

1st. "The Dreadful Prayer Meeting."

2nd. "The Great Fire; or, the End of the World—What will it be? And

3rd. "The Damsel's Desire," &c.

The winter is coming. Yea, it seems to have come, with its long evenings, and gloomy days. Will our readers carry these tracts into the cottages of their district? They are suited for all classes. Six copies for six stamps from our offices.

THE SAVED SINNER'S SHOUT.

BEING C. H. SPURGEON'S PARAPHRASE OF THE THIRTIETH PSALM.

READ the Psalm itself; then the follow verses, which are copied from *The Sword and Trowel.*

"I will exalt Thee, Lord of hosts,
For Thou'st exalted me;
Since Thou hast silene'd Satan's boasts,
I'll therefore boast in Thee.

My sins had brought me near the grave,
The grave of black despair;
I look'd, but there was none to save
Till I look'd up in prayer.

In answer to my piteous cries,
From hell's dark brink I'm brought;
My Jesus saw me from the skies;
And swift salvation wrought.

All through the night I wept full sore,
But morning brought relief;
That hand, which broke my bones before,
Then broke my bonds of grief.

My mourning he to dancing turns,
For sackcloth, joys He gives,
A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns,
But long Thy favour lives.

Sing with me then, ye favoured men,
Who long have known his grace;
With thanks recall the seasons when
Ye also sought His face.

MR. PEGG, AND HIS SON ISAAC.

WE have had the pleasure of labouring for, and with, both these ministers of the Gospel. Of the elder, we say nothing now, more than is said in the following extract which we take from the *Christian Dial* for October; and which is only the smallest commencement of a life which we may continue and watch with much interest, if we are permitted. The difference between a natural, a sensational, and a temporary religion, and the real saving grace of God in the heart, will strikingly appear in this, and other sketches which may follow, if we are not mistaken.

Here are the first paragraphs from Mr. Pegg's own pen in his own *Christian Dial*:—

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am anxious to shelter myself behind your request for outlines of my history, that I may be shielded from the charge of undue presumption in throwing them into prominence. And when I add your request is but the endorsement of the expressed desire of many friends, you perhaps will become my surety to bear any blame this, my brief autobiography, may entail.

"This singular prologue I write, because sundry cynics have lately banned the man as proud who told the tale of God's redeeming mercy, known by him, to the Church. But if this proves guilt, Israel's Psalmist is far from innocent; for he thus invites public attention to his history, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' (Psalm lxvi. 16). And I am inclined to send out a similar invitation, for these three reasons: first, to magnify the riches of God's grace; second, to encourage some trembling mercy seeker; and, third, in the future, in the highest, noblest, sense, that I may leave

> "Footsteps that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
> A forforn or shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, may take heart again."

"The place of my birth was a small village bordering on the

sea coast, called Burnham Overy, in the county of Norfolk, a village not more than a mile distant from the spot where Lord Nelson was first introduced to this world. Oh, that the rich and sovereign grace of God may ever constrain me to serve under the banner of the cross, as faithfully contending for the charter of truth, as he maintained the honour of his island home.

"Some time before my birth, my father had withdrawn from the Congregationalists, and opened a room in which he advocated the principles held by the stricter class of Particular Baptists. But for all that, neither my views, or experience of truth, came to me as an heir-loom; for as far from such views as any Ephraimite could wander, have I gone, till sought, found, and restored by Israel's Shepherd.

> "And had He not pitied the state I was in,
> My soul His love had ne'er felt,
> I still should have lived, should have died, too, in sin,
> And sunk with the load of my guilt."

"Of the first six years of my life I can remember little, and that little may be deemed irrelevant to this sketch. The bent of my mind has little changed I know, for even could the walls of my dwelling-place speak, they would testify to some strange discourses I extemporised while elevated on a stool, and which, perhaps, I deemed on a par with Spurgeon's or Massillon's most advanced sermons. And speculating and asking questions on the most abstruse theological questions, was more than sufficient to fill up the parenthesis of my time,—that portion free from play, or my primer.

"In the winter of 1849—50, with his other earthly possessions, my father removed me to Claxton, in the same county as our former home, he having been elected to sustain Mr. Job Hupton in the pastorate of the Baptist church in that village. It was about twelve months after this time, that I first began to realize the necessity of a change of some kind taking place in my heart, before I could ever enter heaven. And having frequently read of Daniel's three times a day praying to God, I was resolved to be as pious as he was, for which purpose, I used to get into some place apart from my companions, and, in my way, pray for mer-

I also relinquished my sports for the purpose of reading my Bible, and this I resolved to read through four times in the year. This act I looked upon as something beyond what God required, as the Romanists term it a work of supererogation, and as worthy of a peculiar blessing. How long this would have continued I know not, had it not been for a temptation I was assailed with, which was, that as God's people were a tried and afflicted people, if I remained religious I should certainly meet with some terrible catastrophe, a something undefinable, which would injure or cripple me for life, so as to make me incapable of earning a bare subsistence. Now, as no religion but that which is wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God, will stand the fire, I soon found my "hay, wood, and stubble" religion entirely consumed, and my state was worse than ever (Luke xi. 26), for I had acquired a habit of lying, swearing, and fighting; and on Sunday, at chapel, I would take *Robinson Crusoe*, or any other kindred work, and artfully laying it on the Bible would read, pretending the meantime to be searching for portions of Scripture, to which my father in his sermon might refer."

More will come soon.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

By Mr. James Wells.

WE all have a tendency to set our hearts upon earthly objects; I am not going to be so unnatural as to say there is any harm in that, in a proper way; but at the same time, all that must be dissolved, must pass away. We have, in the circumstance we shall contemplate this evening, we have there taken away a good husband, and a good father, a good Christian, a good deacon, an honourable member of this church for so many years. Yet, you see, he must pass away. There is none abiding. But, bless the Lord, there is a sense in which those of our brethren that death takes from us, do not pass away, for they are still in the Lord, they are still with the Lord, and we shall as surely meet them again as that we are assembled here to-day.

It is only a separation for a little while. We are left to toil in the wilderness a little longer, while those that are in heaven look down and smile on all that is past. They have now no desire to return and see how matters are going on, because they so well know there that everything is in the Lord's hands; and therefore, for them to desire to come back and see how matters are going on, would be as though they could not trust the Lord. They now see his full glory, and are themselves perfectly satisfied that the same omnipotent power, and the same grace, and the same faithfulness that brought them will bring every one of the rest; not one shall be left behind.—From *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 463.

MR. PARKS'S SOLEMN EPISTLE TO HIS BELOVED FLOCK, FROM HIS SICK CHAMBER.

THE editor of *The Gospel Magazine* in his October issue, gives extracts from the last tract written by Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, near Manchester. It is painful to think of such a man being removed from a sphere of labour where he seems so much needed; but the will of the Lord must be done. What that will is as regards the life or death of Mr. Parks we know not at this moment; but his letter is so precious we lay aside many things to let our readers possess it. Mr. Doudney says:—

We have received another letter written by our friend and brother, the Rev. W. Parks, to his congregation. We have read it with deep and painful interest, because from it we gather that the malady under which he has been for some months suffering, is deemed, by our friend's medical attendants, to be incurable. Hence it would seem, at least as far as man's judgment is concerned, that "this affliction is unto death;" and that our brother has by it received intimation to "set his house in order, for [he] shall die and not live." We would fain plead with our God, that he would graciously hear prayer, and, for a time at least, spare His servant, that he might still minister in His great and holy name. As we have before said, according to our puny judgment,

such men can ill be spared in these spiritually-dark and gloomy days; but "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good."

If, therefore, we would say, the Lord is about to call His servant hence, may He continue to vouchsafe to him that precious peace and that holy serenity which He has been pleased during his illness so largely to afford. May he, in a simple, child-like way, be enabled still to fall into the Lord's hands. May he be enabled to resign his one earthly tie—the wife of his bosom—into the Lord's hands, in the sure confidence of a speedy re-union in "the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We can scarcely conceive of anything more solemn than a minister's last words to his flock. The letter* from which we are about to quote dear Mr. Parks considers to be his last words to his beloved people. As such they demand the utmost thought and consideration.

The letter thus opens:—

My Dear Brethren in the Lord Jesus—I don't think I could more appropriately or profitably devote this, the last of my new series of tracts, than to a brief review of my ministerial labours during the twenty-four years, just now expiring, in which I have taught you, and endeavoured to build you up in your most holy faith.

And may the Lord the Holy Spirit guide my pen, and make me faithful, faithful to you, and faithful to myself!

It doubtless appears to some that, in my writings, I speak too much of myself. However, the Lord knows it is farthest from my desire to do so; but, in speaking or writing as a public man, I feel I should be altogether forgetful of the boundless mercies of my covenant-keeping God if I did not make mention of His peculiarly wonderful dealings with me individually. This cannot be done without being forced, as Paul was forced, to apparently boast over his contemporaries. Yet that glorious monument of

* "A Brief Review of my Ministry during the last Twenty-four Years, &c. &c."

sovereign grace took care to check himself with the confession, "I speak as a fool."

I do the same. I have nothing to boast of but my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In Him, and Him alone, do I make my boast all the day long, and shall never cease to do so as long as life lasts!

Now, in what I am about to write, I beg of all candid readers to bear this in mind. I am less than the least of all God's ministers. I am not worthy to be called a minister, yet, God being my helper, I will speak out, I will speak the truth, I will put on record what I believe to be true respecting both preachers and hearers."

Twenty-four years of ministerial work, through much tribulation and persecution, ought to give a man deep experience, and entitle him to a voice in the Church of God. I am no novice then, so give me your best attention, whilst I relate to you some of the scenes of my eventful life in this place.

When I first came amongst you, I was determined to know nothing but Christ crucified. I purposed to glory in nothing, save the cross of the Lord Jesus.*

But I no sooner showed my colours, no sooner declared "by grace are ye saved, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians ii. 8, 9), than a storm of hatred and rage was raised against me! The clearer I made the doctrines of the cross, the worse I was liked, till at last vicious and decided opposition was manifested, which ended in a greater portion of the influential members of the congregation leaving the ministry altogether.

This was a severe blow to me. I now began to realize the Saviour's and the Apostle's solemn prognostications—"Ye shall be hated of all men—[*i. e.*, all unconverted men] for my name's

* Not a wooden or metal cross, mark you, but what Paul means by "the cross"—*i. e.*, a Christ's work upon the cross. You may think this explanation needless, but let me tell you that within the last few weeks I have had an anonymous letter from some very ignorant person in this city, declaring that the individual who objected to wear publicly a material emblem of Christ's cross, was ashamed of the cross of Christ, and that to such an individual the offence of the cross had ceased! Such is the divinity of the Ritualists and others.

sake." (Matthew x. 22; John xv. 18—20.) "Through much tribulation shall ye enter the kingdom of God," and, "If any man will live godly he shall suffer persecution." (Acts xiv. 22; 2 Timothy ii. 12.)

Ah, how often had I read these words, never dreaming that I had aught to do with them! Like many others, I either had some confused ideas in my mind regarding hatred and persecution, or thought those warnings were especially meant for the original disciples; but, to my cost, I soon found out the true meaning.

How many ministers in the present day know anything about hatred and persecution for the truth's sake? Not many, I am sure! Where are the bishops, the deans, the archdeacons, the dignitaries of our Church, where are the clergy who know what hatred and persecution for God's truth is? I know of but few such amongst the ordinary rank and file of ministers, and as for the dignitaries, none! If some of these suffer for their religious views, they have the consolation of a princely income, high position and aristocratic sympathizers; but a man may suffer thus, and know nothing of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Untruthful ministers with popular talent have the world's applause, unholy ministers without talent have the world's sufferance; but it is otherwise with the men of God. They are, like their Master, literally despised and rejected of all unconverted persons, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief (Isa. i. 3). Aye, and it must be so, for He has declared it—"The servant shall be as his Master" (John xv. 20).

Well, the iron entered my very soul through the treatment I received at the hands of God's enemies. I was hated, maligned, and abused, nonymously and anonymously, and this last piece of strategy was to starve me out, to frighten me away. But the parties altogether mistook their man. I kept on preaching the word regardless of consequences, and, though my worldly prospects looked gloomy, and I was often at my wits' end, the Lord always came most opportunely to my relief, and supported me in a way of grace and providence.

At this time some half-dozen old and established believers came to the rescue. They had heard of my preaching, and, there

being no truth in the pulpits nearer than Openshaw, they gladly threw in their lot amongst us, and sat down under my ministry. Those dear children of the Lord I shall never forget. They listened to my child-like lispings, they drank in the milk of babes for years, and unconscious to themselves, taught me the way of God more perfectly. How many precious hints did these people let drop from time to time which proved a comfort to my soul, and a light to my understanding! Some of them are gone to their rest in full assurance of union with the Lord, others of them still remain with hearts as warm as ever, and hands as liberal as grace can make them. My dearly beloved, accept this slight acknowledgment for all you have done for me. You will remember when first you came how feebly and imperfectly I preached "the Gospel of the Grace of God," but you bore with it all, seeing that the root of the matter was in me, and now you can testify to my growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

How different is my preaching now to what it was twenty-four years ago! So must it be with every God-sent minister. If a man doesn't advance in knowledge and experience as he advances in years, he is a dead minister, a poor finger-post that points out the way but never moves an inch himself. God forbid that it should ever be so with me!

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION AT SEA.

"THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER," in its notice of the general scoffings of sailors against all religion, says:—

"An interesting story is told by the late Dr. Scoresby (himself at that time a sailor), of the persecution endured by Mr. Gourley, Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Vashon, commanding in Leith in 1807. He says,—'Mr. Gourley's religious habits and conversation gave rise to innumerable gibes and affronts. One day at the Admiral's table, a number of Naval Officers made a butt of him for his pious conversation and practices—their insinuations

he bore with great patience and forbearance. Afterwards becoming more bold and personal in their attacks, the Admiral, who had hitherto been a silent observer of what passed, unexpectedly interrupted them, and addressed the company to the following effect:—

"'Gentlemen, I think your remarks ill-placed, ill-mannered, and unjust. I acknowledge, with you, that Mr. Gourley has not the talent—that some of you have, before now, manifested in my presence,—in profane swearing, obscene wit, ridiculing of religion, or in the general *excellencies* of a bottle companion; neither do I believe he possesses that peculiar kind of desperation *you* call *Courage*, which should induce him first to offend his brother officers, and then, by way of reparation, shoot him in the qualified way of honour—but place him in the tumult of battle—set him amid the carnage of war, with death in a thousand shapes around him, or place him on a lee shore, where the bravest are almost paralysed with their awful situation, and you will find him cool, courageous, and collected. I venture to say there is not a man among you who would be so well able to do his duty.'

"The company was silenced by this seasonable reproof, and Mr. Gourley found the benefit of his Admiral's good opinion."

WHAT WE WANT IN BETHNAL GREEN.

(*Concluded from page* 163.)

"YOU are led at times, no doubt, to ask God to show you this salvation."

"Yes," she said warmly, "that I do. It is my chief concern to know I shall be saved."

"That is a very good sign that the Lord has purposes of mercy for you. And what of your Bible? Do you read it to find out the signs and tokens of those who are saved?"

"O, yes," she replied, "I don't know what I should do without my Bible. It is my companion—my food—my only comfort in this world."

"Now these look like tokens of mercy, and where the Lord

begins He will finish; as He says, 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.' Salvation work was finished by Christ, and you have nothing to do in the matter; and the faith whereby you see this is done, is the gift of God."

The entrance of two unruly boys put an end to the conversation, which was often renewed in after days. Gradually the Lord opened her eyes to understand the nature of the Gospel, but not in the way of enjoyment till the close of her life. It was pleasant to observe how tender her conscience was as to sin; how eagerly she sought after the truth; how fearless she was in confessing all she knew of it, though to her own hurt in a temporal point of view; and how closely she became knit to all those who loved and lived it, however despised by the world.

As she became gradually weaker in health, her anxieties greatly increased about her children. She used often to say, "I pray God to take care of them—I have no one else to commit them to." Sometimes faith was given her to leave them with God, but mostly she carried the burden herself and would often say with tears, "Poor boys, who will care for you when your mother's gone?"

Two days before her death an influential tradesmen in the town called to see her most unexpectedly. He said to her kindly, "Why, you are much worse than I have ever seen you—are you troubled about your boys?"

"O, that I am, sir," she exclaimed; "I wish I could leave them to God."

"Then don't you trouble any more about them," he said, "I promise you faithfully I will look after them to my life's end." (The boys have turned out steady lads. They each chose their trade—baker and tailor—and their kind benefactor has been as a father to the fatherless.)

Here was the answer in one moment to thousands of petitions sent up to God by the widowed mother on behalf of her fatherless children.

"Is there anything else on your mind?" he asked.

"No, sir," she said, "nothing whatever; it is all right between

God and my soul; He has made peace for me through the blood of the cross, and given me the enjoyment of it in my heart."

Two hours before her death she was seen by the friend who was present at this interview. On being asked how it was with her? she said, "I have not a care or a fear; I am safe and happy; I shall soon be with my Lord. You heard Mr. ——— promise he would see to the boys; that was God's doing, not mine. O what a God He has been to me! Well may I speak up for free grace."

Some little regulation being made by two neighbours for her comfort during the night, she waved her hand to and fro, saying, "I shall not require it—I am dying; but I have no fears, no cares. It is all peace—I shall very soon be with the Lord." In full assurance and happy consciousness she passed away into the world of spirits to meet her Lord.

TRIBULATION.

I FIND two sad etymologies of tribulation. One from *tribulus*, a three-forked thorn; which intimates that such afflictions, which are as full of pain and anguish unto the soul as a thorn thrust into a tender part of the flesh is unto the body, may properly be termed tribulations. The other from *tribulus*, the head of a flail, or flagel, knaggy and knotty (made commonly, as I take it, of a thick black thorn) and then it imports that afflictions, falling upon us as heavy as the flail threshing the corn, are styled tribulations. I am in a stait which deduction to embrace—from the sharp or from the heavy thorn. But which is the worst? Though I may choose whence to derive the word, I cannot choose so as to decline the thing. I must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God, Acts xiv. 22. Therefore I will labour not to be like a young colt, first set to plough, which more tires himself out with his own untowardness (whipping himself with his misspent mettle) than with the weight of what he draws; and will labour patiently to bear what is imposed on me.—*Fuller.*

WATCHING.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."—Psalm cxxx. 6.

HOW often has the sailor watched the sun rising on the sea! First the dim gray dawn on the eastern sky—then the rays shooting up before the disc is visible—then, all at once, the ball of burnished gold appearing above the horizon, lighting up for itself a pathway of liquid fire along the trough of the ocean, and finally illuminating the whole heavens with its glory.

Emblem of the "Sun of Righteousnss" rising on a darkened soul. Reader! has God, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," thus shined in your heart? Go! watch for him. Seek him by prayer. It is to them also who "look for him that he shall appear." Fear him—love him—serve him—seek to please Him. For thus saith the Scripture, "Unto you that *fear* my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou art near;
Oh, let no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above."

I rejoice that ye cannot be quit of Christ (if I may speak so), but He must, He will have you. Betake yourself to Christ, my dear brother. It is a great business to make quit of superfluities, and of those things which Christ cannot dwell with. I am content with my own cross, that Christ hath made mine by an eternal lot, because it is Christ's and mine together. I marvel not that winter is without heaven; for there is no winter within it: all the saints, therefore, have their own measure of winter, before their eternal summer. Oh! for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city, up above these visible heavens!—*Rutherford.*

OUR NEVER-FAILING FRIEND.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
  We could not fly to Thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
  Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart
  Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part
  Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers
  And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
  Is dimm'd and vanished too.

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
  A piece branch from above.

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,
  With more than rapture's rays,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day.

The Remembrancer.

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Cheering Words

FOR DECEMBER, 1867.

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

FROM that remarkable tract, entitled *The Great Fire* (now publishing by Mrs. Paul), the following awfully grand, yet gloriously brilliant anticipations are found. We have thought tracts of this kind must be useful to cast everywhere amongst those who think but little, and care still less.

After some short chapters of intelligent, historical interest, coming to speak more immediately of "THE GREAT FIRE," the writer says:—

"The vast extent of the future conflagration is worthy of notice. It will be universal. It will extend to every part of the habitable globe; though whether all at the same time, may be open to diversity of opinion. "The earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up." This is decisive as to the extent, though it may be that it will be partly accomplished at the beginning of the millennium, and more fully at the close of it. We must not suppose, however, that this implies annihilation. Formerly, when men heard of the destruction of the world by fire, they concluded it was to be annihilated, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a trace behind." More rational views now obtain. There is no example of annihilation within the range of our knowledge. We have no reason to suppose that there is a single grain of sand now less than when the earth was created. Substances change their forms and pass into other modes of existence, but they are not destroyed. The coal, when burnt, passes into smoke and ashes, but it is not destroyed as to its

substance. So, when we say the earth shall be burnt up, we mean that it shall pass through the fire; the flames of the last conflagration shall change its fashion, but not annihilate it, any more than it was annihilated by the waters of the deluge. All the proud works of man,—strong castles, haughty palaces, mighty monuments, the pyramids of Egypt, the Coliseum of Rome, the ancient temples of the East, cities, forests, woods, mountains and solid rocks shall undergo the action of fire.

"Many and great are the purposes for which God will thus burn up the earth and the works that are therein.

"Thus will He express His displeasure against this sin-stained world, where sin has reigned and triumphed so long. Thus was it He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, because the iniquity of the people was exceeding great, and the cry thereof came up before Him. So will it be in the end of the world; the cry of wickedness will rise to heaven, and iniquity will abound yet more and more. Therefore will the Lord come with flaming fire to take vengeance upon them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Thus, too, will the Lord purge the world from the evil of sin, and from that conflagration will emerge, in greater beauty than before, 'a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.' The conflagration then is not for the annihilation of the world, but for its purification; and then, in newer forms of beauty and brilliancy, the heavens and the earth shall stand forth in all their engaging colours, as the everlasting monument of God's mighty power, his redeeming love and boundless mercy towards our fallen world.

"If these things are so, do we not see therein a perfect accordance with the analogy of all that is past? Every successive geological change has been followed by a higher state of things. Our own epoch was introduced in this way by an ascending series of changes, until man stands forth upon the scene, a higher manifestation as it were of creative power, and again, the termination of this dispensation is to make way for a still higher state of things, and, according to the unvarying analogy of the past, will introduce a glorious future, even a

ransomed world, under the everlasting reign of Immanuel. Mark, every former economy of life was terminated, and brought to abrupt conclusions by physical convulsions; so will the present.

"In the light of this solemn truth, 'what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?' How should it call aloud on all to flee from the wrath to come, that so, when the great fiery deluge shall come forth at the last day—when the burning caverns beneath shall pour forth consuming flames, and the explosive elements above; when destructive fires wrap the whole globe in conflagration, we may be in safety, secure within the fireproof ark—the Lord Jesus Christ! He alone can keep His people safe, as He did Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego in the fiery furnace of Babylon; and His promise shall hold good to His believing people—'When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle under thee.'"

MR. PARKS'S SOLEMN EPISTLE TO HIS BELOVED FLOCK, FROM HIS SICK CHAMBER.

(*Concluded from page* 175.)

And now let me not be not misunderstood. I do not mean to convey that I was free from blame in my treatment of the enemies of the Gospel, to whom I have referred. No: I have frequently been harsh, and have used the rod unsparingly. I never took into consideration the fact that those parties had never heard the Gospel preached (except one truth-hating man, who declared to me with his own lips, that he had heard the doctrines I advanced from his childhood, but never could abide them). It was no wonder, then, that they were amazed and confounded at the rough way in which I tore up by the roots all their former fancies, false doctrines, and fallacies. I ought to have made some allowance for their ignorance; for, if a man naturally recoils from God's truth when placed before him in the mildest

accents, how much more will he writhe and hate and curse when he is violently assailed, and clutched with an iron hand?

The Lord pardon Thy servant in this thing!

Again, Mr. Parks says:—

And now, my dear brethren in the Lord, come with me into the inner precincts of my heart, and let me show you what I have passed through in the way of practice and experience.

Martin Luther said long ago—"It takes three things to make a divine—viz., "*reading, meditation, and temptation.*"

Luther, doubtless, had his cue from Paul, who exhorted Timothy to give attendance to reading and meditation (1 Timothy iv. 13—15). What sort of reading this was we may readily imagine. It could not have been the reading of the works of the rabbis and the doctors of the law, for those were utterly ignorant of the true meaning of God's Word; but the reading insisted upon must have been the prayerful perusal of the word itself, seeking out the meaning through the teaching of the Holy Ghost.

This is the sort of reading ministers ought to devote themselves to, and not the reading of commentators, &c., who are fallible and fanciful.

Well, to this reading did I devote myself for years, but it was hard work to understand what I read. There seemed to be such confusion in the Scriptures, that it was many a day and many a year ere I got the clue. At last, two great truths broke in upon my soul, namely, *my own complete inability to keep the law, or God's precepts and commandments, if my salvation depended upon my obedience.* The holiness of God and the depravity of man put themselves in array before me, and I said, "Surely there must be some one to take wretched man's place and answer for him, if he ever is to be saved!" That some *One* I discovered to be Jesus Christ. I reasoned thus, I will take Christ's own illustration of sin—viz., "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matthew v. 28). Of course this equally applies to all the commandments of God—then, where am I? I have been angry, and therefore have committed murder! I have been un-

truthful, and therefore have borne false witness! I have been disobedient to my parents, and therefore am under God's curse! I have been a Sabbath-breaker, a coveter of other people's goods, dishonest in many of my dealings, besides a cherisher of evil thoughts. What is to become of me? Thus I am a sinner both practically and spiritually! The Saviour declares me to be one of the vilest of the vile! I am lost and undone!"

But Satan came with his sly suggestions. He said, "Oh repent, reform, turn over a new leaf and all will be right!"

But, Nay, nay, says Christ, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nay, nay, says Paul, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." (Gal. iii. 10.) This completely shut out all hope through my efforts or doings to make things straight with the all-holy God! There was nothing for it but salvation full and free, wrought out for me by Jesus Christ, I saw the mystery, and believed! Oh, how my heart leaped for joy!

Observe here, that at this time I was quickened by the Holy Ghost. I was a regenerated man. My very anxiety about my soul and my intense longing to know what the word meant, prove this; for no natural man ever troubled his head after this fashion. I was

* Reader, this is actually the divinity of many preachers. It is openly promulgated by the deluded band of men and women calling themselves "the Hallelujah Band." They teach that if a man reforms himself he can have instant salvation, and they quote instances where the outcast and the nuisance, the debauched and the depraved, have become sober and respectable characters, and concluded that these persons are saved.

Of all the monstrous deceits of Satan, this is one of the most dangerous! I readily grant that a man, from a drunkard, may become a sober man, from a gambler, may become a thrifty man, from a thief, may become an honest man, from a debauched man, may become a respectable member of society; but I utterly deny that any of these changes necessarily includes *regeneration*. In fact, the Holy Spirit's work in the matter is completely ignored by those poor ignorant spouters. I grant, too, that this 'band' may have done some moral good for their fellow-creatures. It is a great boon to society to be rid of nuisances; but all this may be effected by free-will or moral agency, whilst the subjects of the change are no more *regenerated* than the heathen. But, as I was saying, Satan came in with his sly suggestions—repent, reform, &c.

quickened before I gave myself to reading. Very different is this case to that of those who take all for granted, and are carried away by exciting rant, or popular preaching.

The other great truth my reading brought to light was—By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified. (Romans iii. 20.) Oh, what huge obstructions and difficulties did this sweep away at once! Before this, in reading the Old Testament history especially, I was puzzled beyond measure with God's commandments His statutes, and His ordinances. I used to say to myself, there must be too ways of salvation, one by keeping those laws, the other by believing in Christ. But the blessed epistle to the Romans taught me that "Christ is the End of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Romans x. 4.) From that day to this I have had no doubt about God's way of salvation, though I have had of my interest in it. The Old Testament commandments, statutes, and ordinances have nothing whatever to do with salvation. They are conditions, on the observance of which national Israel was to have possession of the land, and enjoy temporal blessings; whereas salvation is wholly, completely, and unreservedly, unconditional!

God grants salvation, not of works, but by grace—sheer, gratuitous, sovereign grace; and this He gives according to the good pleasure of His will.

Brethren in the Lord, thus was I delivered. The work was done first by God the Holy Ghost quickening me—me, who never sought Him; secondly, by inciting me to give diligence to reading the word. "Ah," say many, "we don't like those *extreme views!*" Like them or dislike them, I reply; I am going to heaven with them in the full assurance of understanding! How common is this objection to the doctrines of distinguishing grace! "*Extreme, extreme!*" the enemy cries; "let us have something more in accordance with man's notions of right and wrong."

I answer, What the Word teaches, and what man wishes, are two different things. The Word distinctly declares that God's thoughts are not man's thoughts, and the whole tenor of God's dealings with man proves that God's ways are diametrically

opposed to man's. "Who by searching can find out God?" But let us have a word upon "*extreme views*." What folly and inconsistency lie at the bottom of this objection!

What greater *extreme* than the eternal love of God for His poor sinning Church? (Jer. xxxi. 3.)

What greater *extreme* than the assumption on the part of Jehovah-Jesus of the form of sinful man? (Philippians ii. 6—8.)

What greater *extreme* than Jesus becoming a beggar that His Church might be rich? (2 Cor. vi. 10.)

What greater *extreme* than the Creator of the universe submitting to be maltreated by his own creatures? (John i. 3; xix. 18.)

What greater *extreme* than God in redemption-work passing by angels, and rescuing and saving men who by nature are worse than devils? (Heb. ii. 16; James ii. 19.)

What greater *extreme* than God giving grace to His Church in Christ Jesus before the world began, to save it irrespective of all sorts of works whatever? (2 Tim. i. 9.)

We hope to take up this letter again.

OUR LAST "CHEERING WORD."

IN closing this SEVENTEENTH VOLUME, we will simply refer our readers to the last word with which we have been favoured of a cheering character. Almost prostrate with work, illness, and anxiety, the writer fell on his knees before the throne of Grace, and tried with an honest and earnest prayer to prevail.

It was a solemn moment of prayer. Good Henry Smith says "I have known many wicked men who could study well, read well, and preach well; but I never knew a wicked man who could pray well."

Whether our prayer was "well" or not, we leave; but, after this out-pouring of heart, the words of Jeremiah's thirty-ninth

chapter came with some decisiveness of feeling, "I WILL SURELY DELIVER THEE; thou shalt not fall by the sword, because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord."

These words show forth the nature, the labours, and the honour of a true and genuine faith in the Lord.

When Jeremiah was cast into the pit, where he was likely to die, Ebedmelech went to the king and obtained permission to lift the prophet out of that dungeon. For this, the great men of the court, and the mighty men of the city, determined to crush Ebedmelech, and to kill the prophet Jeremiah; but the Lord was high above them all. Still, Ebedmelech had his fears. His heart sank within him. He was afraid of the men who rose up against him. The Lord sent Jeremiah to assure him of his safety; and in those words which the Lord sent, stands the promise so positive, so precious, and so suited to many a poor believer, "I WILL SURELY DELIVER THEE!"

Reader of these CHEERING WORDS, to some of you these words may be applied by the Lord the Spirit through this very humble means. The days in which we are living, are, to some of us, most gloomy and distresing. Many of the Lord's people are in bonds of afflictions. But ultimate deliverance out of all their afflictions is promised unto the righteous people of God; and, although some of them may go weeping home to heaven's gates, even there it is said, "And shall wipe away all tears from off all faces;" so that then if not before, their days of the mourning will be ended.

Seventeen years have nearly passed away since we this work began; if it has been continued, under the direction and sanction, of heaven, it will certainly have been found useful somewhere. With the Lord we leave our work, ourselves, our souls, and all that doth to us belong; and if, in the last great day, we are found on the right hand of the Great Redeemer's Throne; if, when he shall separate the sheep from the goats, we are found ransomed sheep, if then he shall

"Own our worthless name,"

it will be amazing, exceeding, superabounding grace indeed.

Farewell, dear reader, farewell for this year. And may the God of all grace be with you to preserve, to purify, to pardon, and at last, to present you faultless before his face, with exceeding joy, is the prayer of your servant in the truth

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

THE PROMISED LAND.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

There is a land where troubles never come,
A sunny land, whose atmosphere is love;
There God's sweet flowers in fadeless beauty bloom,
There gentle peace rests like a brooding dove.
No cloud is wafted o'er that sky serene,
No shadows fall—no tears—no sorrow dims the scene.

O happy land! my own eternal home!
The fair inheritance secured to me;
As day by day in desert tracks I roam,
My wistful eyes thy distant hills would see.
I hasten on, nor pause to take my rest,
My all is measured there; yes, all I love the best.

'Tis not the beauty of that land of light,
That lures me on, its joys divine to share;
'Tis not the glimmer of its portals bright,
In sheen of pearl, so exquisitely fair:
Not e'en its heavenly music would I hear,
If *One* were missing there, the One my heart holds dear.

Lord Jesus Christ! my Lord, my Saviour dear,
'Tis with Thyself in light I there shall dwell;
Beyond all need, all danger pain and fear,
There I shall evermore Thy praises tell;
His matchless grace, His love beyond degree,
Who on the Cross poured forth His precious blood for me.

O best beloved! with hopes so passing sweet,
I care not what these changeful days may bring;
Thy ransomed ones shall in Thy presence meet,
No weeping there we shall give thanks and sing:
Then keep us, waiting still Thy face to see,
Lowly, and meek, and pure, and ever true to Thee.

CONTENTS.

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CONTENTS.

Cheering Words

FOR JANUARY, 1868.

CHOICE THOUGHTS ON TIME FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By the Late Susan Huntingdon.

As to those time-consuming parties, which disarrange a family for a week before to prepare for them, and for a week after, to compose those affairs which have been put out of place, I scarcely know, from experience and personal observation, anything about them. My early habits of country simplicity are so thoroughly interwoven with my constitution, that it would distress me greatly to go very much out of my accustomed way. Indeed, dear S., when we consider time as a talent which God has given us, to use for purposes which have for their object his glory, and the good of our fellow-creatures, is it not melancholy to think how much of it is irrecoverably lost! I have often thought how eagerly a dying unconverted sinner would long for one day, for one hour to repent and seek for pardon. And yet how little is the abuse of time regarded! How many squander a whole life away, and find at the close of it, that they have made no use of time but to accumulate to themselves greater misery for ever, by a remembrance of the waste.

November 1. I feel an intense desire to put on Christ more uniformly in my life and conversation. All that is past looks dark and unprofitable. My best duties have all been stained with sin. I should despair, but for the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin. Precious truth! How, like a healing balm, it mitigates the agonies of a conscience which tells me that

all has been wrong! "The blood of Christ!" sweet, soothing sound! Here is hope for despair; here is joy for misery.

December 17. O, for those sweet and precious views of divine things, which I had when my dear father was called from this fluctuating world! I was then so comforted, and filled with peace. I cannot express the manner in which this life was exhibited to me. It seemed as if I stood on the outer verge of this world. My connection with eternity appeared more immediate and certain, than that which I had with time. My husband and children, except one, were at a distance; my dearest present friend had gone to the world of spirits; and it appeared to me that I could apply to myself, as if addressed to me, individually and alone, the direction, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." I found that God was enough. I felt that his will was my will; and was unspeakably happy. Self seemed, in some degree, reduced towards its proper place, and I could say, God is on the throne, what more can I want? I perceived and felt that he governed uncontrollably, and my soul was satisfied, entirely satisfied. O for some such precious mercy-drops upon my thirsty spirit now!

BATTLE-FIELD THOUGHTS.

By William Fletcher.*

ON the 19th day of September, 1854, having been there ten days, Fletcher received a letter from his mother, and just as he had commenced reading it, the serjeant looked into the tent, and said that all were to be ready in heavy marching order by 2 o'clock. He read it through, and while so doing, felt deeply penitent for having treated his dear old praying mother so cruelly; she had not forgotten her son, and had constantly borne him up at the throne of grace—and had again written to him, entreating him to look to the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

* From Life of William Fletcher, published by Figg & Co., 98, Lower Thames street.

He answered her letter, bidding her an affectionate farewell, asking her to pray for him, and to pray in faith, and telling her to remember him to any enquiring friends, as he did not expect to return to England again, for he was soon going into action. Alluding to this time, when preaching in the Free Church, Hackney, Fletcher said: "When we expected shortly to go into action, I gave a comrade my mother's address, so that he could let her know if I was shot; and my comrade gave me his address in case he was shot, and several others did the same. While in action my comrade was shot dead, and I took the news to his home; but bless the Lord for his mercy, He spared my life, though it was His will that I should lose my hand in the conflict."

At the appointed time, the bugle sounded to fall in, and the word of command having been given, they marched on towards Alma. Having gone about ten miles, they halted for refreshment; and when they had piled arms, and some had taken off their accoutrements, which they put with with their fire-locks, many of them went to look at a large barn to the left of the line, which the Russians had set fire to. While they were thus straggling about, the Cossacks came down on them, and had it not been that the artillery were ready to receive them, many of the 23rd would have been cut off, before they could have formed. Referring to this skirmish, Fletcher says, "Some of us ran one way, and some another, I did not know where to find my gun, so took the first I could get, and as soon as we were ready, we opened fire on them, and drove them back. We then formed a line, piled our arms, and laid down to rest ourselves, ready for the conflict that awaited us. At a distance, I could see the fires upon the hills, where the Russians were making strong batteries; and as I laid upon the grass I thought of days gone by; the moon was shining brightly, and the stars glittered in the heavens, everything was quiet except the tolling of a bell, which reminded me of the days when I listened to the village bells while sitting by the fireside of my dear mother's home. I then began to weep, and in my grief said—'Mother, mother, speak to your poor lost son'—and I listened, but no sound could I hear; and soon after fell asleep."

How many slept that night for the last time, before they slept in death! Doubtless, many were the tears shed, many were the heavy hearts, when thinking of the loved ones at home—many were the prayers which ascended to the Majesty on high—and can we not hope with confidence, that the angels in heaven rejoiced over many poor wandering, erring sons of Adam, who found salvation there? May He who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, ever watch over England's brave defenders, until the time when war shall be no more, and "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. xi. 9.

On the morning of the 20th September, Fletcther awoke about four o'clock; littte bees were humming about, and a lark was soaring high, making the morning glad with its melody. This made him think of home again; and the seeds which his mother had sown in his heart, seem to have begun to spring up afresh on that memorable morning. He prayed to God, but could get no rest for his troubled soul, the language of his heart was:

"Could I but read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'd bid farewell to every tear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

And though he could not then have his desire, yet he resolved to leave his life in the hands of the Lord.

At an early hour the bugle sounded and every man was soon ready; many being anxious to meet the foe. The 23rd were ordered to extend out on their right, and advance towards the heights of Alma, which were very steep, so that in order to make the ascent they had to cross and recross, advancing as they had opportunity, and occasionally lying down. The French were on their right, and the rifles in advance up the hill, and the artillery and cavalry flanking them.

The Russians had set the village of Alma on fire, and being on the heights above the allied armies, had a great advantage over them, especially as the smoke hid them in a great measure from our soldiers' view. As soon as the 23rd had got a position, they were ordered to open fire, and a scene of carnage was soon beheld. On! on they advanced! with that steady firmness known

to be characteristic to the British troops; then there was a pause —they had entered a vineyard, and though the shot and shell flew about like hail-stones, many stopped to refresh themselves with the beautiful grapes that were growing there. Just then a comrade was carried past with one of his legs off; and while Fletcher and another comrade were eating some grapes, his comrade was shot dead by his side. Fletcher seeing his danger, cried "O God, help me," and as he advanced, he poured out his soul to God in prayer, asking forgiveness for his past sins, but still could find no rest.

LOVE AND ITS FRUITS.

THE love of Christ constrains to good works. The learned dispute in all manner of ways about good works. Love as is natural to it constrains necessarily to every good work towards God, towards the brethren, towards our neighbour, and even towards our enemies. Love cannot act otherwise; she seeks to do every one good, and to devote herself to all. She has always enough, she is rich, she is kind, she is bountiful; and if she has no money or anything else to give, she has still a heart, which she gives in sympathy, compassion, and in rendering every possible assistance. In a word, love is always doing good, almost without thinking of it; she performs a thousand good works, without asking whether she ought to do them or not, and the merits of good works never occurs to her. Even when she hath done much she thinks she has hitherto done nothing, and that she will now begin. Thus it is that the love of Christ constrains. (Tersteegen, 1720.) Alexander Cruden in speaking of love says it is a gracious principle or habit wrought in the soul by God and which inclines us to delight in esteem, and earnestly desire to enjoy an interest in God's favour, and communion with him as our chief good, portion, and happiness, and the fountain of all perfection and excellency; and which likewise disposes us to do good to all, especially to such as resemble God in holiness, and bear His image. Thine faithfully, A. W. KAYE.

RELIANCE UPON THE LORD JEHOVAH,

AND CONFIDENCE IN HIS FAVOUR THE ONLY PATHWAY TO REAL CONTENTMENT AND QUIETNESS.

BY THE LATE "SILENT PREACHER."

"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot." Psalm xvi. 5.

DISQUIETUDE and unsettledness is a prevailing characteristic of the natural mind. There are differences of constitution and disposition which cause the appearance and effects of this incurable evil to vary; and though, for these reasons disquietude may be more or less prominent in some than in others, yet even the brightest and best of the human race are not free from its disadvantages, nor exempt from its tortures, for the things of earth and events of time are fully calculated to add fuel to this fire, and fan its dying embers to a flame.

The man of the world is ever seeking after, and grasping to lay hold of, something or other that may add to the gratification of his carnal desires; sometimes, yes, frequently, it so happens that the object of his anxiety and toil at last vanishes like smoke before his face; and even those things which he is successful enough to obtain bring disappointment into his bosom, for they yield not that amount of satisfaction and pleasure which he had expected to find. There is yet something wanting to make his wishes quite complete, and each thing as it comes is succeeded by a still greater vacancy, and a new-discovered inconvenience, so that all these things loudly say, "happiness is not in me." God never intended that man should find a full satisfaction for the capacious powers of his mind in the sordid vanities of earth; he created him fit for association with himself, and designed that he, above all other works of his hand, should shew forth his praise; and through disobedience man fell, and became a slave to sin, and a prey to death, and felt deeply the awful terrors of separation from his Creator, yet earth has not, does not, nor even can yield perfect satisfaction to him whose capacities are fitted

for higher and nobler employment. Whilst the great mass of the human race are left to grovel in the paltry pursuit of earthly pleasure, and to feel a continual regret that their expectations fall so far short of what they hoped to attain, there are some who have the inexpressible delight to find that genuine gem, that hidden treasure, which can fill every corner of their heart with perfect satisfaction and holy content, so that every want is supplied, and every desire overwhelmed in fulness of peace. Of that happy number was the one who wrote these words—"The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot."

It is not every child of God that has arrived to this state of solid rest and peace. No; but there are many who desire it, and look upon it as the very mark of their prize, which they are pressing with every power of soul and spirit to obtain; and though, as yet, they cannot say, "My Lord, and my God," he is is just as much their portion as he was the portion of David, who without wavering or hesitation, could contrast the state of the righteous with the state of the wicked, and then, in all the assurance of a well-grounded hope, say—"The LORD is MY portion."

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINNERS.

By the Rev. William Lincoln, of Beresford street Chapel, Walworth.

"This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." Luke xv. 2.

IT seems to me if you will read the chapter you will perceive that the three parables succeeding these words form a kind of defence, if I may so speak reverently, which Christ condescended to make for himself against this charge of these Pharisees. That which they threw at him as a taunt, he, in his mercy, was pleased to accept as a fact. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them;" not only receives them, but positively makes himself as one of them, fraternizes with them. And it seems to me that this charge, even though irreverently brought against him, yet indirectly conduced to the honour of

Jesus; for they implied thereby that they had watched him narrowly, and knew him to be a holy man. There would have been nothing extraordinary in that one sinner should eat with another; but that *he* should was something, as they judged, strange. It implied, I say, that they had watched him, and perceived that he was undefiled and separate from sinners. I love these indirect testimonies extorted from the lips of his, and as his, so my, enemies. I love these indirect testimonies to the consummate holiness of our Lord and Master.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINNERS. '*This* man, the word *this* has an emphasis; "*this* man," this is implying that no one else does. That is a fact, though it is not a fact that is always apprehended. I believe there is a tendency in the human heart, and even in the heart of God's own people, to hold ourselves aloof from sinners, and not to mix with them. But one can be mixed up with them without endorsing, without approving of their actions. We are not to be monks, like some Roman Catholics were in olden times, living in monasteries, and hermitages, cells and recluses, no; we are to be in the world, shining as lights in it, lights in the midst of darkness. But I do think if you will watch your own heart, and the hearts of others, that you will perceive there really is a tendency in us to look shy at a man because he is a sinner; to feel as if, "Get thou apart from me, I am holier than thou." Ah, when I see a poor drunkard going along the streets, when I see a man doing this bad deed or the other, what is the emotion which arises in my heart? This I know, that our Lord Jesus Christ looked upon sinners with the tenderest pity; and that when he moved up and down amongst them, though they did not in the slightest degree contaminate him, yet he at the same time was pleased to make himself frequently an associate with them, not in their sins, but he was pleased to receive them, and he was pleased to eat with them. What a striking picture is here; that the unholy one, to some extent, is shy of others unholy, while the holy One receives and eats with them. We, with what little light we have into the heinousness of sin, we shudder, if we are converted, when we see a man commit sin; and through the unbelief of our hearts, are not only prone to

shudder, but we are prone to separate from him altogether. But the holy One, and this shews wondrous love, though he must view sin with infinitely more abhorrence than we do or can, yet still received sinners, and eat with them. But it is not only a fact that none else do receive sinners, but it is a further fact that none else can receive sinners. Suppose that there were some holy being, same angel to come down from heaven, and to have the human form, and he was so good as to to allow us to converse with him, and to eat with him, what good would he do us? Not the slightest. There would still be, however I was allowed to associate with him, morally speaking an infinite gap, or almost so between him and me; for he could not brook sin, and I am all over a sinner. And if he was pleased to eat with me, would that make me any better, would that wash out one of my sins—would it make me hate sin any more? My heart would remain afterwards just as it was before. How different is this with the Lord Jesus Christ! If I am permitted, as I am, encouraged, as I am, yea, invited, as I am, to come to Jesus, I may associate with him: through grace he is pleased to become familiar with me, to make himself one of us, one with us; and not only does he continue as holy as ever he was before, but lo, a change, in more respects than one, passes upon me through communion with him; for you know that rich fountain which from the Messiah has flowed, was opened for sin and uncleanness. Oh the riches of that precious blood, by which we draw nigh to God! then when I am washed in that blood, when I hope in that blood, hoping, believing, trusting, praying, or as in 10th of Romans, 'submitting,' (the idea in all these words is the same); when I am brought by the grace of God to hope in that blood, behold there is a change at once; and what a blessed change. Listen to his words in John xiii; 'Clean every whit.' What a change is here. So that whereas once, when I first went to him, I was vile, and he received me, and folded me in his arms, now I am washed in the blood of Jesus, I am as clean as Jesus is. He that is not as clean as Jesus will never go to heaven. I do not mean he that is not as holy as Jesus, though in a sense that is also true, for he puts his own nature and Spirit within us; but I mean that the blood

takes away the last spot of sin, that there is nothing remaining but the most absolute purity; so that I am clean in the blood of Jesus. What precious blood must that be! And when I believe his word that I am made clean, then I begin to love him. I cannot love him until I have been washed in his blood, I cannot love him untill I hear him saying, 'Clean every whit;' but the moment I hear him saying, 'Clean evey whit,' that moment my heart is moved towards him—and now, whereas I was cold and insensate before, as ever I could be, and did not know what love, true love was, and did not know what love to Christ was in any sense, now one begins to feel what a happy change has passed; then the love begins to be mutual. Truly it is something to be received as a sinner by the Lord Jesus Christ—to be received by Christ, and made as clean as Christ. He hath washed us, and made us clean in the blood of the Lamb; we are without spot, and that before the very throne of God. Oh, put these two thoughts together—one, 'Thou hast set all our misdeeds before thee, and our secret sins in the light of the countenance;' and this, 'Clean every whit,' this, 'Christ gave himself for the church, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' So that when I come to Jesus, without any disparagement to his holiness, I am made as pure as he is; for you cannot exalt this blood of Christ too highly. There are some things you can, but not the blood of Christ. If you talk about the church you may exalt the church beyond the level to which God puts her; you may—the Puseyites do: but it is not the real church; it is a phantom which they name the church. You may put the church in the place of Christ; and be talking about *she* when you ought to be thinking about *he*,—him, Christ. Or you may put the sacraments out of their place; a good many people do that, Protestants and Roman Catholics; some put one and some put the other; and talk about the waters of baptism instead of the blood of Jesus. Yes, you may talk, and you may thus magnify the sacraments beyond their proper level. But not so with the blood of Jesus: that precious blood, by which we draw nigh to God. And not only does Christ do all this, but

also God himself does all this, God wanted sinners; Christ receives them, and presents them to the Lord. God wanted to shew forth the riches of his grace; Christ enabled him to do it. God wanted to expend all his love, and all the warm affections of his heart, upon a race of sinful men; and Christ enabled him to do it: for Christ brings the soul nigh unto the Father.

ENDURING ALL THINGS.

Be patient under all the sufferings which God is pleased to send. If your love to him be pure, you will not seek him less on Calvary than on Tabor; and, surely, he should be as much loved on that as on this, since it was on Calvary he made the greater display of his own love for you.

Be not like those who give themselves at one season, and withdraw from him at another; they give themselves only to be caressed, and turn back when the daily cross comes, or, at least, seek to the creature for consolation and support.

No, beloved souls, ye will not find deliverance in aught but in the endurance of the cross, and in total abandonment. (Read Matt. xvi. 21—28.) It is impossible to love God without loving the cross; and a heart that embraces the cross, finds the bittersweet things to be sweet: "*To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet*" (Prov. xxvii. 7), because she findeth herself an hungered for her God in proportion as she findeth herself an hungered for the cross. God giveth the cross, and the cross giveth us God.

We may be assured that there is an internal advancement where there is an advancement in the way of the cross, where abandonment and the cross go hand-in-hand together.

As soon as any thing presents itself as a suffering, and you feel a repugnance against it, resign yourself immediately unto God with respect to it, and give yourself up to him in sacrifice; you shall find that, when the cross arrives, it will not be so very burdensome, because you had disposed yourself to a willing reception of it. This, however, does not prevent you from feeling its weight as some have imagined, for when we do not feel

the cross, we do not suffer it. A sensibility to suffering is one of the principal parts of suffering itself.

Jesus Christ himself chose to endure its utmost rigours. We often bear the cross in weakness, at other times in strength: all should be alike to us in the will of God.—*Madam Guyon's Short and Easy Method of Prayer.*

A WORD TO INDOLENT CHRISTIANS.

By Denham Smith.

Imagine your lot cast upon a far-off, yet beautiful isle; you are unexpectedly landed and left there; you construct your home, you adorn it with every decoration of arras and tapestry, and you rest as in a summer of beauty—you live as in a fairy scene. When lo! wandering inland you hear, amidst the desert, a groan here, and a groan there: the further you go, the worse. Here you alight on a corpse in dreadful corruption, and there upon skeleton forms of human misery, seeking, in death, to live on the husks which the swine may eat. My God, you say, what a land is this! a land of very howling! a land of desolateness! a land of the shadow of death!

What a picture is this of those professors of Christ, who nursing themselves, know nothing of the dark, dreadful moral scene around them. Alongside their own quiet, inglorious existence, within reach of them are souls—dark, dark! dead, dead! perishing, dying! dying, perishing! Ah! I would not conclude wrongfully or uncharitably; but, believe me, the day of judgment will declare it, that there are thousands whose religious life consists in a mere nursing of that life, to the neglect, if not forgetfulness, of the dead and lost around them. O my brothers, my sisters, never forget that this world, as much as heaven or hell, is a world of *spirits!* and that each one near you will soon be in heaven or in hell for ever.—*Winnowed Grain.*

LOOK UPWARDS.

"Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."—Phil. iii. 20.

IT is as much our privilege as it is our duty, to raise our eyes from the world in which we now live, towards that in which we hope to live for ever; to look from time to eternity, from earth to heaven. It is in heaven that the Christian is already said to have his conversation,—alas! how few of us are really conversant with it! how little is it the habit of our mind to think of it as a child in a foreign land thinks of his dear father's house at home! Christ our elder brother has gone there, and it is from thence that we look for him to return. He is not only our way of access to the Father as a present God, but he is also the way to heaven, our Father's house, as our future home, and it is our prayer and earnest desire, "that we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell." The angels, who after his ascension, rebuked the disciples for standing gazing up into the material heavens which hid him from their sight, would never have rebuked the eye of faith for looking upwards in a spiritual sense towards the place where he has gone; for amidst the sins, sorrows, and temptations of this world, there is scarcely a more purifying or elevating thought, than the hope of glory, the prospect of heaven!

Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head to heaven.

PRIDE was the first sin; it crept into heaven, and made the angels of the presence, devils; it got into paradise, and was the sin of our first parents; and it creeps into the church, and withers the graces, and hinders the usefulness of its members.

DIVINE TRUTH.

HOW excellent! How invaluable! It is more precious than rubies, and all things good and fair are not to be compared with it. It is the light of our eye, the joy of our heart; the map of our pilgrimage, the charter of our inheritance. It reveals to us our danger while yet it may be shunned; and provides for us a refuge from the storms of life and the abiding wrath of God. It "has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It discovers to us an immense eternity; yea, it conducts us to the knowledge and enjoyment of that God and Saviour, to whom the riches of the universe are as a wasted and worthless portion.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

ALONE with Jesus! let me lay my head,
Like the beloved disciple, on his breast!
For I am weary and he bids me come
To Him for rest.

Alone with Jesus! sheltered 'neath his cross,
A weak and helpless sinner, I would hide;
My only hope, my only plea is this,
For me He died!

Alone with Jesus! other friends may fail,
May disappoint my hopes, and faithless prove,
But He is evermore the same, nor can
His love remove!

Alone with Jesus! though the bitter cup
Of pain and suffering is appointed me,
It is in fellowship with him I drink;
'Tis good for me.

Alone with Jesus! from the world withdrawn,
'Tis sweet to walk with Him life's narrow way;
Though clouds awhile may hide his face I would
His voice obey.

Alone with Jesus! and before his throne,
For grace my helpless soul would humbly bend,
Assured he ever to the suppliant's prayer
Will condescend.

Alone with Jesus! O! may I "be still,
And know that he is God on whom I lean:
Ere long, the wisdom of his hidden paths
Will all be seen.

Alone with Jesus! e'en the darkest hour,
Bears on its sombre wings a message bright;
If he be near me, with his love illumed,
It is not night!

Alone with Jesus! let me bless his name,
For present comfort, mercies yet in store,
Till called to see his face, and sing his praise
For evermore.

Alone with Jesus! Saviour, even so;
When my last hour shall come be near to me,
When heart and flesh shall fail, O let me lean
Only on Thee!

The Devil has but one temptation to the natural world, namely, trying all he can to keep them from Christ; and but one for the spiritual world, which is, trying all he can to keep them from looking to Christ, and living simply upon him.

You will find there is always something in the world to cool your inclination, and therefore you need to be stirred up continually—you want line upon line.

LOOK FORWARD.

Sad notes in all our hopeful songs we're humming,
  Uncertainty brings fear,
Brother, the glorious seeing time is coming,
  The knowing time is near.

Cast thy whole soul upon the "whosoever"
  Of the forgiving one,
And thou shalt dwell amid the glory ever,
  After thy work is done.

God cannot lie, the glory must be given
  To all who seek His face,
And we as surely shall find rest in heaven
  As that our God has grace.

Ah! 'tis a precious thought, that on the morrow,
  After this night of pain,
We shall have no more doubting, no more sorrow,
  And never sin again.

No, never sin, but gazing on the features
  Of Him who reigns above
Echo amid Heav'n's host of sinless creatures
  The song of Jesu's love.

Dash back the tear, then, calm the bosom's heaving,
  If Christ thou hast believed,
Till he who with vile doubts is now deceiving
  Himself shall be deceived.

MRS. T. CHAPLAIN.

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Cheering Words

FOR FEBRUARY, 1868.

TOPLADY—LIVING AND DYING.

IT is healthful to the sin-sick soul, sometimes, to read the out-flowings of a heart purely and powerfully devoted to the Lord. *The Gospel Magazine* of Augustus Toplady says,—

"Farnham, in Surrey, was the birthplace of Augustus Montague Toplady, who was born in 1740; his father was an officer in the army, killed at the battle of Carthagena, soon after the birth of his son. Westminster School was the place of Toplady's education, and there his genius rapidly developed itself. At the age of sixteen, he accompanied his mother (whom he deeply loved) to Ireland, where in a manner most remarkable he was brought to the knowledge of Christ. A layman had been preaching in a barn, at a place called Codymain; to that spot young Augustus, by Divine Providence, was directed, and the word of God, fresh and powerful, 'entered his heart, by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost.' Toplady some years after, in his diary, alludes to this important event: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God, in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man: the regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom He will, but likewise when, where, and as He listeth.' The Scripture

which was made a blessing to his soul, instrumentally through Mr. Morris, was from Eph. ii. 13.

"In 1762, he was ordained, and inducted into the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, and it is observed by his biographer, 'This was procured for him by friends in a manner very usual; but so scrupulous was he when acquainted with the circumstances, that he was not easy until he resigned it.' In 1768 he became vicar of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, in Devonshire, the whole produce of the living not amounting to £80 a year. Here he composed the greatest part of his valuable writings, and after his death a diary was found among his papers, upon which he had writen, '*Bethel visits ought to be remembered.*' In this journal we have an insight into the experience of the Spirit-taught writer; it is that of a deeply-humbled soul, now on the mount, now in the valley, sometimes rejoicing, but oftener mourning; in his own words this is expressed: 'Oh, the difference, the inexpressible difference, between enjoying God's presence and pining in His absence! This day my soul has been like a chariot without wheels; and afterwards mounted as on eagles' wings. Blessed be God, for tempering distress with joy! Too much of the former might weigh me quite down; too much of the latter might exalt me above measure. It is wisely and kindly done, O God, to give me a taste of both.'

"'O Lamb of God, slain for me! Thy blood is balm, Thy presence is bliss, Thy smile is heaven! Through Thy precious righteousness sinners and salvation meet together. Thou hast knit me to Thyself in the bonds of an everlasting covenant which shall not be forgotten, and cannot be annulled. Thou hast set me as a seal upon Thine arm, and hast set this seal of Thy Spirit upon my heart. I can sing with one of the saints now in heaven,

"'Love moved Thee to die,
And on this I rely,
My Saviour hath loved me—I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll ne'er be in glory and leave me behind.'

"'Dec. 6, 1767. In the morning, read prayers, and preached here at Fen-Ottery, to a very attentive congregation. In the afternoon the congregation at Harpford was exceedingly numerous, and God enabled me to preach with great enlargement of mind and fervour. The doctrine did indeed descend as the dew, and was as welcome as refreshing showers to the grass. O my Lord, let not my ministry be approved only, or tend to no more than conciliating the esteem and affection of my people to Thy unworthy messenger; but do the work of Thy grace upon their hearts. Call in Thy chosen; seal and edify Thy regenerate; and command Thy everlasting blessing upon their souls! Save me from self-opinion, and self-seeking; and may they cease from man and look solely to Thee.'

"A few extracts from notes taken by a friend, whose privilege it was to be with Toplady at the last, are here given, necessarily but reluctantly condensed. A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all and in all. His feelings were so very tender on this subject, that I once undesignedly put him almost to an agony by remarking the great loss which the Church of Christ would sustain by his death, at this particular juncture. The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed, 'What! by my death? No! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instruments, defend His own truths; and, with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, but to His own name, and to that only, be the glory!'

"'I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul; my prayers are all converted into praise.'

"When he drew near his end, he said waking from a slumber, 'Oh, what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?' And a little before his departure he was blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding in

clearness; 'but,' added he, in a rapture, 'for, what is most of all, His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul.' 'The sky,' said he, 'is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'

"Within the hour of his death he called his friends and servant, and asked them if they could give him up? Upon their answering in the affirmative, 'Since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him,' he replied, 'Oh, what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me! It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live' (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) 'after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.' After this he closed his eyes.

"It was on the 11th of August, 1778, that Augustus Toplady died, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His dust reposes in Tottenham Court Chapel, at his own request, thirteen feet under the gallery, opposite the pulpit, whereon is fixed a plain stone with only his name and age inscribed. Rowland Hill addressed the multitute assembled at the grave, although it was (like Dr. Gill) his desire that no funeral sermon should be preached for him.

"An epitaph, written by Toplady, is given in conclusion:—

"Thrice happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful shore!
Whose lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God, and liv'd by faith,
And now shall die no more!

"Such, gracious Lord, we wish to be;
Such was our pastor, now with Thee,
Our candlestick below:
A burning and a shining light,
He liv'd awhile to bless our sight,
But shines in glory now.

"A prophet hallow'd from the womb,
To seek and bring the wand'rers home,
Anointed, set apart:
Enabled, by the searching word,
To set the message of the Lord,
Home to the sinner's heart.

"His ev'ry pow'r devoted was
To further His Redeemer's cause;
Nor did his talents hide:
A beacon set upon a hill,
He liv'd to do His Master's will;
He did His will, and died.

"May I, like him, my hours employ,
Finish, like him, my course with joy,
And sleep to wake in bliss;
Like him be numbered with the blest!
Jesus, regard my one request,
Make my last end like his. "C."

NO GOSPEL, NO CHRIST.

ONE Sabbath-day, a young man in London followed a throng of persons who were entering the doors of a splendid church. The architecture was noble, the windows stained, the music and singing perfect; there were altars, crosses and candles, vestments and genuflections, and at length the sermon, but in the sermon no Gospel, no Christ, no mention of the great atonement, no pointing of the guilty one to the Lamb slain. Is such a place honoured of God? No! the glory of the house is the truth preached there. What is the casket to the jewel, the shell to the kernel, the chaff and straw to the wheat? And what are lofty walls and painted window, eloquent words and a gorgeous ceremonial, if the truth of God be not there? if the hungry soul, asking for bread, receives a

stone? The first Jewish temple had its perpetual fire, kindled from heaven, and ever kept burning by its vigilant priests: and thus should the light of the truth ever burn in the Christian temple. Then the wanderer from God, awakened and sorrowful, bewildered by darkness, and asking the way to his Saviour, may go thither, assured of being directed to Him whom his soul seeks. Alas, for the house where the light which shines is not the light of the Gospel, and for the congregation who hear words, but not God's truth; and who are instructed, but not in God's way to heaven! But where the whole truth is proclaimed, and Christ exalted, there is power, and honour dwells there; for God glorifies the house of His glory.

CLOTHING FOR TEMPLE-SERVICE, AND FOR SAINTS IN GLORY.

The ministers of Ezekiel's temple were clothed with linen, not with wool. Not with wool! The sheep's clothing is nature's dress—it grows out of them. The moral is, that we must not presume into God's presence in nature's raiment—in our own righteousness—for it is not by works of righteousness which we have done. If we venture into God's presence in our own "wool," we shall be stripped naked and bare like Joshua—Zech. iii. The wool of our filthy righteousness must not be worn at the marriage supper of the Lamb—Isa. lxiv. 6; Matt. xxii. 11.

Rich garments must be worn, to grace
  The marriage of the Lamb;
Not filthy rags to stink the place,
  Nor nakedness to shame.

Robes of imputed righteousness
  Will gain us God's esteem:
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,
  How fair soe'er it seem.

'Tis called a robe, perhaps to mean,
  Man has by nature none;
It grows not native, like our skin,
  But is by faith put on.

A sinner clothed in this rich vest,
And garments washed in blood,
Is rendered fit with Christ to feast,
And be the guest of God.

There is nothing about which the Word of God is so particular as about our religious garments, and a Woe is pronounced against those who cover themselves with a covering contrary to the prescriptions of the Spirit—Isa. xxx. 1. Garments do not grow out of us; therefore, if we are clothed, we are indebted to some other being or to some other source for that clothing; and this is as true spiritually as literally. Righteousness never grew out of unrighteousness—clean things are not expected from unclean things—pure streams issue not from a polluted fountain—good fruit grows not upon an evil tree—grapes are not gathered from thorns—figs are not sought from thistles. Ezekiel's ministers were clothed with linen to remind us that there is no performing Divine Service aright but in the white linen of imputed righteousness. We wear imputed shirts, and depend upon it we can neither see God nor serve Him but in the white raiment of imputed righteousness. The linen garments of the sons of Zadoc were bonnets and breeches (Ezek. xliv. 17, 18), perhaps to signify that, by imputed righteousness, we are justified from all filthiness, both of flesh and spirit—both of thought and feeling—both of desire and deed—both seen and secret. What a mercy to have a bonnet to cover our thoughts of foolishness—our thoughts of evil; and breeches to cover all that is unseemly in the flesh—in the lusts and uncleanness of the flesh. We make these remarks because, when we sit around the pulpit, we look for the bonnet and the breeches—for modesty and chastity. God's ministers are modest; they do not go into the house of God to uncover their heads—to display their intellect. No, no; they put the bonnet over all that, and exalt the Head—the Lord alone.

Suppose the law of God were put into one scale, and my obedience into the other, if my obedience weighs even with the law, I am a righteous man—now that is the scripture idea of righteousness.

WORKERS FOR THE LORD ENCOURAGED.

[In Mr. Wilson's Monthly, "The Watchmen of Ephraim," the following lines are given;—]

What in the Lord thou doest must succeed,
  The glory His, the blessing shall be thine;
From Him alike both *will* and *act* proceed;
He sows and gives the increase to the seed,
  He prompts and perfects every good design.
Hands on thy work, thy heart on God alone;
Thus, and thus only, is a good work done.

His presence doth not weaken and destroy,
  But rather strengthens and collects the powers,
Sheds a bright lustre o'er the day's employ,
Turns toil to pleasure, trouble into joy,
  And gilds with sunshine e'en thy darkest hours.
For what thy hand hath done with all thy might,
The Lord will richly to thy heart requite.

Think not that aught is in God's eyes so small,
  That He will not the needful succour lend:
His ear is ever open to thy call,
To give thee strength, to bless and prosper all,
  And bring thy labours to a happy end.
Call on the Lord, whate'er thou dost, to bless,
And He will crown thy efforts with success.

How blest to have the Lord before our eyes,
  To speak with Him, and listen to His voice—
With Him in all our troubles to advise,
To feed upon His holy mysteries,
  And in each act of goodness to rejoice.
The world, astonished, cannot understand
The cheerful promptness of thy heart and hand.

ABIDING IN JESUS BY FAITH.

FIVE and twenty years ago, the Rector of Charlinch published a little book, with this title—"STRENGTH IN JESUS TO PERFORM DUTY." The spirit, the matter, and the design of the essay, are all most excellent; but in the Preface are words which every Christian should read with care and with prayer. The following lines are most valuable:—

It may not be impertinent to state briefly how this little work has been conceived, and brought forth. On a certain occasion the Author of it was led to preach on those words contained in John xv. 4, 5: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without (or rather *separate* from) me, ye can do nothing." Whilst waiting upon God for something to say to his people from these words, it was shown to him, much more clearly and impressively than he had ever seen before, that the beginning, the middle, and the end of all that is worth having in religion is *faith;* and that every spiritual blessing which the soul can possibly require is obtained by simply *abiding in Jesus,* which abiding in Jesus is nothing else than *believing on Him.* It was shown to him, that in order to obtain every blessing, the soul had this,—and this *only,*—to do; namely, to *abide in Jesus* by faith; and that this was *sufficient* without any thing being added thereto. It was also shown to him at the same time, how much Christians impede their spiritual advancement, interfere with the work of God in their souls, and hinder the operation of the Spirit on their hearts, by endeavouring to do many other things besides this, whereby their attention unhappily is diverted from the *one thing* needful; which would not be the case if they could clearly discern, that this *one* thing does in reality include *all* things. It may be opened in this way:—As the branch can bring forth no fruit whilst separate from the vine; so neither can the soul bring forth any of the fruits of holiness

whilst separate from Christ:—as the branch when it is united to the vine, is in a position to bring forth fruit, but not before; so is the soul in a position to bring forth fruit to God, when it is united to Christ, but not before:—as the branch when united to the vine, brings forth fruit by virtue of the presence of the sap within it, which sap flows into it from the vine, in consequence of its union with the trunk—and it may even be said that the fruit it does bear is nothing more than the sap within it developing itself outwardly, in the form of fruit,—so the soul when united to Christ, brings forth fruit to God only by virtue of the presence of the Holy Spirit within it, which Holy Spirit flows into it from Christ, in consequence of its union with Christ,—and it may even be said that the fruit it does bring forth is nothing else than the Holy Spirit within it developing itself outwardly in the form of holiness:—as the branch when united to the vine has really nothing to do in order to bring forth fruit, but simply to *abide in the vine*; so the soul has really nothing to do in order to bring forth fruits of holiness, but to *abide in Jesus*:—and lastly, as the branch has nothing whatever to do, in order that it may receive the sap from the vine, but to *abide in the vine;* so that the soul has nothing whatever to do in order that it may receive the Holy Spirit from Jesus, but to *abide in Jesus.* In receiving the Holy Spirit from Christ, the soul receives all spiritual blessings unitedly; for, as the oil of holy ointment, (Exodus xxx. 22—25,) was composed of all the principal spices together, so the Holy Spirit comprehends in Himself all the spiritual blessings and graces which the soul requires: wherefore, the soul, in order to receive all the spiritual blessings it can possibly require, has but *one thing* to do, which is to *abide in Jesus by faith.*

It appeared to the writer, that all the spiritual blessings might be summed up under the following heads:—1. *Righteousness*, or *Justification;* 2. *Holiness*, or *Sanctification;* 3. *Wisdom*, including *Protection;* 4. *Strength;* 5. *Happiness*, or more correctly speaking, *Blessedness*:—that all these are received simply by *abiding in Jesus* by faith; that the more simply the soul does abide in him, the more fully it receives them; and that the reason why believers obtain them so sparingly, is because they endeavour

to do a great many other things besides this, whereby their attention is too much diverted from this *one thing* of *abiding in Jesus.* Whilst reflecting on this subject, he thought it the will of God, that he should make known to others of the Lord's people for their edification, what God had opened to him for his own; and should it have appeared so, he proposed to treat first upon *faith*, as the foundation of all the rest. There appeared so much to be unfolded under this head, that he considered it might occupy a volume, and each of the others another, so making six in all. In fact, he found that he was permitted by God to commence the undertaking; but was not a little surprised when the Lord led him to begin with Strength, instead of Faith. As it expanded under his pen, it readily arranged itself under four divisions:—1. Strength to perform Duty; 2. Strength to endure Trial; 3. Strength to overcome Temptation; 4. Strength to subdue Indwelling sin. When he had proceeded some way with the work, it was suggested to him to publish each of these divisions separately, as each formed a subject complete in itself, instead of bringing them out together as a single volume. Having waited upon God for guidance, the Lord directed him to do so; and he accordingly has done it. Thus the reader has the history of the little book now in his hand: the writer supposes that the other divisions will appear in the Lord's time: whether or not God will ever lead him to take up the subject of Faith, and to go through with that and the rest as was proposed at first, he cannot tell; but he thinks it not unlikely that He will. It remains only to be observed, that the reader will frequently meet with the expression, "Abiding in Jesus through faith," and will perhaps require some explanation of it: the writer will merely remark, that it is extremely difficult,—if, indeed, it be possible,—to explain an expression which can be properly understood only by being personally experienced; it may, however, be something like an explanation, to say that "Abiding in Jesus through faith," is depending upon Jesus; and that that dependence itself is an act of faith. Having said thus much, the Author now commends the work to the disposal of Him who is the owner of it.

Dear reader, art thou a believer in Jesus? If so, the Author

of this little book desires to assure thee of his unfeigned love; he beseeches thy prayers in his behalf, that God may be pleased to bless him with a more broken spirit, a more lowly mind, and a more loving heart; he also entreats thy prayers for a blessing on the little book itself, and on those who may read it, that as it has been written much under the guidance of the Spirit, so it may be much applied by the power of the Spirit. He now bids thee farewell; and, trusting thou art in truth a member of the Lord he loves, he doth cordially embrace thee in the heart of the crucified, but risen Jesus. Dear reader, it matters not in which chamber of the spiritual temple thou art a pillar or a stone; if thou hast a place in it, let us lose sight of every other consideration, and remember only that we have been bought by the same blood, and sealed by the same Spirit, that we are children of the same Father, and members of the same family;—and let us love one another. Oh, dear reader, do let us love one another; for love is of God, and God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him, Amen!

H. J. P.

Charlinch Rectory,
Nov. 15, 1841.

[In the same evangelical spirit doth the Rector proceed to open up the religion of the heart which is wrought therein by the Lord Himself. No better exposition of it can scarcely be found in human compositions. Readers of "CHEERING WORDS, we would gladly give you the whole in chapters, but you must help to increase our circulation if you think it worthy.]

There is, it must be admitted, something very lovely in the appearance of redeeming love; its energy of will and purpose, its ardour of pursuit, its earnestness of zeal, and its devotedness of feeling,—all invest it with an interest and beauty, such as make it an object of peculiar attraction, both to angels and to holy men.

BEULAH.

There is a Land where Jesus reigns
  Enthroned in matchless purity;
Whose glories fill the unbounded plains
  Of Heaven's eternity.

There never-ceasing songs of praise,
  Like incense, rise on high!
Immortal tributes to Jehovah raise,
  While hallelujahs fill the sky.

THE land where Jesus reigns! where His people reign, as kings and priests for ever; where sorrow and sighing is unknown; pain and anguish never felt; where the broad, beautiful River of Life rolls down its golden streets diffusing health and happiness to the unnumbered multitude of rejoicing inhabitants; imparting joy unspeakable and eternal! and youthful vigour, and heavenly beauty unparalleled—undecaying!

Faith expiring in her own flame, as our ransomed spirits leave the tenement of clay; we awake from the sleep of death to a glorious sight of Him in whom our souls now at times greatly delight!—the altogether lovely—the "Pearl of great price" whom to find is life everlasting. And not only will faith and hope be swallowed up in the sight of Him, the precious, immortal, invisible—the all-wise, all-mighty, ever-merciful, matchless One! but to be like Him, to awake up in His glorious likeness, in His own transcendently beautiful image!—to be spotless, as He is spotless! perfect, as He is perfect!—glorified with Him! partakers of His greatness, happiness, and kingdom!

Even as a child bears the feature of his parent, so shall we bear the impress of Divinity. And O, wonder of wonders! be the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!—"a royal diadem in the hand of our God"!—changed in the twinkling of an eye! transformed from this poor perishing earthly mortality unto the glorious immortality of the exalted at God's right hand.

WHO ARE THEY?

IN John's Gospel, the Saviour is represented by His words and works as most specially intent upon comforting his disciples, by assurances of their safety in time, and their happiness in eternity. I have often read the tenth of John; but one evening lately, before setting out for chapel, the 29th and 30th verses were fixed upon my heart: "MY FATHER, which gave THEM ME, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

In and around these words there are three things which the Saviour spake of His Father, all of which have ETERNITY stamped upon them; and there are at least six things said of His people, all of which have the mark and power of a DIVINE EXPERIENCE wrought in them.

There is THE FATHER'S supremacy. He "is greater than all." Who can define such a sentence as that, standing, as it does, in connection with the preservation of the redeemed family? That little word "ALL" looks down into the pit of fallen fiends, whose whole business is to destroy men's souls; it looks at the immense family of mankind, who are too often enemies to the sheep of Christ; it comprehends the hosts of angelic beings, whose commission is sometimes to afflict, and at other times to help the sons of men. It looks at all things in the heavens, on the earth, in the seas, and below in the caverns of darkness, from whence destructions might proceed; but above all, and greater than all, is the eternal and all-glorious LORD GOD, whom to know, to love, and serve, is life eternal, and happiness most divine. Ere time began the chosen sheep He to His Son did give; and in all that concerns their salvation, as well as in the Divine essence, purpose, and godly power, the Father and the Son, from everlasting to everlasting, were, and will be, ONE.

But, WHO ARE THEY that were given? The answer lies in the six features of their character. Read them; consider them; if you can, apply them, and see if to you they belong.

1. "My sheep hear my voice." The Spirit within, and the Gospel without, invite and draw them to JESUS.

2. "I know them," which is proved by His finding, feeding, preserving, and blessing them.

3. "They follow Me." In the exercise of faith and in the obedience of truth, as well as in the pathway of suffering and of sorrow.

4. "I give unto them eternal life." By this they are quickened and kept alive, although ten thousand floods may sometimes threaten their destruction.

5. "I am known of mine." They have a knowledge of the Person, of the work, and of the office of Christ, which knowledge, in some, is more wonderful and more blessed than their tongues can tell.

6. "They never perish." Their bodies may, and will; their souls never can; and on the morning of the resurrection both body and soul will in Jesus's likeness appear, and with Him reign for ever. There will be no such question asked then, "Who are they?" All the given and redeemed sheep, with the Shepherd, will appear. But shall I or you be with them then?

SHRINKING FROM THE CROSS.

THE invariable consequence of shrinking from the cross, is that the conscience becomes less tender, and the walk with God less close; the door of the heart, if not fully opened, is, at least, "set ajar" to the world, the flesh is allowed liberty, and a departure of the heart from God gradually takes place, though, from the conscience being less tender, the believer is not likely to perceive it. The result of the whole is, that the general tone of his future life becomes less spiritual; there is a less steady adherence to God, a less unflinching following of the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; a more worldly mind, and a less tender conscience; the happiness is sought and found less decidedly in God; what are called "harmless gratifications" of the flesh are admitted; petty self-indulgences are pleaded for, and the soul gradually grows contented with the external service of God.

GRACE AND GLORY.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
On life's tempestuous road;
By faith and not by sight we go,
Still journeying on to God.

By faith in Christ we onward press,
Through evil and through good;
Cloth'd in the Saviour's righteousness,
And pardon'd through his blood.

Ofttimes when toss'd with doubts and fears,
Some promise sweet is given,
Which to our sin-sick soul appears
A transient glimpse of heaven.

By faith we see the Saviour smile
Upon us from above,
And angels tune their harps the while,
And chant Redeeming love.

But O, when past this gloomy vale
Of clouds, and doubts, and fears;
When like a short and empty tale
Have flown our fleeting years;

When our glad spirits from this clay,
Emancipated fly,
Exchange this night for endless day,
And bliss supreme on high;

Oh, then shall our immortal eyes
Upon His beauties gaze;
And our untiring voices rise
High in his lofty praise.

In all the splendour of the place,
Round the eternal throne,
Then shall we see him face to face,
And know as we are known.

[From "Affection's Tribute," by G. Newman.]

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Cheering Words

FOR MARCH, 1868.

"THE FIRST STAGE OF GLORY."

A WRITER in the *The Christian Examiner* describes the true Christian's Spiritual State here by the above Sacred Sentence. His words are well suited to edify and encourage beleivers in Jesus. We therefore give the following:—

"Christ loved me." His gratuitous love from everlasting is the link which unites me to the Son of God. Here individual appropriation appears. "The Son of God gave Himself for me." He is the secret power of St. Paul's life. Hence flowed his love: hence his unceasing self-sacrifice. Christ was the breath of his life. Not so much Paul, as Christ lived in Paul, the spring of his aims, his words, his works. "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me." He felt God in Christ loved him individually from eternity. The life of faith was a life of joyous service: for at once heavenly motives, and heavenly power, dwelt in him.

Identification with Christ, by faith in His once-for-all finished work for us, is the secret of justification. Identification with Christ, by His Spirit continually dwelling in us, is the secret of sanctification. Every stage in Christ's history has its correspondency in the believer. As Christ was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, so we become regenerate by the same Holy Ghost. As Christ was crucified for us, so our privilege is to feel as St. Paul, "I am crucified with Christ to the world." As Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so our privilege is to be raised with Him in newness of life. As Christ is ascended to God's right

hand, so our privilege is to sit together with Him in heavenly places. Finally, as Christ shall be manifest in glory at His second coming, so shall we believers be manifested with Him in glory.

Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee,
O height, O depth of Love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art,
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy Saints and Thee can part.

Soon, soon, shall come that glorious day,
When seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That Thou with us art one.

Our life in Christ is threefold. We are dead in guilt before the Law: Justification in Christ brings us life and peace. We were dead in sins: Sanctification in Christ brings us life and holiness. We were doomed to death and shame: Glorification with Christ shall bring us everlasting life and glory. The indwelling of Christ's Spirit now is not so much the condition, as the first stage of glory. The life in Christ now, and the life with Christ hereafter, are not two distinct lives, but two forms of the one glorious, endless life. This comforts us amidst present trials.

That faithful veteran, Dr. Marsh, on his death-bed, in his 90th year and the 67th of his ministry, said, "Times of great trouble are coming upon this nation, and upon the world. Tell the clergy to preach Christ, to live to Christ, to serve Christ, and they will have joy and praise in eternity."

THE THING CALLED "RITUALISM."

WHEN we see the spirit and practice of Ritualism flowing from the Church of England as from a fountain, and sending her streams through nearly all the Nonconformist Churches,

we think it is time to hoist the danger signal; and do our utmost to warn them of the delusions which are fast coming in among them. We shall incur the pitiful sneer of many, having ineffectually endeavoured to stir up the hearts of the faithful for over twenty years: nevertheless, so long as opportunity is given us, we shall not altogether cease. The Dean of Carlisle, in a letter to the Editor of "The Rock"—writes in a spirit so manly and honest, that we cannot resist the temptation to give our readers a few of his words: he says:—

Don't be afraid of speaking out. We cannot too much avoid the scandalous personalities of many of the ritualistic journals; but we must not be mealy-mouthed, we must call things by their right names. I believe that the thing called Ritualism is nothing more nor less than a part of the "Mystery of Iniquity," of "Man of Sin," of "the Roman Antichrist." I believe that some among those who still minister as English clergymen are confirmed Papists. I know it was so on the first occasion of the first apostasy to Rome, when the fact came out and was patent to all men; and why should it not be so now? All Roman doctrine is held, and by many openly avowed, and the abominations of the Roman Confessional are adopted and vindicated by the party. My heart and head are full of the dangers to which our beloved Church is exposed by the presence of such Jesuitical Romanists among us. There have been rumours of important perversions, or, as I would call them, apostasies, to Rome. I fear the news is too good to be true. From my heart I should rejoice if the whole sect departed to their more congenial resting-place, the Church of Rome. The true Protestant Church of England, instead of being weakened, would be strengthened by such a schism; but as long as they tarry among us, avowedly to unprotestantise our Church, I can regard them only as traitors in our camp, far more dangerous than open enemies.

Sin is no porter put to watch the door of Christ's house of free grace. Mercy keepeth the keys; Sin may object my evil deserving, but it cannot object Christ's rich deserving,

THE BRIGHT LIGHT IN THE DARK NIGHT;

OR, THE SOURCE OF THE CHRISTIAN'S USEFULNESS, HAPPINESS AND MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN: AS RELATED IN

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. JAMES WELLS,

DURING HIS LATE SEVERE ILLNESS.

AS the Minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, for thirty years, Mr. James Wells is extensively known, and most highly esteemed; but the testimony which he gave on the first Sunday morning (after his recovery from a long and severe affliction) of the Lord's goodness to him, must powerfully commend him to the pure consciences of all who may read that testimony as a man most highly favoured of the Lord.

In Mr. Cornwall's "Present Crisis of the Church of God"—there are a few words which every minister should read; and a more delightful confirmation of them will rarely be found, than is to be found in the experience related by Mr. James Wells, and which we quote from his published sermon, (*No* 482, *of Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*).

First, let us hear Mr. Cornwall. He says.

"God has instituted an inseparable relation between our own personal piety and the salvation of others. He will not honour the instrumentality of His ministers or churches, except so far as there exists a deep sympathy between their minds and the mind of the Redeemer. The degree of real success in blessing others, has ever been, and will ever be, measured by the labourer's own individual soul-prosperity and confidence in God at the throne of grace. Let not ministers or others, therefore, however gifted, popular, or favoured by much natural adaptation for doing good, wonder if there be no signet of the Holy Spirit to seal their labours, no fire from Heaven to consume their offered sacrifices, when their own souls are not enjoying the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and the light of God's countenance."

The above words are truthful; and most solemnly verified in the ministry of many.

Now let us hear the testimony of Mr. Wells, as delivered in his own Tabernacle, Sunday morning, Feb. 2, 1868, in a discourse not soon to be forgotten. His text was Isaiah iv. 5. After speaking of the cloud, and the smoke, he came to the "Shining of a flaming fire by night, when he said :—I will tell you my thoughts a month ago, when my life certainly was on the balance: medical opinion was that but for my abstemious way of living get over it I could not. I said to my medical man, "Tell me the worst; I am not afraid to die. No; all is settled, all is clear, all is well; the gates are open, heaven in prospect, Christ precious, God glorious—I desire nothing more. If I were in heaven now, I could not be more sure than I now am of my eternal salvation." Perhaps you will say, how did you get this? I will tell you. When I myself began to doubt which way matters would go as to my life, I began to look about, and the first thing I saw and felt was what a poor helpless, sinful, wretched, miserable worm of the earth I was, in and of myself. I felt the Lord might indeed banish me to eternal damnation, and I could not say a word against it. I began to feel very solemn about this matter. Presently the words shone with a light above the brightness of the sun, and came into my soul like dew, like rain, like the healing ointment, from the 14th to the 17th verse of the 41st of Isaiah, "Fear not, thou worm." Ah, I said, then there is hope; and that picked me up. Ah, I said, if Jesus died for worms, if mercy save a poor worm, if grace save a poor worm, I am that poor worm; a heart-searching God knows that I see and feel myself to be that. I can make none of my past services, I can make none of my usefulness, my hope—no; I must lose sight of all that, and look at what I am as a sinner, and let my hope be in him alone. "Fear not, thou worm." Ah, that took me up soon, and began to make me comfortable. Then the next word came, "Jacob"—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob." And so it went on, as I shall presently show, down to the 17th verse. When I came to Jacob, I thought, Well, I must look at this. So I stopped and looked

at it, and other scriptures came with equal light, equal force, equal sweetness, so that really if I would have doubted I could not have done so. I do not think ever since I have known the Lord I have seen such grandeur in the everlasting covenant, and in the sworn promise of the great God as appeared to me when that Scripture and correlative scriptures shone thus into my soul. Ah, I thought, this is the shining of a flaming fire in this night of affliction. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob." And I thought Jacob was a spiritual as well as a natural descendant of Abraham. I wonder what Abraham was in his own estimation. And the words came, and I could join with them, "I," saith Abraham, "that am dust and ashes, have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord." Ah, I said, here is the secret. I will see if I can find in that same 18th of Genesis what the doctrines were that Abraham held; then I shall see how the people of God in all ages have been thus taught their own emptiness, vileness, and nothingness; therefore that is the very reason why they were so delighted to receive and abide by God's living and eternal truth. So I thought, well, if Abraham thus felt that he was dust and ashes, he had room for what the Lord said in that same chapter, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the ways of the Lord, to do justice and judgment: that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." How did these words appear to me? I will tell you. The first ray of light that shone into my soul from the words I have just quoted was this:—"Abraham will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." Ah, I said to myself, I saw it in a moment, it came with sweetness into my soul—there is Abraham's Greater Son, Christ Jesus: He kept the way of the Lord in perfection, and He Himself became the way we are to keep. He did justice in perfection; He died the just for "the unjust, to bring us to God." He did judgment—never committed an error from first to last. "That the Lord may bring upon Abraham that

which He hath spoken of him." Ah, then, I said, by Abraham's Greater Son the light must come, the mercy must come, the blessing must come, the kingdom must come, heaven must come, rest must come, victory must come, glory must come, all that God has said must come.

And I did not stop there. I could have preached then better than I can now, if I had had bodily strength, at least. Then I thought, the people of God are commanded by these truths, and so they are governed by them. I can truly say I am. I could not doubt it in my heart. I had a great many evils in my heart, but not one of them had the courage to take the truth from me, for it would have been of no use. I could not find it in my heart to rebel against one of these blessed truths. And the people of God also by faith keep the way of the Lord; and they do justice by believing in Christ, and hereby stand upon even ground before God, rejoicing that God is just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Also they do judgment, for the wisest thing that a man can do is to receive Jesus Christ and abide by him. Thus the Lord brings upon them all that he has spoken. Here is the light shining in the soul. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob." So I felt I was right as to downward experience, and right as to doctrine. Therefore I am come out of the furnace if possible a higher Calvinist than ever, a more determined from top to toe free grace man than ever, for those who in themselves are poor worms are men as they stand in Christ, fear not thou worm, ye men of Israel, "I will help thee, saith Jehovah." "I will help thee." Why, I said, if the Lord says he will, then there is no conditionality:—"I will help thee, saith Jehovah." It kept repeating itself to my mind —"I will help thee." Then I said, what can sin do, what can the world do, what can my little bit of few minutes affliction do; what can death do? "I will help thee." Then the words came, —"Who can hinder him?"

I cannot describe to you the light that shone into my soul. I do not believe that Stephen himself could have died much happier than I should have done, if I had been called then from time to eternity. I do feel I have not followed a cunningly devised fable. I do feel that I have a personal religion for myself when

I am shut up in the chamber of affliction; I do feel that this God is my God, that I have a place in His bosom, in His family, in His kingdom, in His presence. "I will help thee, saith Jehovah, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." "Holy One of Israel:"—what does that mean? said I. Why, it means that Jesus Christ in every possible sense is your eternal sanctification. Well, I thought, so he is: "chosen in him before the world was." There Jesus Christ is our sanctification. So Jude expresses it: "Sanctified by God the Father." What is election? Why, the first step in sanctification: he gave you to Christ, and set you apart from your sins. Then comes the mediatorial department: "Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." Then comes the regenerational department: "Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you." I have spoken you out of death into life. Then comes the reconciliational part; when there is the manifestation of pardoning mercy. Then comes the progressive department, What say you, do you hold with progressive sanctification? Not that of the flesh that men contend for, I do not hold with the Christian getting better and better in himself: I hold with the Christian getting worse and worse in himself, and knowing more and more of himself, and loathing himself more and more. The consequence is he grows out of self into Christ, and Christ becomes progressively his delight as his sanctification. Then when you come to die, you depart this world in all the beauty and perfection of Christ; when you rise from the dead, it will be in the beauty and perfection of Christ. To all eternity our standing is infallibly good by the relation the Saviour bears. "I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth; thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them." I looked at it a little, and I thought, Well, I know what threshing is pretty well, for I worked at it when I was a boy, and it is hard work and dusty work; so is fanning and winnowing—very hard and very dusty. I thought, I shall have some more difficulties to overcome, more souls to be brought to Christ, more people of God to be helped

along. Yet the mountains shall come down. You know what your difficulties are. You know what a difference there is between the presence of the Lord and the absence of the Lord. When you have the presence of the Lord, there may be a tremendous mountain, but by and bye it shall become as the chaff of the summer threshing floor. Well, just as I was thinking, Hard work, though, this, it will make one rather thirsty: the words came in a way that none but the Lord could bring them,—"When the poor and needy seek water," so I thought, Well, the Lord has given me a little refreshing in times past, so I shall not go on working without getting a little of the water of life now and then. "When the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." There I was stopped. I wish I could, I feel I would give almost anything if I could set before you the grandeur that appeared to my soul from those words. "I the God of Israel." There rose to my mind all at once such a manifestation of the eternal and indissoluble oneness of the Great Eternal with all His people—such a grandeur that I will tell you this,—I have been once or twice almost obliged to ask the Lord not to manifest himself too much. I have felt as though I could not endure it. Oh, my hearer, religion! what a difference between the mere formalities of men and hypocrites and the reality of that godliness that is received into the soul by a saved sinner. "I the God of Israel." Ah, when I looked at Him in this sworn covenant, when I looked at Him in Christ's mediation, in eternal glory, in His immortality, there appeared a grandeur and a glory, which I never can on this side of the grave express. Now, perhaps my experience this time may not be so profitable to some, because mysterious it is that I have had no casting down, no doubting, no fearing, no trembling, but light and confidence. God's truth has been to my soul like the shining of a flaming fire. See the sovereignty of God. When I say no casting down, I mean not after these words came home with power and not so much before that as I have had in times past. Now twelve years ago I had two or three weeks' illness, and I thought —I will send in my resignation; I have no business with the

Lord; I am not his servant; I am not chosen; he has done with me; I cannot see my experience in the Bible; I feel a poor outcast, a withered branch; I have no power to pray; I have no access to God; I feel more like a demon and an infidel than anything else. And one Wednesday evening, just about the time the service began—I was too ill to attend, of course, but if I am ill at home I always think of you when the service begins, and like to be employed as near as I can when I am in my sick chamber in the same way as you are,—speaking and hearing God's blessed truth, my heart going out with you;—it was so with me that evening. And I thought,—Well, the dear people are assembled, the Lord's servant speaking, I will go carefully through the 41st of Isaiah—the same chapter. I got to the latter part of the 9th verse, and there I was stopped;—"Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee and not cast thee away." Why, it came with such power that I preached at that time three months full in the savour of those words brought home with Divine power. I do not wonder, therefore, at living souls being dissatisfied when there is neither bread nor wine, when there is neither life nor power; for nothing else will satisfy those that are born of God. Perhaps I may seem a little egotistical in making these remaks, but I thought you would like to know where I have been to, and what I have been doing, and how I have got on, and what sort of a testimony I have to bear concerning the truth now.

A poor imprisoned soldier in the United States, nearly fifty years since, wrote a beautiful paraphrased acrostic on the Lord's Prayer. We have read it. It is rich in spiritual and Christian faith, feeling, and holy adoration. We understand it will be issued in a cheap, but handsome form.

I was a mourner for a long time. Glory be to God, I have for some years, kept from doubting my interest in Christ. I can with humble boldness, cry out, MY LORD, and MY GOD. He manifested himself to my soul, and causes me to feel my dependence on his free and sovereign grace. [Thus wrote George Whitefield, a laborious servant, a happy saint.

JESUS PRESENT AT THE FEAST.

EVER since I related the dream to you, which you wrote down, the words in Song i. 12, "While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof," have hung upon my mind, and they served me for a text on Sunday evening, it being the ordinance day. We had a full table. Jesus came at the beginning of the feast, and he whose "mouth is most sweet, and who is the altogether lovely," was in the midst and taught; and as in the beginning so it is now, "never man spake like this man" "Where the word of this King is, there is power;" the effects of his visits are peace, the soul is filled with gladness, and there is a holy mourning over him who "hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." I could speak to him, while asking his blessing before we partook of the emblems of his body and blood, as my everlasting friend; and while I was going round, saying, "Take, eat, &c.," I could talk to the daughters of Jerusalem of him, my beloved One, in that familiar way, that for a time I seemed lost to almost everything below; I forgot every trouble, and if it would have been prudent I should have liked to have continued my speech until midnight, for I felt unwilling to leave the sacred spot.

These delightful seasons in such an abundant manner are rare with me. Oh! what a mercy, after having sore and great troubles, to be thus quickened again, to be blessed with a hope full of immortality, to take a glimpse within the veil, and to have every thing which beforetime has for a season terrified us removed; and, instead of former wretched feelings, to be comforted on every side, to be filled with comfort, and exceedingly joyful in all our tribulations. This is an experience, the impression of which (although the comfortable sensation soon wears off) is too deep ever to be obliterated. This way-mark and high heap is set up, and when the Holy Spirit fulfils his office, bringing back to the mind what he has spoken unto us, this hill Mizar is remembered.

Having written thus far, I laid down my pen to read a letter which is just brought to me. It is a letter of good tidings,

giving an account of the blessings received under the sermons and at the ordinance on Sunday last; it is from a poor man, and is written so simply and artlessly, and is so savoury, that while reading it a spirit of meekness came upon me, and I wept, being for a few moments overcome with the great goodness of our blessed Lord. And this is not the only account which I have had this week. My word, saith God, shall prosper, and I bless him it doth not return void.

Yours in the thorny path,

Leicester, May 6th, 1825. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A SAFE, A HOLY, AND A HAPPY POSITION,

O BLESSED separation! Happy are ye who are in such a case, whose God is the Lord. It is a holy state, it is a safe state, it is a happy state. For this may we be led to pray; to this may we be helped to press. How much enjoyment in, and with Christ, do believers lose, by allowing the world, (with its carping cares)—the flesh, with its various enticements—Satan, with his numerous temptations—to have such a place in their affections and gain so much of their attention, draw off their hearts from seeking God; from beholding his glory; and from meditating on the wonders of his love! How often do believers complain of coldness in their affections; wanderings in their desires; distance from the throne of grace; formality and deadness in their worship. Only examine into the state of your souls, and the cause will soon appear. Conscience, if not grown too hard, will soon testify of some idol nursed in the affections; some sin cherished in the heart; some darling lust unmortified; and some train of worldly pursuits not fully forsaken. Remember, that the God of Israel is a jealous God; he requires the heart. If we would render our sacrifices acceptable unto him, we must be worshippers in spirit, and not in the letter or form. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon, for it is impossible for a man to serve two masters; he will either love the one and hate the other, or he will hate the one and love the other. If we

side with Satan, then God departs from us; and withholds the bedewing influence of his grace. But if we, in heart and soul, depart from the ways of sin; detest and abhor all that is displeasing to God, and cleave unto him with full purpose of heart; look up unto him for our daily supplies; hang upon his mercy: depend solely upon his wisdom, strength and grace, then he blesses our souls with the smiles of his lovely face; refreshes our spirits with the soft whispers of his love and mercy; soothes all our sorrows; heals all our wounds and banishes fear. He communes with us, and draws our hearts into communion and sacred fellowship with himself. Then, the world knoweth us not, even as it knew him not, who came down from heaven, and sojourned in this land of sin and woe, that he might make a way for his chosen people to return in peace and safety unto God.

The more closely a believer walks with God, the greater distance he lives from the things of the world; the world knoweth him not. First, because he withdraws from keeping company with the world; closes all intercourse with its vanities and customs. Second, because he is translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light; and, therefore, the world being in darkness, discerneth not them that dwell in the light. Christ is the light of life to all who believe on his name; and those who know not him, know not his people.

"I WOULD RATHER WEAR OUT THAN RUST OUT," were almost Whitefield's dying words. He was not worn out, but his asthma stopped his breath, and death stopped his preaching. Oh, how precious to him was the person and glory of Christ! In all his sermons, he seemed to say, "And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness." Christ was indeed glorified through Whitefield. George Whitefield's anger and humility, stand in strong contrast. If his dinner was not ready when wanted he could soon be cross, but he soon repented. He once said, "I bless God for my stripping seasons."

A BEAUTIFUL AND A BLESSED WIFE,

WITH ONE WORD TO UNMARRIED MINISTERS.

IT is not universally known that "Calvin's Tercentenary number of *The Earthen Vessel*," with its correct portrait of John Calvin, the celebrated Reformer, was written by that learned and laborious orator, THOMAS JAMES MESSER; whose head and heart together have represented the character of John Calvin in an original, faithful, and pleasing manner. Having a heap of these Calvin supplements by our side, we once more opened, and read a page or so. The following under the divisional heading of "Calvin's wife," we thought might really do some of the real sisters of mercy a little good; so we send this nice little portrait of Calvin's wife to all our friends. Mr. Messer says:—

The wife of our hero, however, deserves to be spoken of with the profoundest respect. She was one who delighted to visit the poor and needy, to pour the oil of consolation into the wounded heart, and to relieve the strangers who applied at her husband's door for his assistance. To Calvin she was like an angel of mercy through long days of sickness and pain. Taking her place by his bed-side, she listened to his every groan with pitying tenderness, wiped away the tear-drop that often trembled on his eye-lids, and tried to hush the sigh as it welled up from the depths of his breast. And this she did when the discordant shouts of "Down with the ministers!" raised by the infuriated mob gathered in the streets, fell upon her ears.

As a mother, Idelette was indeed a model for all Christian mothers to imitate. Whilst her children lived she loved them intensely, and strove to bring them up in "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" as some of them passed one after another from her sight, she bowed submissively to the stroke, and in the language of the Idumean patriarch, said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." To the loss of his offspring, the great reformer himself also bowed submissively. When his third child was torn from his embrace, he said in a letter to his friend Baudoin, "The Lord

gave me a son, the Lord hath taken him away. Let my enemies see obloquy for me in this trial. Have I not tens of thousands of children in the Christian world?"

Whatever were Calvin's sorrows, he appears to have been comparatively reticent respecting them. That which entirely filled his mind day after day was the great work he was called on to perform, and that work he nobly prosecuted until his mighty heart ceased its pulsations, and his happy spirit rose to bathe itself in the gorgeous sunlight of heaven for ever.

It will not, we think, be out of place here just to warn young ministers against allowing their passions to have too much to do in connection with the choice of a partner for life. The prospects of many men have been greatly beclouded by a want of due care and caution in respect to this important business. It is possible for a man to tie himself to a woman who will thwart to a great extent his endeavours to be useful. What we would say to one and all of our matrimonially unfettered brethren is—"BEWARE!"

We will just add, that Mr. Messer's Life of Calvin, and the portrait, can be had at our office; or post free for three stamps.

Tens of thousands of people who are taught to fear "Calvinism," would have all those fears removed, if they would read this concise, yet comprehensive history of the good and devoted Genevan reformer.

Mr. Froggatt says: "Let your homes be the abode of religion: from them go forth, and search out the abodes of misery, poverty and ungodliness." [This is the peculiar work in which we should rejoice to end our days. We have had a taste of it. There is plenty of room for this work in the East of London; but it requires the benevolent help of the wealthy.—ED.]

It is more needful to insist upon this truth, that the love and favour of God are to be embraced by the soul as free and unconditional, because it is so natural to seek them by our own obedience, and so unnatural to receive them in the way of simple faith.

WHERE I FOUND RELIEF.

FROM MRS. ALLINGHAM'S "CLOSET COMPANION."

I SAT down and listened to one,
And surely his grief had been great;
I thought then I must have come wrong,
I lay 'neath a dreadful mistake.

I told him out all I had felt,
'Twas light in the balance with his;
He said, thou art still in thy guilt,
No mark of thy sonship is this:

He said I'd not trouble enough
To prove, Lord, that I was thy child;
He told me my grief was a puff,
That satan and sin had beguil'd.

He said he had hung over hell,
And felt himself just dropping in,
Then came the sweet word, "It is well!
Fear not, I have pardon'd thy sin."

What cloud of despair hung around!
It near overwhelmed my soul;
I trembl'd and thought I'd not found
The right road to heaven after all.

I flew to thy word, O my God,
And found that no measure was there,
'Twas he who could trust in thy blood,
And make thee his hope and his care;

'Twas he who was sorry for sin,
Who'd gladly live closer to thee;
Oh, now was I joyful again,
For surely that sinner was me:

My poor soul was lifted on high,
E'en up to thy throne-foot above;
My heart, and my tongue, and mine eye,
All joined in thanksgiving and love.

LIGHTS & SHADOWS OF A PASTOR'S LIFE,

See "The Earthen Vessel" for 1868.

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Cheering Words

FOR APRIL, 1868.

"NO! I DON'T FEAR DEATH."

SUCH were the words which came from a dying young man on board the *Great Britain*, as recorded by Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, in his three-penny book entitled, "My Log-Book; or, a Voyage from Australia to England, in 1867." This "Log-Book" has been well received in England; it reveals, without any unnecessary parade, the genuine character, and the excellent conduct of a minister of the Gospel, when tossing on the seas, and surrounded by individuals and influences of a very opposite kind. We give the following account of the death and burial of one of whom Mr. M'Cure writes as follows:—

This is our 11th day out from Melbourne, and we have made 2,880 knots. I have had a most pleasing and unexpected interview with the poor dying man. I told him that it was my duty to inform him that the doctor could do no more for him, that he was in a dying condition. He understood me, and appeared to be quite conscious. I asked him if he was afraid to die? He replied,

"No, I don't fear death."

"Tell me," I asked, "why do you not fear death? What is your hope?" He replied,

"Jesus died, and in Him I trust; He is my brother."

I then directed his attention to several portions of Scripture. He smiled and said,

"Yes, I have often read them; they are my comfort now."

While repeating the 1st verse of the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord

is my shepherd," before that I could repeat the next clause, he, with a strong expression of feeling took it up—

"I shall not want."

Having satisfied myself as to his state of mind, and the nature of his hope of a glorious inheritance, I then told him that it was very important that he should give all necessary information respecting his friends, and likewise if he had any communication he would like to make. He attempted to do so, when his consciousness ceased, and his power of memory failed him.

"I have," he said, "three brothers, Charles, Thomas, and Alfred."

"Where do they live," I enquired. Immediately he replied—

"Charles lives with the dead, Thomas lives with the beer, and Alfred lives with the books."

Thursday, 5th.—Until past midnight I have been waiting upon our poor dying fellow passenger, who is fast sinking into the hands of death. He is now unable to speak, but appears to be resting upon the Lord; he is conscious. but cannot speak; he is in a fearfully weak and suffering condition of body. The weather is cold and stormy, and our great ship is sailing along in her glory.

Friday 6th.—The sea may now be seen in its majesty and glory. It is a grand sight to behold the mountainous waves upon which we are tossed from one to the other. Mr. Leake is still alive, and that is all. I have been standing by his bed-side for many hours, expecting every moment would be his last. Death has at last triumphed; he is dead. But I have reason to believe that he sleeps in Jesus. He died at half-past 11 a.m., and was buried at half-past 3 o'clock. The Captain requested me to perform the last act in relation to his mortal remains. There was a great crowd present to witness the solemn ceremony of committing the body to the deep. The captain, doctor, officers, and many of the crew were present. It was a solemn scene; the corpse was sewed up in canvas, placed on a board covered by the Union Jack. Directly the service was

concluded, the body was then let down into the deep, deep sea, there to remain until the morning of the resurrection.

I trust that I shall not have to witness another case so distressing, to see a fellow creature, a stranger among strangers, in less than two weeks, cut down like a flower, and then cast into the sea, just 4,000 miles from Melbourne.

WHAT IS LIFE? WHAT IS DEATH? What, but an interest in the Great Redeemer can prepare us for all the after-consequences of a life of sorrow, and a departure therefrom?

"THE HAPPIEST MAN IN LONDON."

WE hope the following narrative recorded by a London City Missionary is quite correct; and if so, it sheweth forth most powerfully, the emptiness of all that the worldly rich man can possess; and the durable and delightful character of that grace which can save unto the uttermost all that are truly brought to the Lord God by faith in Jesus Christ.

Speaking of one aged man living in an attic, the Missionary says:—

"In his youth, and even up to old age, Mr. —— had enjoyed much worldly prosperity. He kept a large establishment both in town and country, and he was possessed of a large amount of influence. But though he was at this time, the owner of a large fortune, yet he was not contented with his lot, and therefore, in order to increase his riches the more speedily, he became a speculator on the Stock Exchange. The Scriptures say that those who haste to be rich shall fall in a snare; thus it was with Mr. ——, for in one speculation he lost upwards of £60,000. Other losses followed, and the result was, that from affluence he was reduced to poverty, and from being the owner of two large establishments, he became the the weekly tenant of a miserable attic in one of the most unhealthy parts of London. In this place he remained several years, brooding over his altered circumstances, cursing his past folly, but without any thought of

the future that was spread out before him. When he attained his eighty-fifth year his wife died, and he was left alone. Now came the great day of his trial—no means, no company, no comforts. his family, many years before had been scattered over various parts of the world, and for some reason or other, he had refused to inform them of his altered circumstances. For some considerable time after his wife's death he wandered about the streets of London like one bereft of his senses. It was in one of these wanderings that he came upon an out-door meeting, conducted by the former missionary of the district.* He was convinced of sin, and was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. After awhile he became a communicant of Mr. Garratt's church, Little Queen street. His delight now is to attend the services of the sanctuary, and though upwards of ninety years of age he may be seen nearly every evening of the week trudging to various places of worship to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. A few weeks ago, in company with Mr. Garratt, I paid him a visit. He had on the Saturday before reached the ninetieth year of his age. His mind was calm, serene and joyful, and he was looking forward with pleasure to that time when he should for ever be with that Saviour who is now all and in all to him. In the course of our visit, he expressed the deep gratitude he felt towards the London City Mission, as being the instrument of his conversion. He told us that he had enjoyed more real happiness since his conversion, notwithstanding all his loneliness and poverty, than he had experienced in all the years of his worldly prosperity; that he continually blessed God, because he had permitted his riches to fly away; that he had that day two roast apples for his dinner. and that he would rather have that, and Christ with it, than he would have his former superfluities without Christ. Several times he assured us that he was the happiest man in London, though it was not long since he was 'of all men most miserable.'"

* He had left his room that evening for the purpose of committing suicide, but was turned from his purpose, by the words "do thyself no harm" spoken by the Missionary.

THE "GOOD NIGHT" OF DEATH,

AND

THE "GOOD MORNING" OF THE RESURRECTION.

IT was in Cave Adullam Stepney, on the occasion of the funeral of the late beloved John Webster, I first heard the above words used so cheerfully. Mr. James Wells was giving the address; in the course of which he made a remark like this: —"It may be said, when the body and soul separate, that the body then says to the soul, well, good night, I am going to rest in the grave now. But in the glorious resurrection, when body and soul shall meet again, then in a cheerful, and noble, and beautiful spirit, will the body say to the soul, "Good morning to you, glad am I to meet you again. "Why," saith the soul to the body, "how much better you look, than when we parted on that dying bed." "Yes," saith the body, "then I was in corruption but now I am raised in incorruption; then I was in dishonour, now I am faised in glory; then I was in weakness, now I am raised in power; then I was only a natural body, but now I am raised a spiritual body. Then, I was of the first man only, which is earthly; but now I am of the second man, being raised by, and one with, and like unto the Lord from heaven. I have indeed borne the image of the earthly; but now I am come to bear the image of the heavenly," Oh, my friend, what a change will that be! Think of such dear suffering saints as brother Samuel Foster, of Sturry. Think of the temptations and crosses here by the way, think of the diseases and distresses which take us down to the grave, and, then, ask, which of Daniel's two states shall be yours and mine. He says: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awaken some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

Four times in the sixth of John, does the Saviour describe the man whom He will raise up at the last day. There is nothing of

greater moment than to see well to it that we are found among them. He says :—

1st. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. And this is the Father's will that hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me, I should lose nothing [mark that "nothing," neither the soul in all its trials, nor the body in all its wastings in the earth,] but should raise it up again at the last day." Are we coming to Him now?

2ndly. "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

Have we, by the life and light-giving grace and power of the Holy Ghost, SEEN, and BELIEVED IN, JESUS THE SON? Have we, by a vital faith, a soul-cleaving, and a heart-crying unto Him? then, the Saviour declares solemnly, He will raise us up at the last day.

3rdly. The blessed Redeemer shews how it is any come to Him. "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Hath the Father's loving-kindness drawn us to the Son? Then our happy resurrection is secured.

Lastly, Christ declares Himself to be the living bread, that is, THE LIFE-GIVER and the LIFE-SUSTAINER of the soul. Hence, he says, "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Faith in His person, obedience, and atoning sacrifice, gives a realizing of life and strength by Him, and is the promised pledge that the "GOOD MORNING" shall be ours when the perfection of Easter-time shall come.

Oh! may we then together meet,
Fall down again at Jesu's feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

So most sincerely prays THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

FOUR THINGS THE LORD'S PEOPLE CANNOT DO.

[FROM A SERMON BY MR. JAMES WELLS.]

"The holy city shall they tread under foot."—Rev. xi. 2.

I THINK by treading under foot the holy city four things are meant. First, the crucifying the Lord Jesus Christ Was not the crucifying of Christ treading under foot the Son of God? Was not that practically counting the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing? Was not that practically doing despite to the Spirit of his grace? The second thing meant is the truth of God. Some of you love the Lord in his eternal choice of your soul to eternal glory; and you may depend upon it that your fellow creatures that are not so favoured hate that truth as heartily as you love it, and hate it they will and must, for Satan will not allow them all the time he keeps the palace, all the time he reigns in their souls, to see their condition. He dreads the thought of the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ shining in unto them. There are plenty of professors who would rather go to a concert, or a theatre, or to some of the lowest places of amusement in London, than they would go where God's truth is. Such is the enmity. Thirdly, it means the people of God. Has not this always been done, and is it not done now? See how the people of God are trodden down by the world. What did they say of the Saviour? Why, he hath a devil; he is mad. Why do you hear him? He is a friend of publicans and harlots. He does not preach practically; he sanctions his disciples plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath day. Do not follow him. Satan worked hard to tread down the truth then, and so he does now. How many thousands of the people of God have been put to death, and their murderers so deluded as to suppose that they were doing God service! Then the fourth thing meant by treading down the city of God is putting down the service of God, and putting something else into the place thereof;—we must not serve God except after their order. But, happy for the people of God, they are brought to

know wherein his service consisteth; they see his face, and they shall serve him and him alone, saying, each of them, I will call no man on earth master of my soul, I will call no man on earth the master of my salvation; I will serve God, I will serve him direct: as saith the apostle, "Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and with godly fear." That I think is the meaning of treading down the holy city. Yet I must make one remark here, and that is this, that these outward court p ople never have been, and never will be, able to so tread down the holy city, the Church of God, as finally to do the slightest injury whatever. There is Jesus Christ, he is not hurt; there are the martyrs in heaven, they are not finally hurt; here are we, we cannot be finally hurt; and there is the service of God, which we shall come to in perfection by and bye. "They shall serve him day and night in his temple;" they shall neither hunger nor thirst. "Nothing shall by any means hurt you;" but all those deluded people will, if grace prevent not, certainly most fatally hurt themselves.

DO NOT ANGELS SOMETIMES BRING SPECIAL WORDS?

MR. JAMES AYLING, of Chiddingfold, sends us a kind note, of which the following is a portion.

Mr. Banks—Dear Sir,—I send you some Cheering Words, Elizabeth Ayling, my dear wife, has been afflicted more than five months; a very great sufferer in the body; but much blest in her soul. It is more than nine years ago, she felt the special favour of God to her soul. She was greatly burdened with her sins. That morning you were coming to Bethel chapel, Hungry hill, Farnham, Surrey. She was so afflicted in her mind that she did not know what to do. We lived in Farnham, and as she was sweeping up the room, she thought some one spoke to her, "Banks has a word for you." She turned herself to see if she could see any one, it was so effective, but she did not see any one. She went up to Bethel in the afternoon to hear you preach; you

spoke from "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." It was a most blessed time to my wife; she was so happy when I got home at night, that she was not like the same person. I perceived her joy. Bethel is a very sacred spot to me. I heard you preach from Exodus xxxiii. 22, "And it shall come to pass, while my glory passes by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand, while I pass by, and I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts." I have a nice thought every time I think of that blessed sermon. It is nine or ten years ago. I was the first that Mr. Cezar baptized at Farnham. My wife was baptized after.

Beside this friend Ayling sends us an account of his beloved wife's great illness; of her happiness in the prospect of death; of her assurance of her salvation by Christ; but whether she has gone home or is still in the body, we cannot tell. She has been greatly comforted. The Lord is her shepherd. Perhaps we may hear more of her another time.

A GOOD WORD FOR A TRIED BELIEVER.

A TRIED believer." What a sentence! How many, near despair, come under such a description of character.

It is many times a hard question, "Do I believe with the heart unto righteousness?" Is mine, the fâith of the operation of the Spirit of God? From a most precious volume, entitled "The Cottage Preacher," by the Rev. Henry Watts, and published by Elliot Stock, the following little note is taken

When the great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, was being helped up stairs by a friend, a short time prior to his death, he suddenly paused, and uttered these remarkable words:—"This is the gospel—He that believeth *shall* be saved. Now in order to the truth of this declaration every believer *must* be saved. If in the last day the great enemy finds one single soul not saved who ever believed the gospel, he would take that individual, present

him to the Judge, and to the immense assembly, and say, the gospel is not true, He would then take the *lost believer* all through the regions of the Pandemonium, and exhibit him in triumph to devils and the damned. But that," said he with peculiar energy, "shall never be, no: *never;* NEVER: NEVER." Christmas Evans was right:

JOHN NEWTON, POOR CRIPPLE.

The chosen poor are known by being "poor in spirit" as well as "poor in pocket," and the only meritorious sufferings on which they rely are those of their Redeemer. What a mercy it is to be amongst *these* poor, these distinguished characters of the earth! God hath conferred on them his noblest honours. What if they are at times steeped in poverty? what if they are on some occasions pinched with want? what if they are found dwelling in garrets, or cellar-kitchens, or even "poor-houses?" What if they are overlooked, or despised, or down-trodden by the wealthy or powerful oppressor? They are *for all this* the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

"The poor shall wear the immortal crown,
That decks few brows of high renown,
And vilest sinners be forgiven,
To raise the loudest songs in heaven."

Honest poverty is no crime. If God is pleased to make us low, to keep us low, and prevent us, by blasting our earthly schemes, from making our rest here, shall we repine? No, let us rather with bared brow look up to heaven, and say, with grateful hearts, *Father, we thank thee that thou hast not given us our portion here, to work out our damnation hereafter?*" It was Newton who said, "If an angel were sent from heaven to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thought of himself than others think of him." And in all probability, Newton was right. The other day the writer visited a

poor old woman who might have been sister to Newton's "cripple." In addition to her many trials and poverty, the Lord laid her on a sick bed, and what said she then? She said, "I have often thought as I lay in bed, that if I had the Queen's dominions and were destitute of Jesus, what good would all do me? And then I thought that if I had but a crust of bread, and a pitcher of water, *and* Christ, that would be plenty." There was philosophy of the highest stamp, and attained too by a poor, illiterate, suffering Christian woman.

HAPPY END OF WILLIAM ELLIOTT.

[FROM THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.]

NEVER having taken any notes of what fell from the lips of our dear friend during his illness, a period of two months, this little memoir must necessarily be very brief and imperfect When it was first intimated to him that his medical attendant thought him in great danger, but did not like to tell him so, a slight flush overspread his countenance, and he quietly replied, "I think it best one should be told." At this time it was thought he might be taken at any moment; his complaint being on the lungs, there were fears lest a violent fit of coughing might prove fatal. During the first month of his illness, his mind was generally peaceful, stayed upon the Lord, though he said he had not so much of His presence as he could wish. At intervals, he was very much tried. He sometimes remarked how liable we are to forget that Christ's was a finished work. Alluding to two little boys, who, having lost their mother, fell into temptation, but were at length delivered from it, and used this expression, "Get away, thou wicked sprite," he said, "I often use those words, when Satan comes with his suggestions. He often tells me I shall open my eyes in hell. I am obliged to answer that I should then say, God is unfaithful. But no; I know He cannot be unfaithful." At another time, "He who has helped me in six troubles, will not leave me in the seventh."

Soon after this, the clergyman of his native village (to whom

he was much attached in the Lord, having profited by his ministrations) visited him. He was greatly overcome by his kindness in having travelled so far to see him, and enjoyed his visit as much as his little strength would admit; but it must not be forgotten that sometimes he could scarcely speak for hours. The Lord's Supper was administered to him by his kind friend and pastor. In speaking of it afterwards, he said, "I felt I could say, '*For me.*'" Subsequently, he received it from the clergyman of the parish where he then was, and shortly after repeated to a friend Mark xiv. 25. This proved to be his last communion on earth. To one who was not present at the time, he said, "I was very comfortable, only coughed two or three times. He who strengthens on the bed of languishing strengthened me; that Divine Supporter is ever around and about my path." Once, when he had been lying quite still, apparently exhausted, he repeated the text, "He brought me to the banqueting house. and His banner over me was was love," adding, "Thou wilt strengthen him upon the bed of languishing." Another time, he said, "I was just thinking I shall soon have rest, and it made me so happy I could not help smiling to myself." When so weak he would say, "I cannot think. I cannot pray, and yet I think it is prayer." His gratitude for any little attention or kindness shown him was remarkable. He was often requested not to express his thanks when his breath was so short; but he never could be prevailed upon to omit it, if he could possibly speak. At times he was unable, but he would then open his eyes, if previously closed, and gave one of those grateful smiles that can never be forgotten. Naturally, he had a very amiable, cheerful, and loving disposition; and, as a Christian, it is believed that very few reflect their Saviour's image more perfectly.

About the middle of his illness, his eldest brother, who resided at a considerable distance, came to see him. He was greatly moved by God's goodness in permitting them to meet again. While they were together, he said, "I have just had such a beautiful thought. that Jesus will soon come, and take His lamb home. Satan said it was pride; but, oh, I know it was not!"

Near this time he was severely tried on two or three occasions. The remark had been previously made to him that, "Death to the believer is but a falling asleep in the arms of Infinate Love." He thought himself dying, and exclaimed in great anguish, "This is not gently falling asleep!" Texts of Scripture and verses of hymns were read, from which he appeared to gain some comfort, It is particularly remembered how he looked up when the words were read, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." When speaking of this conflict, he said, "I don't know how to express it; but it seemed as if there was nothing." After a similar season of depression, he said, "I think I forgot my heavenly Father." At another time, "He has the keys;' evidently taking comfort in the thought that nothing could befall him but what was ordained in infinite wisdom and love.

But these trying seasons were but few, and the last month of his life he seemed a living confirmation of the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." His child-like trust and confidence in his heavenly Father, and gratitude for his many mercies, was beautiful to behold. He very frequently said, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

On receiving a letter from his second brother, who is residing abroad, and from whom he had not heard for some time, he was overwhelmed with thankfulness. He had many letters from Christian friends, which was a source of great enjoyment to him. After reading one from a young man, with whom he had spent a few weeks, he said, "What a privilege it is to live with such an one." He sent a Bible to another, for whom he had a great regard, and accompanied it with a few lines written by himself, in trembling characters. September 8th was his birthday. He remarked that it had been his wish he might live so long, but had not allowed himself to think much of it, for fear it might excite him. There was more than individual interest connected with it, as his twin brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, was living with him, and they would share mutually the congratulations of their friends. He asked for some roses to be gathered, to be

sent to some who were much interested in him, and was pleased when told they intended pressing them. It gave him pleasure to think of living in the memories of those left behind; and he watched with much interest a slip of geranium, that had been sent him, with some beautiful blossoms, and had been planted in the hope of its striking root. His resignation to the will of God as to the issue of his illness, was the more striking, as he was not like one weary of life, though he had suffered from ill-health and continued trial for years, Earth was to him a pleasant place, as he once expressed it in the following lines:

"God's will be done,
God's will is best;
Earth is a pleasant place,
But not our rest."

To him truly, "to live was Christ, to die was gain."

A friend once said to him, "You are not anxious to recover, are you?" His reply was, "Whichever is God's will." On hearing the bell ringing for divine service, he remarked more than once, I don't think I shall ever hear it again." Thh pleasure with which he anticipated each returning Sabbath was very great: he so much enjoyed the quiet of that holy day. His reverent manner was exceedingly impressive. It will never be forgotten how he once spoke of the words, "*The Lord Jehovah.*"

Of poetry he was very fond, and observed, "What a gift of God to man." The hymn commencing, "I lay my sins on Jesus," was a special favourite. Also another, "When languor and disease invade." He would frequently repeat two lines—

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but His."

Of the last verse of the hymn beginning, "How firm a foundation," &c., he often spoke. It is as follows:—

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes,
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Many others, too numerous to mention, were very precious to him. One more must be named—

> "Oh, cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint,
> Though worn with chastening, be not faint;
> And, though thy night of pain seem long,
> Trust in the Lord, in Him be strong.
> He marks, He numbers every tear,
> Not one faint sigh escapes His ear," &c.

He used to remark so nicely on the Lord's pity for His children (Psalm ciii. 13), and, in speaking of the disciples going to Emmaus, said he had often thought how glad they must have been when they found it was the Lord with whom they had been communing. He told a friend who visited him, and prayed and read on two occasions, that he sometimes fed on a little text for hours. Referring to these visits, he said, "They are such little helps by the way." On being asked if he would like another friend to come and see him again, he replied, "Yes, very much. I like to see those who are treading the same rough and rugged but sure and safe path." It was about seven years before his death when he was first convinced of sin, a severe affliction being blessed to that end.

Alluding to his mother, who died rejoicing in Jesus, sixteen years since, he said, that he believed her prayers had been heard on his behalf. He spoke of his belief in God's everlasting choice of him, in terms which plainly showed how fully he felt his salvation to be all of grace, from first to last. The words, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy sins," were applied with Divine power to his soul; but it is not quite certain how long subsequent to his first being brought to seek the Lord; doubtless, it was more than four years since, for, during a severe illness as long ago as that, he was, to use the expression of his kind pastor, "longing to go up higher." It is right, also, to mention that he spoke of some conversations this kind friend had with him, which were much blessed to his soul.

To be concluded.

A FEW LINES

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAR AND LAMENTED PASTOR, THE LATE MR. JOHN WEBSTER.

The Hero 's departed,
His labour is done ;
The battle is over,
The victory 's won.
Now more than victorious,
With yonder bright throng,
He sings, all triumphant,
The conqueror's song.

Bold champion for truth,
The world did oppose ;
But, Jesus ne'er left him,
He vanquish'd his foes.
Oft Satan oppress'd him,
And caused him to fight ;
But faith in his Saviour,
Put Satan to flight.

Uphold by the Spirit,
The word of the Lord
Was sharp and dividing,
A two-edged sword.
He 'd cut thro' the flesh,
And all creature trust ;
And all man's uprightness,
He 'd lay in the dust.

Brave soldier of Jesus,
His war cry alone,
Was trust in His master,
Whose blood did alone
For sins past and present,
Whatever their sum
The Saviour of sinners,
God's crucified Son.

His labour now ended,
He's gone to his rest ;
At home in those mansions,
Prepared for the blest.
No more severe fighting,
No trials with sin ;
No conflicts with Satan,
Nor struggles within.

Oh, hear the Great Captain,
King Jesus, exclaim,
My servant has come thro'
Temptations and pain ;
Been faithful in service,
Courageous in strife,
And valiant in all things
Pertaining to life.

Draw near, faithful servants
Thy valour I own ;
In reward for thy service
I give thee a crown,
Surpassing in beauty,
More costly than gold,
Its gems will ne'er tarnish ;
'Twill never grow old.

Now all that is mortal,
Lies under the clod,
The spirit has fled to
Its Maker and God.
Soon we shall be with him,
And help him to sing,
The praises of Jesus,
Our Saviour and King.

March 11th, 1868.

A MEMBER AT THE CAVE.

London: Printed by ROBERT BANKS, 4, Crane-court, Fleet-street, E.C. Published by Mrs. PAUL, Chapter-house court, Paternoster row, E.C., and sold by most Booksellers.—Price One Halfpenny.

Cheering Words

FOR MAY, 1868.

SCENES OF SORROW AND OF JOY,
OR,
REFLECTIONS UPON RECENT JOURNEYS.

By "The Village Preacher.

MR. CHAPPELL, of Southampton, in his new volume, *Essays and Poems*, has a sweet little cluster of verses, two of which suit me this Saturday morning, April 18th, 1868, as I am following an elephant steamer to the city of Hereford. He says:

"Though darkness appear, o'erwhelming with fear,
I yet on my Jesus will rest;
Since in His own time, He'll brilliantly shine,
And prove it was all for the best.
Though demons should roar, and frighten me sore,
Whilst by them I'm greatly oppress't;
Still Jesus appears, to conquer my fears,
And shows me 'tis all for the best."

It is easy enough for such poetic minds as Pastor Chappell to make nice verses, but when I am "overwhelmed with fear" I find nature cannot then comfortably conclude "It is all for the best." On the 22nd of March, I was favoured to speak twice in Brother Holmes's "Lothian-road Chapel," Camberwell. Some peculiarly comforting thoughts I there enjoyed from two things: first, the two great companies which Nehemiah appointed to

"give thanks." They represented, to my mind, the Church of God divided at present into two companies, one in heaven, the other yet upon the earth. Ere long the two companies will form one body, one family, one choir, one immense army, all united unto their Living Head, and uniting in one holy anthem—

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus,"

"There," as *The Rainbow* writer says—

"There, from the Throne of Him, the great I AM;
And Him, the smitten and co-equal LAMB,
Rolls down, instinct with Light's essential beam,
In crystal clearness, LIFE's eternal stream;
Upon its banks, where flowers of beauty twine,
Smiles in perennial bloom, THE TREE OF LIFE divine.
* * * * *
No curse shall ere deform that region fair,
The Throne of GOD, and of the LAMB is there."

The other point of spiritual comfort to my mind was the reception the Prodigal met with at the hands of his father. "*When he came to himself*," was a sentence powerfully expressive to my soul. Alas! alas! ever since Adam fell there are, comparatively speaking, but very few who are really at home in their minds. Legions of unclean and of rebellious spirits enter and possess the minds of the children of men; they are led captive by the great enemy, and into the defiling mire of time, or the dreadful misery of eternity, they fall. In the case of the Prodigal I saw the grace of God leading to four good steps homeward and heavenward.

1. REFLECTION.—He thought of his father's house.
2. A FIRM RESOLUTION.—"I will arise, and go to my father."
3. A REAL REPENTANCE —"I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight," &c. &c.
4. THE HAPPY RESTING-PLACES, and SOURCES of REJOICING, into which he entered."

"*The best robe*" covers all his shame, and renders him perfectly righteous in "the home of his father." How dignifying and de-

lightful appears the command, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him!" The ring of eternal union, the shoes of sound and safe walking, the feast of the fatted calf, and the merry-making of all the household (the eldest son excepted), show forth the holy and happy conquests grace achieveth when it undertakes to recover and to restore even such an one as the Prodigal Son. Oh, that our Churches might often realise such glorious seasons in the conversion and communion of poor sinners saved in the Lord! I am now travelling, preaching in many places; but I desire to see some of these unmistakeable signs of the wondrous power of God. Oh, Lord! do send the living word, by thine all-life-creating SPIRIT. Then shall the Saviour's Name be great, and many saints rejoice.

I saw several whom I was glad to see in Brother Holmes's Chapel; my sons, my Sunday-school labourers, the devoted Stimsons, the Lovegroves, the Morgans, the Moss's, and many beside. To gather together the dispersed tribes, and to be a happy little shepherd over and with them, would be joyful to me, but "Thy will be done."

On March 25th, the South-Western Railway took me to Winchester. I had profitable converse with the Pastor Holland and one or two of his friends; also some who worship in the Church of England. I felt a strong desire that in the good old city of Winchester a prosperous Church of New Testament principles might soon be raised. The Lord hasten it in his time.

Southampton is a noble town; but the section to which I belong is not favoured there. We had a season of freedom and fellowship in the Gospel; and in Brother Chappell's parsonage I was well provided, for I saw a most handsome Bible, the editorship of which had been entrusted to him. In fact, he is quite a literary man; and in his good wife he has a cheerful help-meet; and they can both sing the 103rd Psalm, and then commit their way unto the Lord.

Passing through Portsmouth I lodged one night with my beloved brother John, and then I made my way to Brockenhurst, a large village in the New Forest, where I enjoyed the service of the Lord very much. Two good men met me at the station on

on behalf of another individual of this species is from the pen of Mr. William H. Cordeaux, in the *Zoologist*, p. 2798:—Living in the city portion of the great metropolis of London, I observed, one afternoon, in the aperture generally left for the cellar, or kitchen window, when underground, an unfledged house sparrow, incapacitated from flying to any distance, which had been inadvertently precipitated down this same dungeon, across which, in an oblique direction, was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the surface; the mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps, her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part both of parent and offspring for the regaining of the latter's lost position; each and all proved futile and unavailing. I looked on with a degree of pleasurable excitement, mixed with fear and anxiety, lest the drama should be incomplete, by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child; but no, Nature's inculcated ways on these points are perfect and all-sufficient, as most beautifully this case proves; for although each new proposal seemed to be blasted in the carrying out, at length the intelligent creature, after considering for a moment, flies away, returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few seconds on the edge; then conceive my delight, when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning, no doubt, the particulars of the project, climbs to the farthest end of the bar next the ground, receives the proffered straw in its beak, and is raised, to my breathless and unspeakable astonishment, to the earth, on which its now delighted mother stands.

OUR SHEPHERD'S CARE OF HIS FLOCK.

THE Shepherd's guidance of his flock is toward the providing for them plenty and peace. His mind is ever occupied with the superintendence of his tender charge. He conducts them onward, where they shall find abundant supplies. They shall not want. He maketh them to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth them beside the still waters. Francis Davidson, an Elizabethan

poet, has not inelegantly versified David's psalm, concerning the believer's safe keeping:—

"God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd kind and heedful,—
Is my shepherd, and doth keepe
Me his sheepe
Still supplied with all things needfull.

"He feedes me in fieldes which haue beene
Fresh and greene,
Mottled with spring's flowry painting;
Through which creepe with murmuring crookes
Christall brookes,
To refresh my spirit's fainting."

Following their Shepherd, the Flock meet with "green pastures. Mundane things fade, like flowers, in the hand that grasps them; but for them are incorruptible possessions. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." We take of this world's meat and drink, and we use them only to find their insufficiency; inasmuch as our necessities soon reveal themselves again. But there is meat that endureth unto everlasting life, and which the Son of Man only can give us. He is the bread of life. Whoso cometh to Him shall never hunger, and whoso believeth in Him shall never thirst. And the Footsteps of the Flock are conducted beside "the still waters," or "waters of quietness," as is the marginal rendering. A contrast cannot be greater, than if we think first of the Sea, roaring, troubled, and shaking the very mountains with the swelling of its gigantic billows; and then depicture to our imagination a Stream, lighted by the sunshine, and sending forth its clear, calm waters for the refreshment of bright flowering meadows. The world and its storms are indicated by the first image; and, in the second, we are shown the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, that proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. By the marge of that river the Redeemed shall find their everlasting rest.

Should their "footsteps" be turned out of the way, and any of

the Flock wander from Him, the Shepherd's anxiety is proportionably awakened. He goeth after that which is lost, until He finds it. Weak and weary, the erring sheep will be found unable of itself to return. In such a case, He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing; and, bearing all its weight and infirmity, He bringeth it home. Salvation, by grace, is here typified. "He restoreth my soul," thankfully said David. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." Perhaps the Psalmist penned these words of praise in the view of his own tremendous transgressions; and, with godly repentance not to be repented of, manifested that he loved much, and that much had been forgiven to him.

Such are the Chief Shepherd's ministrations for his people, and the sheep of his pasture. He provides for them, He protects them, He preserves them; and with His own gentle hand He conducts them throughout their pilgrimage. In the words of Krummacher:—

"Ja fährwahr! uns führt mit sanften Hand
Ein Hirt durch Pilger-land."

Often, indeed, is the Pilgrim Land found to be a place of darkness and gloominess; and the Flock shudder if they discover it to be such. Their "footsteps" tremble, as they follow their Shepherd's; when He causes them to "pass under the rod." Let them not, even then, fear nor be dismayed. He doeth all things well; and His gracious intentions are to "bring them into the bond of the covenant" (Ezekiel xx. 37), "that they may be holy unto the Lord" (Levit. xxvii. 32). The "rod" in sanctifying affliction will do no harm. It is among the promises (Psalm lxxxix. 32) of the new covenant.

The time will come when they must walk through the valley of the shadow of Death. A horror of great darkness may be permitted at such a time to fall upon them. The terrors of death may be theirs, and their heart be pained within them at the thoughts of dissolution. Wherein shall comfort be found? Chiefly in the companionship of their Divine Guide, who will watch over them and keep them. "I will fear no evil," trustingly said David.

THE CONVERSION OF AN AGED RECTOR.

I SUPPOSE that new book written by an Irish clergyman, the Rev. G. R. Wynne, called "The Curate of West Norton" (and published by S. W. Partridge), is a narrative of real facts. I have purposed to give a lecture on its various incidents, which lecture I would call "A Journey from Oxford to Rome, and from Rome to Heaven—a Plea for the Protestant Faith;" for it is exactly such a journey that this book describes.

In a large village for very many years a rector had lived what might be termed a moral life, for the most part busying himself with his farm, his garden, and his family. The salvation of his own soul, or the welfare of the souls of his parishioners, had scarcely ever entered with any force into his mind.

DUTY was his word. He was called upon to read prayers, to write and to read a sermon, and the Church prescribed how all this was TO BE DONE. All this he continued TO DO. There his duty began, there it ended. At length he found the Church nearly empty; and on consulting with his wife and daughters, it was proposed to have a young High-Church curate from Oxford, hoping thereby to do three things:—first, to gather in a good congregation; secondly, to have the sick and the poor visited, a part of his duty which he had much neglected; and thirdly, to counteract, to some extent, the zealous labours of a devoted Wesleyan minister, by the name of Brown, who was actually getting all the people to hear him, instead of going to Church.

The young curate was sent for, and the young curate came. He soon turned the Church into a highly Ritualistic place; and after failing to carry his efforts to such an amount of success as he desired, he went right over to Rome. This made a dreadful stir in the village; this fearfully upset the rector and his family; but it really was overruled, we may hope, for good to the old clergyman, to one of his daughters, and to not a few of his parishioners. I have thought the manner in which this change in the rector's soul and in his ministry was brought about, discovers

something so solemnly, yet cheerfully, grand, that it ought to have a place in "CHEERING WORDS."

A neighbouring clergyman took advantage of the flight of the young curate to Rome, to call upon the venerable rector. Several visits were made. Those which appear more honoured by the Lord are thus described.

After a few general remarks on the all-absorbing question, Mr. Sampson (the good neighbour) said to the old rector, "I am pained at what has occurred, but would it not be a happy thing out of this evil to educe good by seeking the blessing of the Lord on every future step?"

"Indeed," said the rector, "I was never in such a plight in my life. When I got the young curate here I did it for the best. But I know better now."

Mr. Sampson said, "You know now, I trust, that it is the Lord Jesus whose will and truth alone is to be consulted in such an awfully solemn step as seeking for a fellow-labourer in His Church. All who love the Saviour must needs feel that it is necessary to choose a man who really love Him."

The rector rather blushingly said, "I am sure we all love Him; at least I hope so. But how to set about getting a new curate I do not know."

Mr. Sampson took the opportunity here of applying a most important question, "HAS THE LORD JESUS, THE GREAT AND CHIEF PASTOR, *become dear to you—so dear that you would lay down your life* FOR HIM, AS HE DID FOR YOU?"

This question, I cannot doubt, was both indited and applied by the SPIRIT of the living God.

The rector was confounded. The strong man who had kept all the inside goods in a death-like false peace was now disturbed. What to say the poor old rector could not tell.

This hesitation only encouraged Mr. Sampson. His heart grew hot with intense desire to be useful to the rector's soul, and in a more forcible strain he applied himself to the work.

I cannot in one number give the particulars of the rector's conversion; but I intend to continue it, and so exceedingly applicable and suitable is the whole of this history to the present state of

things in England, and so rich in material is this narrative for showing a false confidence as standing in direct opposition to a living, a labouring, a prevailing faith, that I would be glad if I had the power of sounding out the notes of this marvellous chain of events in every village in the kingdom. If I cannot do that, I will try and do the best I can to give it to the readers of "CHEERING WORDS;" and if, in their churches, chapels, schools, and lecture halls, they can get this tale circulated as I give it in this little monthly, they may be useful to some. To have a heart really desiring to do good; to have a hand directed and strengthened in a good service, are blessings rich indeed. To all such favoured Christians is that word spoken, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Have you, kind reader, a heart beating for some field of useful labour? Take this "CHEERING WORDS" tract, and read it, or get it read. "Who can tell?"

More of the rector next month.

THE GOOD THINGS OF THAT OTHER LIFE.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

SO said Paul, and so say I. But what a glorious thing it is to look forward to that other life, and yet how seldom do we hear the awaiting glory spoken of. Are we not a people who profess to find all our good "afterwards?" Do we not believe that in dying we go to the very presence of Jesus, to be for ever inmates of his home, and sharers of his glory?

Oh, how my heart has thrilled at the thought of hearing his voice, the very voice that recognised Mary at the Sepulchre.

Oh, very precious is it now
To bend beneath his footstool low,
  And listen to his speaking;
How shall I bear it when I rise,
And hear along the silent skies,
  His own sweet welcome breaking?

I have had many precious moments while listening to or joining in the song of the redeemed below; but when I think of the singing up there, I burst out in triumph,

My heart with grateful gladness brims,
And earth's last tie is riven;
For Jesus will compose the hymns
That I shall sing in heaven.

And there shall be no sin in that singing.

There shall each note that soundeth forth my praise,
Be banished from the lyre, while from the strings
Of blending gold in everlasting frames,
I shall pour forth my whelming gratitude,
In strains that cannot fail to please his ear.

We shall never know the rapture-giving fulness there is in song till we reach where the murmuring chords are all struck out. Here,

We sing of the weariness of earth,
Of the doubts that cover heaven,
Of the darkness hovering round our path,
Which is very seldom even.
As if untrod,
Were the paths of God,
Where the sunlight of mercy blazes.
Oh for the song,
Where the whole blest throng,
Sing praises to God, sing praises.

Our preachers and writers seem to forget the reality of the blessedness of heaven, and, it strikes me, 'tis because the mortal mind cannot comprehend it. Oh how surprised we shall be, even those of us who have thought most of it, to wake up and find ourselves looking at Jesus, while, with a force we are now unable to bear, comes rushing o'er the soul full consciousness that,—

The deep sense of gladness for dangers all past,
The joy of God's first smile, for ever will last.

Will not some of the poor, way-weary saints take comfort, then, from the anticipation of the good things of that other life? Yes, yes, I know all about the doubting and the sadness of earth; but I know, too, that so surely as we now mourn the absence of our

best beloved, so surely shall our eyes see the King in his beauty; so surely shall we be where we shall not sorrow any more at all; where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. That this cheering prospect may invigorate the soul of some sorrowing one, is the sincere prayer of one who feels its preciousness.

MARY ANN CHAPLIN.

Great Baddon, Essex.

HAPPY END OF WILLIAM ELLIOTT.

[FROM THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.]

Concluded from page 63.

IT is somewhat remarkable, that, about three weeks before his death, he said, "Perhaps it may appear rather strange, but by my left side I seem to have a stone; on it is written, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins.' It is such a comfort to me." He was asked somewhat later if it was still present to his mind. He replied, "Yes," and spoke of it more fully than he had done before. It causes one's mind to revert to Rev. ii. 17. When any were spoken of who lived ungodly lives, he would say, "Praise God, who has made us to differ; never forget that," and sometimes repeated Psalm li; His great patience under suffering was particularly observable, but never more so than at the closing scene. His doctor was astonished that his life was so prolonged, and could only account for it, naturally, on the ground that his mind was so quiet and peaceful, He was heard to repeat, "Let patience have her perfect work." His thoughts were much on the joys of heaven. After a piece had been read, in which mention was made of the recognition of friends in a future state, he said, "We must leave that," evidently not wishing to pry into what God has not seen fit clearly to reveal.

The last three days of his life he could scarcely be said to have

had an hour's rest. On the Sunday, the day before he breathed his last, after the doctor had left, he asked what he said about him. The reply was, "He does not think you quite so w ll to-day." Sometime previous, his throat and mouth were very sore. He was anxious to know if anything could be done for his relief. As it was the thrush, only a simple remedy could be used. Speaking of it afterwards, he said with, the most placid smile, "I knew, when the doctor could prescribe nothing more than that, it was an incurable sore throat." On the evening of the day above mentioned, one said to him, "I wish I could do something to relieve you.' He replied—

"'The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.'"

Also, "If I had had nothing more to lean on than this world can give, what should I have done to-day?" Late in the evening, being a little revived, he said to a friend sitting by him," "I wish I could talk to you; but all I wish to say, you will find in God's holy word." The following Scriptures were read, which he seemed to enjoy very much: Rev. xiv. 13; John xix. 2. 3; Isa. xliii. 2, 3; 2 Cor. vi. 1; Rev. viii. 13 to the end. At eleven o'clock, not noticing any decided change, his brother, retired for rest. When bidding him "Good night," he said, in the most emphatic manner, "God bless you; God bless us ALL." Shortly after, the restlessness which so often precedes dissolution became more apparent, and at three his brother was called. Though his sufferings were very intense, he was most truly patient and even spoke cheerfully about the vain endeavours made to arrange his pillows more comfortably. His kind consideration during this night of suffering lest those waiting on him should be tired or cold (the window of his room being always open), can never be erased from the memory. Throughout the whole of his illness his mind never wandered for any moment, but was always as calm and collected as that of a person in perfect health. This being the case, his amiable manners and utter unselfishness made his room seem more like a pleasant retreat than a sick chamber. About four o'clock, his pains increasing greatly, he exclaimed,

"Oh, my heavenly Father in Christ, give me patience! Lord, help, me!" One said to him, "You feel He is with you, do you not?" He replied, "Yes, yes." He was noticed at one time to be silently praying with his hands clasped, and his eyes looking upwards, as if pleading for strength to bear up. He became still worse about five, and the doctor was sent for, hoping some relief could be afforded. After a considerable time the extreme pain was greatly alleviated, and, looking up, he smiled his thanks in the most touching manner for what had been done. As the doctor was leaving the room, he said, "Thank you, praise God." At this time one who had been with him during the night left for a short time. He thanked her, and wished her good-bye in his usual affectionate manner. Little did she think she would never hear his voice again on earth! In less than half an hour, there were symptoms of the violent pain returning, but they soon subsided. His brother was by his side and a friend who had been with him constantly was at a little distance from his bed, to whom he put out his hand, and, calling her by name, said, "Good-bye." These were the last words he uttered. Immediately after, the friend returned, who had not left quite half-an-hour. It is believed that, though he could not speak, he knew her, from the expression of his countenance. From this time till his death, which took place in about three-quarters of an hour, there was apparently no more suffering or pain; indeed there could not have been, it was the most gentle change that can be imagined. His eyes were beautifully bright and clear, and his features as peacefully calm as those of an infant going to sleep. It was not known when he drew his last breath, so quietly and peacefully did his ransomed spirit

"wing its way,
To realms of everlasting day

The countenance after death was lovely and serene, so that it might be truly said of him, that he was beautiful in death; or might one not rather say in the words of the poet,

"Call it not death, its sting is gone:
It is accession to a throne—
A chariot sent from heaven to bring
The ransomed spirit to its King?"

DEAN ALFORD ON THE "LOT OF LIFE."

THE following lines are from *Our Own Fire-side*. One would hardly believe a man so highly favoured could indite words so expressive of a heart resigned in sorrow. To many they will be seasonable,—

I know not if the dark or bright
  Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hope delight
  Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
  Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
  On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
  With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
  Be strange to me.

My barque is wafted to the strand
  By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a Hand
    Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
  I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
  I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
  I shall not fall,
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
  He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land,
  The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
  Far into bliss.

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Cheering Words

FOR JUNE, 1868.

BETHLEHEM AND JERUSALEM.

THE REV. GEORGE FISK, in *Our Own Fireside*, says, "The time for our departure from Bethlehem drew near. It was an absorbing train of thought which took possession of my mind as I mounted for my journey. Many a weary mile had I travelled under the burning sun of Africa, and amidst the dreary desolation of the trackless deserts of Arabia; and now, thought I, with a grateful adoring recollection of mercies innumerable, and a hope too strong for utterance—now—in a brief space—before yonder sun shall sink to his western home—'Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem,'

"Passing slowly along the narrow streets of Bethlehem amidst the crowded population, who seemed to be all abroad, we made our exit by the gate at which we had entered; and our route lay, for some time, down a winding and terraced road of steep declivity, which helped us to obtain an accurate idea of the noble and commanding position of the august city we were quitting. Fig and olive plantations, in great luxuriance, hung on every part of the hill slopes; and, bathed in the warm sunlight, presented a lovely picture.

"Having mastered this part of our way, we turned nearly northward, and entered upon a more level but extremely rugged mule-and-camel path, between the stone walls of fig and olive groves. On reaching higher ground, we were enabled, here and there, eastward, to catch glimpses of the Dead Sea, shut in by

the mountains of Moab. In that direction all appear arid, brown, and barren. For some distance the road is a continuous ascent.

"When distant about half an hour from Bethlehem, the traveller inquires—'What is yonder square white-washed building of Turkish structure, surmounted by a dome, and occupying its position on the left, not far from the main way?' The answer is ready, 'It is the tomb of Rachel—the Mother of Israel.' It may be so, though the present building is evidently modern, and Mohammedan. The Turks can have no motive for palming an error upon us on this subject. That the place of Rachel's interment is not far from thence is quite clear; for we read—'And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.'

"I press onwards beyond the convent of Mar Elias on the the right, up the rugged pass to an elevated spot, midway, or nearly so, between Bethlehem and the Holy City—from whence, as during all the previous ascent, the view of Bethlehem, its fine position, and its surrounding territory, is charming, and exciting.

"While frequently looking back, I could not but cherish a frequent reccurrence of the reflection, that to the marvellous transaction of which that ancient city was the honoured scene, the lines of prophecy had all been tending, from the moment in which Jehovah declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; and then, while looking northwards, I inquired, 'What is yonder dark, low ridge of building in the distance?' and was told that my eyes were then resting on the Holy City, Jerusalem! I felt it was indeed something worth toiling and travelling for, to have behind me and before me the two most venerable spots in the whole world—the one in which 'the seed of the woman,' God manifest in the flesh, stood forth girt about with the weapons of a terrible warfare; and the other, where, in the might of redemption, He bruised the serpent's head, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. As I gazed

upon both, I felt—oh, how deeply!—the faithfulness of God, who had thus realized in Christ, and brought to a full fruition, the first hope of rescue and restoration that ever gleamed upon a sin-bound and apostate world.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! My eyes were indeed resting on its dim and distant reality. I can see the Holy City now—how distinctly! I had no emotions, none of those overwhelming gushings of the heart, which more enthusiastic travellers have experienced. If I recall my sensations rightly, they partook, more than anything else, of a calm, peaceful, and adoring assurance, that what God had promised for me in Eden, when the first Adam stood guilty and confounded before Him, He had really fulfilled for me there, in that sacred spot which lay before me, in the Person of the Second Adam, the Lord from heaven. And though time may deaden, and sorrow may darken, the retrospective visions of the soul as to all other things, yet nothing short of an oblivious quenching of the powers of memory will erase the recollections of that moment and that scene. And now, while standing on the ground of hope, which belongs to the whole 'Israel of God' in Christ I can take up the song in the house of my pilgrimage, and say—

Jerusalem! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me:
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, in peace, in thee?

"I remember how, after a brief pause, we rode on in silence—a silence in itself affecting. It was a time in which no man would intrude upon the thoughts and feelings of another. Even our attendant Arabs were silent. The tide of sacred history flowed massively through my mind; and its events from the beginning to the end, with all their grandeur and magnificence, seemed to pass before me with a wonderful sense of reality. I had journeyed onwards from the scene of Israel's bondage and deliverance to the spot where a more terrible captivity was destroyed, and a nobler deliverance achieved.

"When we first came within sight of Jerusalem, it was distant about five miles; and from that point of view seemed to occupy a small space in the midst of a wide, arid plain, round which gently rising slopes, rather than hills, seemed to be gathered. I thought of the passage, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even for ever,' and felt a sense of disappointment at the picture. But this, like most impressions hastily taken, was erroneous. I had not then arrived at the proper point of sight to obtain an accurate notion either of the city or its surrounding mountains. As seen at such a distance, but little more was apparent than a seemingly low, straight, embattled wall, with a few inconsiderable buildings, and here and there a small dome, and a palm tree or two—the greater part of the city, northward and north-eastward, being invisible. But still it was Jerusalem—not such as when David and Solomon, in the fulness of their royal glory, bare rule amidst its thousands; or when Titus marched in the pride of Roman power, or when the ploughshare had passed over, and rooted up its foundations; but—it was Jerusalem, 'trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.' From this point the road was level and good for Palestine, and continued in a gentle descent. How the feet of buried generations have trodden it! How many a patriarch and prophet, how many a pilgrim and burning-hearted crusader, has familiarized himself with the aspect of every object. And, perhaps, this very road was once marked by the footsteps of the incarnate Son of God.

"As we advanced nearer, the city assumed her proper position, and the relative objects about her were such as Scripture narrative would lead us to expect. The Psalmist says: 'Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together' (or at unity with itself;) and such is precisely the idea which even now the mind conceives of it, occupying as it does the summit and sides of a distinct and separate rocky elevation, surrounded for the most part by a bold and deep valley; presenting, as it were, an almost natural fortification, surrounded by massive walls, though not at

present altogether worthy of the commanding position which they occupy. In front of us rose up the majestic heights of Mount Zion. At their westward base lay the valley of Gihon, bending off towards the valley of the son of Hinnom, and the decayed village of Siloam, to which the Mount of Offence and part of the Mount of Olives formed the back ground. Having reached the lowest point of descent, we wound our way slowly up towards the left, in order to enter at the Yafia, or Bethlehem gate.

"At length the weary pilgrimage was accomplished. On the hundred and third day after quitting my native shores, I stood, in health, peace, and safety, a candidate for admission into the Holy City. It seemed almost to shadow forth to the imagination the Christian's pilgrimage to the 'city which hath foundations; whose maker and builder is God.'"

REFLECTIONS UPON RECENT JOURNEYS.

CHAPTER II.

THE eleventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, contains a painful epitome of the sufferings Paul was exposed to in his journeyings to preach and plant the Gospel. Five times did the Jews flog him; thrice was he beaten with rods; once stoned; thrice he suffered shipwreck; a night and a day he was in the deep, in perils and pain—in faintings, nakedness, and in watchings many, the great Apostle of the Gentiles endured hardness, and suffered severely, while going forth in the name and for the glory of his Lord. How different the pathway through life of that good servant of Jesus Christ to many of the Lord's ministers now! Fears and faintings have everywhere awaited me; but, hitherto, bread has been given me; a resting-place has been provided, and, by whatever means I have travelled, preservation from destruction has been granted.

The industrious and economical habits of many in the rural districts of our beloved country are deserving of careful observation, especially where the fear of the Lord reigns in the hearts of the heads of the houses. I remember well, on the Sunday night, after all the services were over, and we had returned to the residence of brother and sister Martin, at Brockenhurst, how the children sat round the table, and verse after verse, each read his portion of the Word, and then in earnest prayer we sought the Lord's blessing. But, you might enter many cottages where, instead of receiving you joyfully, they look at you as if they feared some dark judgment was about to befall them.

How sovereign, merciful, and free,
Is all His grace to sinful me!

And, yet, how often do our hearts rebel because tribulations great attend us here. In two cottages and twice in the chapel was I favoured to speak that week, and on Saturday moved off to Ringwood, where I was to preach on the Lord's day. As I review the honourable character of my host in Brockenhurst, I cannot but silently whisper—

How happy the man
  Who has walked out his day,
With loving contrition—
  And has nothing to pay.
In ways of uprightness
  And true Godly fear,
Has commenced—and come up to—
  The end of each year.

Such Christians—and I hope I may say, I have seen a few such in my travels—such sterling Godly men, as the Martins, the Makepeaces, the Blakes, the Reads, and others I might name, stand in grand and bright contrast to others I have seen; for, of the former, it may truly be said, such Christians illustrate THE SEVENFOLD ANSWER I gave to the question—

"WHAT IS RELIGION?"

FROM THE SEVEN R'S.

When the manna came down, the Israelites asked, "*What is it?*" When JESUS CHRIST, the true Bread from Heaven, came, they asked again "WHO IS THIS?" and wherever the Redeemer comes in His Royal Gospel Chariot, and in the hearts of men, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the question arises again—"What is all this weeping, and praying, and singing? What does it mean?" It is the old question—"WHAT IS RELIGION?" Its outline may be expressed in SEVEN WORDS, as follows:

I. Religion implies MAN'S ENTIRE RUIN IN THE FALL. This is disputed; by some it is denied; but the law says man's ruin in the fall is entire. He is cursed as in that state he lies. The Gospel says he is dead in trespasses and in sins; except a man be born of God he can neither see, nor enter into the kingdom of heaven. The Christian's daily experience, the conduct of ungodly men—all declare, "the body is dead, because of sin," that means sin has ruined man entirely. To know this ruin in ourselves, is the first great preparation for the incoming of a true and real religion. The deep sense of it, being sanctified leads the sinner to cry—"Lord, save, or I perish."

II. THE REVELATION OF HEAVEN'S REMEDY is the second part of true religion. This revelation is said to be by all the three persons in the Glorious Trinity. The remedy itself was typically seen in JOSHUA. He was as one "HAVING SALVATION." He led the people out of the wilderness, through the Jordan, into the Promised Land. The revelation of the remedy was by THE FATHER. When Peter said, "Thou art THE CHRIST—the Son of the Living God," the Saviour said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven." So Paul said, "When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen," &c. As Christ was God, He revealed himself, as "THE WAY," "the Truth," and "the Life."

On the Mount of Transfiguration, when His raiment was pure white, He was seen as the Truth; also, when to those going to Emmaus, He opened to them the ancient prophecies, as all being fulfilled in Him: there He revealed himself as THE TRUTH.

When He raised Lazarus from the dead, and when He appeared to the disciples after the resurrection, and breathed on them, there He revealed Himself as THE LIFE; and when he led them out as far as Bethany, and was taken up while blessing them, there He revealed Himself as THE WAY.

The Holy Ghost also reveals this remedy—"He shall take of mine, and shew it unto you." Physically, spiritually, and eternally, Christ is God's great remedy—"the Lord, the healer of his people."

III. The revelation of the remedy leads to a true and genuine REPENTANCE, which is two-fold—an inward godly sorrow *for* sin, an outward departure FROM sin.

IV. RECONCILIATION to God flows out of the repentance. We are made nigh by the blood of Christ. Put under another covenant—stand in another place—NOT at the foot of Mount Sinai, but on the top of Mount Zion.

V. REST in the Person, Power, and Presence of JESUS, by faith Divine, is a precious fruit of the revelation, the repentance, and the reconciled condition. This soul does, by faith, enter into rest.

VI. The first resurrection will be a blessed consummation of the different parts of this religion. And

VII. The REWARD in Heaven will be a Crown of Righteousness which the Lord will give to all who love His appearing.

I was going to write of Ringwood and of Brockenhurst a little more, but I have been carried a little higher—please forgive the VILLAGE PREACHER, who writes this at Sheerness, on his way to Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, where he has to deliver the message as given. Pray—oh, pray for me; for, truly, my soul is cast down within me.

Whatever we give up to God, He will give it back to us unspeakably to our advantage. Our hearts, our children, our estates, are never more ours, more truly, more comfortably ours than when we have offered them up to God.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.

HOW solemn the difference between the laughter of the wedding-day and the deep sorrow of the day of death.

I was, the other day, requested to look at the *carte-de-visite* of a very pretty young lady—a most remarkable handsome figure and face. "That was my brother's wife," the gentleman said; "but SHE IS DEAD." They were only married seven months, and then she was called away.

Oh, my young friends! can you lay to heart the solemnity of dying out of CHRIST? If you can do this, and then lay yourselves at the Saviour's feet, you will be able a little to understand the following lines from Mr. James Wells's sermon. He says:—

"Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." I like attending weddings very well, but I like attending funerals better; there is a something that makes one reflect, and it brings one into very deep feeling sometimes; makes one think, Well, here is the house appointed for all living. Here is the mother sorrowing, the father sorrowing, the brother sorrowing, the sister sorrowing. A man said to me some time ago, "I cannot think how you can like to be at a funeral, where they are all crying." I said, "That is just where I like to be." And in that dark scene of family privation, where the departed died in the Lord, it sets forth the Saviour to wonderful advantage. He is the only Star then seen in that domestic sky; his truth is the only voice, then, that can speak real consolation; his assurance that He will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless is the only power, then, that can at all soothe our sorrows, set our affections on high, and make us thus feel that sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance of the one, the other receives the impression, and begins to reflect, and recognises a solemn advantage therein.

How much there is in us that needs in ten thousand ways mortifying. And then, again, Solomon says, "It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise than for a man to hear the song of a fool." On looking at those words, "the rebuke of the wise," a scripture came to my mind that rebuked me very much; and I thought, I hardly know on which side of that scripture I stand; and yet I gained a little hope—where the Lord saith, "I would thou wert cold or hot;" and I hardly knew where I was. "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Oh, I said, then the Lord will soon have done with me; I am a poor lukewarm creature; I read the Bible in a lukewarm way, and I pray in a lukewarm way, and preach in a lukewarm way, and I live in a lukewarm way; I am a poor creature, sometimes so far gone that I am obliged to say with the poet—words some have despised, but I solemnly and to my own shame confess that I am obliged to say the words sometimes,—

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

These rebukes do us good; for the Lord does not rebuke us for the sake of rebuking us, but he rebukes us for our profit.

FORGET NOT THE MERCY-SEAT.

THERE, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh, may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat!

A VISION IN THE HIGHLANDER'S INN.

BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

ON the 19th of March, 1868, I travelled on the top of the sea-wall (or craggy banks) which leads from Sheerness to Minster. Brother Stanford, the honourable deacon of Zoar, and several of his family and friends were with me. On reaching the summit of the Minster hills, we found a most hearty reception in the little parlour of John Ingelton, of whom the Minster pastor said, "he is a thorough Standard Christian." I found in him, in his good wife, in his sons and daughters, kind and attentive friends. After tea we went to chapel; Mr. Ingelton read the hymns. I preached with much liberty; and then after some conversation, reading, and prayer, I was put into a snug little bed-room, in the highlander's inn. In this humble nest I sat me down to read the Holy Scriptures: the ninth chapter of Ezekiel was the portion. It is headed, "A Vision, whereby is shewed the Preservation of some, and the Destruction of the Rest." I was solemnly interested in this mysterious part of the Word of God. The sentence in this sixth verse demanded my attention: "And begin at my sanctuary!" After silent prayer I laid me down; and with dreams, wakings, thinkings, and heart-upliftings, I passed the night. Next morning, Mr. Charles Ingelton conducted me over the old Minster Church. It is part of an old Romish monastery, abbey, and cathedral. From its top you may see the German ocean, the Thames, the Medway, the Swale, the Isle of Grain, the Backbone of Kent; and hills and dales, and waters innumerable. Then I took my farewell of these good Ingeltons, and commenced a four-mile march back to Sheerness. Now commenced my soul's inquiry into the vision of "the man with a writer's inkhorn by his side." Some questions arose in my mind as I walked in the dust and wind.

First, was this vision a typical prophecy?

Secondly, if so, of what was it a type?

Thirdly, where can we, or where shall we find the antitype? These thoughts are exercising my mind now. They did work in me singular feelings as I approached the city of the Isle of Sheppy—where a whisper in my soul did say,—

But, if His mercy He will shew—
That mercy will not let me go
Down to the lowest hell.
Torn by myself I long have been,
Sorrows and failings I have seen,
More than my tongue can tell.
Still, doth the word of God appear,
My fainting heart and hope to cheer—
It makes me sometimes well.

And if this vision opens up to the benefit of the Church, it may be seen in CHEERING WORDS.

THE SILENT AND SOLEMN SURRENDER OF THE SOUL IN DEATH.

MR. R. G. EDWARDS, of Sutton, has published a neat pamphlet, bearing, as part of its title, "A Cordial for Weeping Mothers." It records the experience of a young lady, who on her dying bed was relying upon her own righteousness for heaven. Mr. Edwards being sent for, preached unto her the righteousness of Jesus. The Lord, I hope opened her eyes, quickened her soul, revealed JESUS in her heart, so that as she came near her end, Mr. Edwards says,—

"She was frequently heard to say in that precious hymn so dear to her soul,—

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

"Not the literal cross of Christ, but the Christ of the cross; the

language of her heart was, 'Simply to MY CHRIST I cling.' I must testify one fact to the g'ory of my God, that viewing the great change the Lord had wrought in her; having been permitted to hold such sweet conversation with her, and experiencing in my own mind at times such savor of Christ and unction of the Spirit, that that bed-room will ever be inscribed on my memory as one of those favoured places where I have enjoyed the most blessed moments, and spent the happiest seasons of my life. One occasion to which we have now to refer, is a peculiarly painful circumstance which occurred some months previous to the end of all her sufferings here below.

"One winter's evening a messenger came to wish us instantly to go in, as Miss Hopkins had taken poison. A scene of intense excitement now presented itself; the poisoned young female sitting up in bed ghastly pale. the mother almost frantic in tears at what had trans; ired, which we ascertained to be as follows.—The good nurse had by a complete misadventure displaced the medicine bottles in setting the room a little in order: the mother, totally unaware of such change, upon her daughter asking for her customary dose, took up the bottle standing in the usual place, and being the dusk of evening, did, without her usual care, pour the contents of the phial into the glass, and gave it to her daughter, who without sight or scent drank it off at once; but no sooner had she so done, than she exclaimed to her mother that she had taken laudanum: medical assistance was at once sought and obtained, but she become worse and worse, and we all thought she would surely die, and she was also of the same opinion. Very affecting then was her bidding us all a final farewell: she delivered to each what she thought were her last words, and exhorted her dear cousin and brothers to consider the interest of their souls, that they also might be called to die as young as she was, and expressing an earnest desire to meet us all in heaven. She appeared remarkably resigned, and certainly the most unmoved of any in the room. What the mother felt no tongue can tell. But now let us admire the goodness of the Lord in not permitting such a catastrophe to be fatal, for the

sake of the life-feelings of the dear mother; this the daughter abundantly shared in, and many hearts were flowing with gratitude to God for his great mercy. However, the last day came namely, Wednesday, March 18th, 1868, in the early part of which she was seen to be sinking, but at times with hands clasped in earnest prayer. At night she was praying again, 'O Jesus, save me; Lord, hear my prayer; Thou who didst shed Thy blood to save sinners, save me, take me quickly. Nothing in my hands I bring, but filthy rags and ten thousand sins; nothing but love shall I receive.

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

'Come quickly, come quickly." She then looked round the bed (I was not there then), and asked them to pray with her. She said to her cousin Maud,—

"'Dear, pray.'

"On receiving no answer, because of deep emotion, she said again,—

"'Won't any one pray with me?'

"And began praying herself. Then her mother asked her if the writer should be sent for. She said,—

"'Yes.'

"It was now approaching ten o'clock at night, she held out her right hand, which she kept fast in mine, from that time (with the exception of about two moments), till I laid it down more than an hour afterwards, only because the spirit had fled. Thus holding her hand, I proclaimed again the precious promises of a faithful God to her. Silently I was lifting up my soul to God for her, while she was again praying, 'Lord Jesus, save me. Lord, have mercy upon me.' I then asked if she were afraid to die? And she said,—

"'Not much.'

"Soon after this she seemed so happy, she wanted us all to sing, but we could not; so she very slowly sang to herself; she then was quiet for some little time, afterwards she

again said, 'SING,' which was her last word here. Soon I saw a change of countenance, and said, 'Now the time has come, she is going.' A few movements of the mouth in breathing, and we had to wait and watch to be sure that it was only her lifeless body left in our hands. Without a sigh, without a groan she left us at about ten minutes after eleven o'clock, borne on angels' wings to heaven,

'Glad the summons to obey.'

"The little that remained of her body was committed to the grave in Sutton Churchyard, on Tuesday, March 24th, 1868, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' May God bless her bereaved friends and relations with the same matchless grace, specially the dear mother and two brothers.

'What if their names should be left out?'

"Forbid it gracious God, if it can be according to Thy will.

"And may He also bless you, my dear reader, with grace here, and glory hereafter, for His name's sake.

'When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing Thy love.'"

What is given in alms in a right manner, is put out to the best interest upon the best security.

If by charity we trust God with what we have, we put it into good hands against bad times.

It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, scorning to do do a thing that is paltry and sneaking.

"FATHER IS WITH US."

FATHER is with us! Oh! beautiful thought
What then have the children to fear?
Whoever forsakes us, our Father will not,
But for our deliverance appear.

"Father is with us!" and he will provide,
Both wisdom and strength for the day;
His arm will support us, whatever betide,
His children shall hold on their way.

"Father is with us;" to comfort our hearts,
When burdened with sorrow and care,
And this precious knowledge true comfort imparts,
And makes us more earnest in prayer.

Yes, "Father is with us!" and ever will be,
His children He'll never forsake;
But safely conduct them His glory to see,
Till they of that glory partake.

"Father is with us!" then let us rejoice,
And banish dejection and fear;
Let us listen each day for His comforting voice,
And wife away every tear.

Birmingham. E. B. MOENS.

From Dr. Bell's *Voice upon the Mountains.*

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Cheering Words

FOR JULY, 1868.

WHO ARE THE TRUE MINISTERS OF CHRIST?

WHAT, we ask, is the true work of the Gospel ministry? There is nothing priestly in it: a true minister of the cross of Christ does nothing, and can do nothing, whatever for the unbelieving, perishing sinner! If such a minister performs the work assigned to him by the great Head of the church, he preaches not himself, and therefore, neither by speaking of himself and his high calling, nor by the vesture he wears, does he direct attention to himself, but his one great theme is Christ Jesus the Lord, redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins through His perfect work on the cross for man and for God.

He proclaims not what the sinner has to do, but what God in Christ has already done, and what the sinner has to receive; He proclaims not what the human heart has devised, nor what man in his supposed wisdom has invented, but what God in the word of His grace has plainly declared and directly revealed. Thus, instead of performing something for the sinner to make him an acceptable worshipper of God, he tells him of the sacrifice of Christ, and its sweet smelling savour; a precious glorious work already done, and done on earth for the chief of sinners; a finished and an eternally perpetual work, a work of God, a work that includes all other works; a work the repetition of which can nev r be. And why? Because it is a work accomplished by, and consisting of nothing less than the entire conse-

eration, the supreme self-devotedness of the Son of the living God, in order to accomplish all the infinite and eternal will of God, even of nothing less than the sacrifice and offering unto death, through the eternal Spirit of Christ Himself. Thus has the true Gospel minister of the new covenant, first to do the work of an evangelist, in order that whosoever believes the testimony of God to Christ, thus lifted up, may pass from death unto life, never to come into condemnation. Then, in order to make full proof of his ministry, he has to teach that every sinner who thus believes, is reconciled to God by the death of His Son, by whom he has now received the reconciliation; that this reconciliation gives him alone the liberty and privilege to enter the household of God, the family of faith, as a child of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, and as a worshipper of God, his Father, in spirit and in truth, by the indwelling agency of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, of whom his body is now the temple; that having come to Christ by faith, the living stone, he himself is a living stone of the living temple of the living and true God, in order that he may be built up together with other living stones of the family, a spiritual house, to offer spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ, the one Great High Priest over the house of God, made higher than the heavens, and set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens, a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched and not man. That every such living stone is washed, sanctified, justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, in order that he may bring to God continually such sacrifices as God is well pleased with, even fruit of lips confessing to the name of Jesus, in prayer, praise, and thanksgiving; remembering, also, to communicate, to do good to all, especially to them who are of the household of faith. He has to teach him also, that he is now a living member of the body of Christ, and to warn him against seducing spirits and false teachers who abound everywhere; and that as he has received Christ Jesus the Lord, so he is to walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as he has been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving; and to be careful.

lest any rob him of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, through philosophy, and vain deceit, after the rudiments of the world, after the tradition of men, and not after Christ. And finally, that he has to search the Scriptures daily, to read them, meditate, and feed upon them, so as to prove for himself and not for another, that every Scripture is inspired of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

If this is the chief work and labour assigned by God to a minister of the Gospel of Christ, what right has a modern High-Church clergyman, so called, to be accredited as a true servant of God? None whatever. Has he any instructions from Scripture, or any authority from God, to dress himself up in purple and fine linen, and gorgeous apparel, as though he were of the house and lineage of Aaron, and present himself in the house of God as a sacrificing and mediating priest in the things of God for others? Does he ever read his Bible? If he does, and will turn to the epistle to the Hebrews, he will find that that portion of Scripture was written expressly to show that God has now no priest on earth after the similitude of Aaron, but that His own Son has entered heaven itself, with His own blood, now to appear in the presence of God for all those that are His, a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec. Is he commissioned of God to play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, by crossings and gestures, and twistings, and genuflexions, as we read of in his ministrations here below, and call such the worship of God? Does he think, poor deluded man, that this is worship in spirit and in truth, under the new covenant? Can it be said of him and his confreres, "We are the circumcision, who worship God in spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh?" Is it true of him as a minister of Christ, that he is a Jew inwardly, and that his circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God? Surely, surely not. In a word, if a tree is to be known by its fruits, where, I would ask, are his credentials from God to the word of his grace, that he has made him an able

minister of the new covenant, not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life? Is his sufficiency for this holy and lowly office from himself or from God? Surely, no one who has the smallest reverence for the Scriptures of truth, or the slightest acquaintance with the new covenant which he is under, can have a moment's doubt in the matter. Where is the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus, in all his outward show and ceremony? where his teaching and preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus? Echo answers, Where!! Must we not rather class him among those of whom the apostle speaks when he says, "Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision?" Solemn thought indeed! if it be so, charity demands that we should judge him, not to be wilfully sinning in this important matter, but rather perhaps as yet, totally unenlightened by the Spirit of God, and therefore a natural man only, who receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, because they are foolishness to the religion of mere nature, and cannot be discerned spiritually, except by those who are truly born of God's Spirit, by living faith, with the heart in Christ Jesus. Let us not then treat him with scorn, or with ridicule, remembering the words of our beloved brother Paul, "Who hath made thee to differ, and what hast thou that thou hast not received?" But rather let us in all humility beseech him to humble himself before God, and confess his ignorance, if God peradventure may give him repentance unto the acknowledging of the truth as it is in Jesus; and that thus he may recover himself out of the snare of the devil, unto whose will he has unconsciously to himself, perhaps, been led captive. God grant, for Christ's sake, that this may be so with many of these, sincere it may be, but sadly misguided men. Amen.

I think, my dear friend, that our declensions always begin in the closet. These moments of holy communion with God, which we sometimes enjoy, have a sanctifying influence on all the concerns and duties in which we are engaged.—*Susan Huntington.*

To the Memory

OF

MRS. ANNIE MARIA MOSS, OF PECKHAM,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE 7TH, 1868.

HAPPY spirit disencumbered,
From thy tenement of clay;
All the years thy God had numbered,
Now with thee have passed away.
Happy saint!
All thy nights are turned to day.

Happy spirit! there's no night there,
Or aught that can disturb thy breast;
No doubts, or fears, or anxious care,
Can ever thee again molest.
Happy saint!
From thy labours, now do rest.

Happy spirit! blest transition
From a world of sin and woe,
To a land of rich possession,
Where immortal fruits do grow.
Happy saint!
O may we such glory know.

Thou hast left thy body sleeping,
Till the resurrection morn;
To thy Jesus' care and keeping,
When that body he'll adorn.
Happy saint!
Like His own most glorious form.

Then the final consummation,
When the saints shall all appear
Glorified with God's salvation,
And Jehovah's voice shall hear,
Come, ye blessed!
Happy saint, the day draws near.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. J. C. Ryle.

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—1 Cor. ii. 2.

THE cross is the foundation of a church's prosperity. No church will ever be honoured in which Christ crucified is not continually lifted up. Nothing whatever can make up for the want of the cross. Without it all things may be done decently and in order. Without it there may be splendid ceremonies, beautiful music, gorgeous churches, learned ministers, crowded communion tables, huge collections of the poor. But without the cross no good will be done. Dark hearts will not be enlightened. Proud hearts will not be humbled. Mourning hearts will not be comforted. Fainting hearts will not be cheered. Sermons about the Catholic Church and an apostolic ministry—sermons about baptism and the Lord's Supper, sermons about unity and schism, sermons about fasts and communion, sermons about fathers and saints—such sermons will never make up for the absence of sermons about the cross of Christ. They may amuse some. They will feed none. A gorgeous banqueting room, and splendid gold plate on the table, will never make up to a hungry man for the want of food. Christ crucified is God's grand ordinance for doing good to men. Whenever a church keeps Christ crucified should have, from that moment a church ceases to be useful. Without Christ crucified in her pulpits, a church is little better than than a cumberer of the ground, a dead carcase, a well without water, a barren fig-tree, a sleeping watchman, a silent trumpet, a dumb witness, an ambassador without terms of peace, a messenger without tidings, a lighthouse without fire, a stumbling-block to weak believers, a comfort to infidels, a hotbed for formalism, a joy to the devil, and an offence to God:

The miser's feast is his penance.

THE LATIMER AND RIDLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

IN his clever tract, "The Anti-Ritualistic Satire," the gifted Martin F. Tupper, Esq., says,—

Those "Marian Martyrs," blest be Mary's name,
Who piously consigned them to the flame!
They held sad heresies; and would not kneel
Before the fragments of a holy meal;
Therefore, the generous Gardiner burnt alive.
Latimer, Cranmer. and their honest hive.

And all for mother-church, and mercy's-sake,
Bonner committed Ridley to the stake;
And served them right; and so shall Oxford swear,
And stone from stone; their vile memorial tear.

Let us add, our plate of the Martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley is a memorial no Oxford nor Rome authorities can tear away. It can still be had, post free, with "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," for twenty-two stamps. It should be hung up in the house of every honest Englishman.

AFFLICTION FROM GOD IS FOR HIS CHILDREN'S GOOD.

A TENDER-HEARTED father walking with his little son, suppose in the City, when he perceives him gaze up and down, and wander from him, withdraws himself behind some corner of the street; not that he means to lose him, but to make him cry and seek after him, and keep closer to him afterwards; so doth our Heavenly Father with us, He correcteth every son whom He loveth, He hides Himself, and, as it were, pulls in the beams of His gracious favour for a time, when we are rambling about in our thoughts, and roving in our imaginations, but it is to make us cry after Him the louder, and to keep closer to Him for the time to come, and to walk more circumspectly than ever we did before.—*B. White's Sermon at St. Paul's.*

REST, SAFETY, AND HONOUR.

THE death of a very old friend and some other circumstances held me in London Sunday, June 14, 1868, when, by engagement, I should have been preaching in a pretty valley lying between the Malvern Hills and the Welsh Mountains. So I walked on the aforesaid morning to hear our kind friend A. Kaye preach at Claremont Chapel, and when he took his text I thought it must be for me:—

> Persecuted, but not forsaken;
> Cast down, but not destroyed.

He told the people I would preach in the evening, and consequently I had to seek a message, and so hard was I put to it that in my study I cried out "Oh! unhappy man—to promise to preach, and yet have no message to carry." I stood up, and sighed unto the LORD, and soon my mind became fixed on Job xi. 19. Really the words appeared very precious:—"Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid; yea, many shall make suit unto thee." As soon as I read the text, this thought came: All the souls of men in existence are in one of four states. (1) Some are dead in trespasses and in sins—afar off from God by wicked works. (2) Some are quickened into life, spiritual and eternal, and of them Paul says, "By grace we ye saved." They are in the new and living way, which leadeth unto eternal glory. (3) Some are gone into Heaven, and there they are before the Throne of God and the Lamb. (4) Others have fallen into eternal darkness and hopeless misery.

Reader—Art thou alive to God by faith which is in Jesus? Then, see in that ninth of Job how Zophar traces out the way Grace leads the soul ere it can find rest in Jesus. Be free from danger, and become associated with that happy band whose one great work is to glorify the Lord.

Zophar was not a perfect man, but I cannot help loving the meaning of the word by which the Holy Ghost describes him. Zophar means a watchman; "the Naamathite" means pleasant and delightful. From this Old Testament "watchman" I

gather one lesson: That the ministers of Jesus Christ come to poor sinners when they are in the night of spiritual darkness; and, instrumentally, they lead them into the pleasant and delightful pastures of the Gospel, and of all who are rightly brought there it may be said,—they shall lie down, resting in the Lord; none shall really make them afraid, but as they walk in the light of the Lord many shall make suit unto them; many shall seek to be edified by them, and, with them, many shall praise the name of the Lord.

The annual Whitestone gathering on Whit-Monday was cheerful and numerous, and we hope good was done.

As a village preacher, I have lately preached at Fownhope, a village high in the Hereford hills, and in dispensing the Word of Truth I was happy. In a waggon in a barn at Dry Drayton twice I preached for brother Parish, the successor of that very useful man of God Henry Hanks, and there was a numerous assembly. Oh, that I could hear that by all these earnest efforts the Great and the Good Shepherd was gathering in His own sheep; but that secret work is often hidden from us.

One thing I must notice most specially. Since I last visited Cinderford (which was in May), our brother Richard Snaith, the minister and pastor of the new Baptist Chapel on the Forest of Dean, has been, and still is, very ill. His chapel debt—his inability to work—his people being all hard-working colliers, and his long affliction in his family, renders his case most intensely trying to me, because I know his sorrows, his sufferings, and his deprivations are very great. Yet, as much as he can, he keeps them to himself. When I last preached for him I was so happy in my soul I said I would raise five pounds for him against his anniversary in August, but how it is to be done I cannot tell. Still, my promise must be fulfilled. Many could send him this, and not thereby be hurt. I have sent a silent prayer to the Lord for help to be given to my brother Snaith at Cinderford, and if, in answer to this and other prayers, the Lord appears, you will hear again from

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"HOW CAN MAN BE JUSTIFIED WITH GOD?"

Job xxv. 4.

THIS is the mystery of redemption, to which the Apostle enables us to reply, "We are justified freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." He is the propitiation, through which God is just when He thus justifies the ungodly who believe in Him; for He died for the ungodly. All have sinned; and death is the wages of sin; but He by the grace of God hath tasted death for every man. And now, all who are found in Him, are justified. God doth not impute to them the sin that they have committed; for Christ hath come to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. They are found in Him, and His blood cleanseth from all sin. God doth impute to them the righteousness which they have not; for they are found in Christ, accepted in the beloved, not having their own righteousness, which is of the law, but the righteousness which is of God.

To the church which He has purchased with His blood, the Lord is joined by a bond that finds a faint image in the closest and tenderest of human ties; and we are one with Him as members of that church of which He is the spouse; one with Him as members of the spotless body of which He is the glorious head; yea, one with Him in a union so intimate, that it is by Himself described as shadowing His own ineffable union with the Father. Thus, one with Him, we share in His exaltation as He deigned to share in our abasement. Because we merited punishment, He endured it; and because He, in His humiliation, earned the rewards of perfect obedience, we obtain them. Such, the apostle tells us, is God's gracious appointment, who for us made Him to be sin who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—*Bishop of Ossory.*

In all the adversities of life, let us seek for grace to submit to God's will, and to do God's will under the influence of right motives, and with right ends in view.

C. H. SPURGEON, AND HIS VENERABLE GRANDSIRE.

The Sword and Trowel has been kindly forwarded to us for notice; and in quoting the following we hope to be useful not only to the periodical in question, but also to thousands of poor tried saints who never see it. The story is excellent in itself, and is well told, as all Mr. Spurgeon's are. We condense a little. He says:—

THERE is a spot in Essex, the name of which is as much associated with the life of my grandfather, now in heaven, as if providence had rooted him to it, and constrained him to live and die within its bounds. What I am about to write is as nearly as my recollection served me the story as I had it from himself. I had been preaching within twenty miles of Stambourne, where the good old man proclaimed the Gospel for about sixty years; and I received a pressing letter from him, saying, that as he was now eighty-eight years of age, if I did not drive across country to see him, we might never meet again in this world. Little did the grandson need urging to so pleasant a duty. Starting early I reached the village at eight in the morning, and found the venerable man on the look-out for his boy. He was remarkably cheerful and communicative, talking of his tutor at Hackney College, of his early life, his trials and his deliverances, the good men who had gone before him, and the occasions upon which he had met them. He then touched on what was evidently a favourite topic, and remarked that there was formerly a wood in what I think he called Honeywood Park, which was a very memorable place to him. In that wood he had groaned and wept before the Lord while under the burden of sin, and under a tree, an oak, then only a sapling, he had received the grace of faith, and entered upon the enjoyment of peace with God. It was a lonely spot, but henceforth it was to him no other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Often he resorted thither and praised the name of the Lord.

Some time after this happy event, having to go from Coggé-

shall to Halstead, his route was over the hallowed spot. On the night previous he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him in pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The evil one reminded him that there was another way through the farmyard, and that if he took the farmyard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself: Whether it be a dream or really a temptation from Satan I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will show the devil that I will not do his bidding in anything, but will defy him to his face. This was the good man all over. Like Luther he had a vivid impression of the reality and personality of the great enemy, and was accustomed to make short work with his suggestions. One day when in the pulpit it came into his head that the place where the sand was kept for sanding the brick floor of his manse ought to be boarded in. His next thought was what business had the devil to make me think about the sand closet on a Sunday, and in the pulpit too? it shall not be boarded in at all. I will let him see that he shall not have his way with me. But to return to the story, my grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged, then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the arch-fiend, and he should find him too strong for him, what then? Better take the farm-yard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage and tremblingly pressed on. The stile was leaped, the narrow tract through the wood was trodden with resolution mingled with forebodings. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, the pace was quickened, a dash was made, and the tree was grasped, but there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud the exclamation, "Ah, cowardly devil, you threatened to tear me in pieces, and now you dare not show your face." Then followed a fervent prayer, and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way, when his eye was caught by something

shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, he told me nearly as large as a curtain ring, and it was solid gold; how it came there it would be hard to guess. Enquiries were made, but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had it made into my grandmother's wedding ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him. Year by year he continued to visit the oak tree on the day of his conversion to pour out his soul before the Lord. The sapling had spread abroad its branches, and the man had become the parent of a numerous family, but the song of gratitude was not forgotten, nor the prayer that he and his offspring might for ever be the Lord's; the angels of God, we doubt not, watched those consecrated seasons with delightful interest.

To add to the solemnity of the secluded wood, his father, while passing by the spot, was touched by the hand of God, and suddenly fell dead. He could then feel even more deeply how awful is this place! This made the annual visitations to the tree more deeply impressive, and we believe beneficial. They would have been continued till my grandfather's last year, were it not that the hand of modern improvement ruthlessly swept away tree and wood, and every relic of the past. His last prayer upon the dear spot was most ludicrously interrupted—as the wood was almost all felled, he judged by the pathway as nearly as possible where the long-remembered oak had stood; the place was covered with growing wheat, but he kneeled down in it and began to bless the name of the Lord, when suddenly he heard a rough voice from over the hedge crying out, "Maister, there be a creazy man a saying his prayers down in the wheat over thay're." This startled the suppliant and made him beat a hasty retreat. Jacob must wrestle somewhere else; the man of God looked at the spot and went his way, but in spirit he still raised an altar in that Bethel, and praised the God of his salvation. He has gone to his rest after having fought a good fight, but the prayers of Honeywood Park are blessing his children and his children's children, to the third generation, at this very hour. To them and all the world his testimony is, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," and equally does he instruct us to "bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits."

BELIEVE AND LOVE.

BELIEVE and you shall love. Believe much and you shall love much. Labour for strong and deep persuasion of the glorious things which are spoken of Christ, and this will command love. Certainly, did men indeed believe His worth, they would accordingly love Him; for the reason cannot but love that which it firmly believes to be worthiest of affection. Oh! this mischievous unbelief is that which makes the heart cold and dead towards God. Seek, then, to believe Christ's excellency in Himself, and His love to us and our interest in Him, and this will kindle such a fire in the heart as will make it ascend in a sacrifice of love to him.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

TRUE FAITH.

THE child lean's on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest:
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

THOUGHTS IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

MONDAY MORNING, June 22nd, 1868. To prevent a total waste of time, while travelling from the borders of the Herefordshire hills to London, I will write a note of this little journey. After attending two funerals last week, the late Mrs. Moss, and the venerable Mrs. Uretta Berithia Cox, and after other days of toil, I left London on the Saturday morning, and reached Purlbrook valley in perfect safety late on Saturday evening. I do not know that the whispers of holy words in my mind are really from the Lord. I would be careful here. Still, facts are fast and firm things; and none can overturn them. I was pushing my way through the city one day last week, thinking upon Whitestone; the low state the cause has been in there for a long time; and the heavy discouragements it has met with, when these words most kindly spoke to me,

"THE LORD DOTH BUILD UP JERUSALEM."

Whatever weakness there may appear in the church, whatever sorrows, like dark rivers, may have rolled round her, still, there are godly, praying, truth-receiving, truth-loving men and women. The Lord has called them, kept them; and, instrumentally, they have defended the truth there, and maintained the testimony for God, and the ordinances of Christ there; and there even now, "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;" and then, "little faith," with a trembling voice said, "And He will yet still further,

"Gather the outcasts of Israel,
Heal the broken in heart!
And bind up all their wounds."

When Sunday morning came, I walked in the orchard of the valley, looked up to the high hills around me, drank in the sweet breezes, and thought upon the words referred to. There is,

THE CHURCH'S PATTERN.

"Jerusalem" was the worshipping city, the place of safety, the spot on which the ancient saints set their best affections, and it was the New Jerusalem which John saw coming down from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband.

I tried to be a little happy over that trinity of delightful expressions in the canticles, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah." There is the church's New Covenant pattern. Tirzah was a beautiful city where the ancient kings delighted to dwell. But Tirzah is a word expressing the church's being "accepted in the beloved" because it was the Father's good pleasure to choose this New Testament constituency; and having adopted it, having constituted and given to it the high relationship of "The King's daughter," He, "the God of eternity," presented to "the Son of His love," this daughter of the heavenly Jerusalem, to be His spouse and bride, and partaker of His glory for ever. Hence the expression, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah." Then comes the church's evangelical pattern, "Comely as Jerusalem whither the tribes go up unto the testimony of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, and the thrones of the house of David."

Every Gospel pulpit in the kingdom ought to be a throne of judgment. There, it may be said, sinners are tried for their life; there the sentence of death enters into them; there they only cry out, "God be merciful unto me a sinner;" there, on their behalf the Lord rebukes the devourer, and commands deliverance, for these poor sin and self condemned descendants of Joshua, the filthy garments are removed, a change of raiment is bestowed, a fair mitre is set upon his head, and from the lowest and darkest corner, the Israelite is led on gradually until the deacon's seat, or the pastor's pulpit, becomes to him like unto the throne of the house of (antitypical) David. There he smiles and sings,

The grace of God is rich and free,
See—what that grace has done for me?

(To be continued.)

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Cheering Words

FOR AUGUST, 1868.

THE BOOK OF HIS HEART WHEN HE HUNG ON THE TREE.

COME, sinner, come, behold this scene;
Come, mark His suffering breath;
It is for rebels black as hell,
He dies this shameful death;
Thy crimes demand God's hottest ire,
His curse upon thee lay;
Christ sheds His blood; stand underneath,
'Twill wash that curse away.

'Tis sweet when faith can look above,
And hear her Saviour say,
"Thy sins that once were fastened there,
My blood hath washed away."
Come, Saviour, come, O let me hear
This blessed word from Thee.
Come, Holy Ghost, and bring me near,
The dying Lamb to see.

From Mrs. Allingham's *Closet Companion.*

OUR SAVIOUR'S SECRET PRAYER POURED FORTH ON THE CROSS, DURING THE THREE HOURS' DARKNESS.

Was I right in the thought I had one Sunday morning while looking into the sixty-ninth Psalm, when something in my heart did seem to whisper, "This Psalm was a prophecy of the silent prayer Jesus poured out of His heart before the great God while

that was true which Matthew says, 'Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.'* I never had such a thought before, I never read it, or heard it, that I can recollect; but it rooted in me a conviction that it really was true. And it appeared confirmed when I came to the twenty-first verse, where the GREAT SUFFERING SACRIFICE said, in the silent sorrows of His soul unto His FATHER, "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Before Mark says they crucified Him, he says, "They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but He received it not."

This prayer in the sixty-ninth Psalm is a wonderful COMPANION PRAYER to that recorded in the seventeenth of John's Gospel. The former (the sixty-ninth Psalm) is the prayer of the blessed Lamb of God for Himself, when, as Isaiah says, "he was wounded" (or as the margin renders it, "tormented") "for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him * * * * because the Lord had made the iniquity of us all to meet on Him." But the prayer in John xvii. was His prayer for His people in anticipation of that FINISHED REDEMPTION, which, as the SON OF GOD, He knew He should accomplish before He returned to the kingdom and glory of His Father, where, as Paul says, "this man, when He had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down on the right hand of God."

Oh! this precious sixty-ninth psalm, how it unfolds the deeps of His soul-travail! How it opens up the dreadful abyss of darkness, death, and misery into which all His people had sunk by the fall! And how fearfully does it express the heaviness of the wrath of offended justice when it is poured out in judgment upon the sinner!

May not this sixty-ninth Psalm be appropriately called "THE BOOK OF HIS HEART WHEN HE HUNG ON THE TREE?" I think it may. And I cannot refrain from writing down a feeling of solemn gratitude to the Lord which I have for so sacredly and silently leading my mind into this the most holy of

all holies, when the adorable GOD-MAN, in the agonies of His oul, groaned within His precious heart, and said, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."

Oh ye ministers of Christ, ye Fathers in Israel, ye young men in the schools and colleges where ye are preparing for the Gospel mission, yea, further, I say, sinners, saints, men of all *castes*, of all colonies, of all countries, men everywhere, I ask, "Will ye read this book of His heart?"

I do entreat of you to read it, and to have it read, with this conviction, if ye can receive it, everywhere; because it so wonderfully develops the justice of God in pouring the floods of wrath into that soul where the eternal God had made to meet all Zion's sin in a substitutionary way. It also develops the truth of that great truth which Watts threw into verse,

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

In looking into this sixty-ninth Psalm, at Jesus' secret supplication on the cross, I was led to notice,—

First, the foundation of this prayer, the great corner stone on which the Days-man stood, when he wrestled in strong cries and tears, entreaties before God.

Look, yes, busy citizen, hard-reading student, critical scholar, doubting Christian, joyful saint, all of ye, please to look at the four pillars against which the Saviour leaned, as He silently pleaded with God.

SUBSTITUTION is the first. "Then I restored that which I took not away." What was it He did not take away? What did He restore? when? where? I must not this time answer these queries.

THE GLORIOUS PERFECTION OF HIS OWN PERSON was a second foundation he stood upon. Twice He says, "FOR MY SAKE!" "Let not them that wait on Thee, O Lord God of Hosts, be ashamed for My sake," &c. How much is in that plea, "For My sake." But I only now refer you to it.

His Obedience to His Father's Will, Counsel, and Promise, is another. "FOR THY SAKE I have borne reproach," &c., though He said, "Father, to magnify Thy law, to fulfil Thy counsels, to redeem Thy people, I am here, the greatest sufferer; ever angels, or men, or devils beheld, 'For Thy sake.'

His Entire Consecration of Himself is another ground of plea, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." Look at those amazing words.

The Experience of this prayer is a great feature, There the book of His heart is opened. Each leaf and every line would I try to decipher, but in this little number there is no room.

The triumphal prevalence of this prayer brings forth Cheering Words indeed. Like a gently rolling tide, it comes in until it swells to a chorus grand and delightful. He says,

"God will save Zion;
He will build the cities of Judah.
They may dwell there, and have it in possession.
The seed also of his servants shall inherit it,
And they that love His name shall dwell therein."

If this introductory note be acceptable, write to The Village Preacher for the fuller unfolding of "The Book of His heart when He hung on the tree."

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

FROM the first day of our reading some of the choice letters of the late Samuel Rutherford until now, we have considered him a beautiful pattern saint; yea, more, an extraordinary man, whose heart and soul must have been powerfully baptized into the loving and living spirit of his heavenly Lord and Master; and we never see letters or extracts from his writings, but we retire in our spirits, with a painful sense of the immense difference between his state of soul and our own, as far as we can judge. We only now write a line of Rutherford to notice some

sweet things given in *Sword and Trowel* for last April; and from which we take the following lines:—

One in writing of Rutherford remarks:—"Such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was I never knew, nor do I know any in Scotland like him, to whom so many great gifts were given; for he seemed to be altogether taken up with everything good, and excellent, and useful. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying. He had two quick eyes, and when he walked it was observed that he held his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of SHREIGH that I never heard the like. Many times I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ. He was never in his right element but when he was commending Him. One day, when preaching in Edinburgh, after dwelling for some time on the differences of the day, he broke out with, 'Woe is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the Rose of Sharon;' and then went on commending Christ, going over all His precious titles about a quarter of an hour, upon which the laird of Glanderston said in a loud whisper, 'Ay, now you are right, hold you there.'"

"He departed," says Dr. McRie, "just in time to avoid an ignominious death; for, although everybody knew he was dying, the council had, with impotent malice, summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. When the citation came, he said, 'Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior court of judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come.' When they returned and reported that he was dying, the Parliament, with a few dissenting voices, voted that he should not die in the college. Upon this, Lord Burleigh said, 'You have voted that honest man out of his college, but you cannot vote him out of heaven.'"

His end was perfect and quiet assurance. He died on the 20th of March, 1661, at St. Andrew's, and his remains were buried there.

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.—Be not heavy, the life of faith is

now called for; the passage is free and not stopped; the print of the footsteps of the Forerunner is clear and manifest, and many have gone before you. You will not sleep long in the dust before you. You will not sleep long in the dust before the daybreak. Look at that word, "Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ in you. If you look to yourself as divided from Him, you must be more than heavy. Let all your wants lie upon Him; you are His debtor, grace must sum up, and subscribe your accounts as paid; stand not upou items, cast yourself upon Him who justifieth the ungodly; look to the east, the dawning of glory is near. Your Guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles and the *ups and downs* in the way.

A WORD, A WARNING, AND AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN IN LONDON.

SETTING-OUT in life is a critical period especially, in cities like this dangerous Metropolis. We should all be thankful—all who are parents and the friends of young people, we should indeed praise the Lord, for having put it into the hearts of some to form societies for the purpose of endeavouring to shield young people from the destroying temptations whichevery-where visit their path in this world.

The feeling leads us to give in this little Miscellany an extract from a book recently sent out by Mr. Binney—entitled "From Seventeen to Thirty. Lessons for Young Men," &c. One little leaf from that Mirror of Morality, we here present unto our readers, and we think the friends of the young might do some good by giving a copy of this August number of "Cheering Words" to all within their reach. May the Lord bless the following story which Mr. Binney gives us. He says in the beginning of this century, a young man left Scotland for London.

I knew him in after life, when he was at the head of a large trading establishment; a man of property and position; a religious man of high character, looked up to in the Church of which he was an officer; a supporter and director of many useful institutions, on the committees of some of which I used to meet him. He was one who had the means and the heart to give largely to various objects, and was universally respected for his solid virtues, his honourable mercantile character, and his great private worth. But all this—his commercial success, and the blessing of God attending him in every step of his progress—he was accustomed to refer to his having been enabled to resist an early and great temptation, which met him at his first entrance on city life. That I may not be supposed to colour the incident for the sake of giving it point as an illustration of the lecture, I will tell you in the words of one who, as his minister, knew him intimately, and who had the relation from his own lips:—

"The time of a young man's arrival in London is a time of trial; and those who have the prudence or principle to overcome the temptations of the first few months are usually preserved to the end. It was with a heavy heart that our friend left Kelso, on a wintry day in 1803; and I have heard him tell how he stood that evening on the bridge at Berwick, weeping till the tears had almost frozen on his cheek; and on his eighteenth birthday he found himself, a friendless youth, in this great labyrinthine London. One night, soon after his arrival, a young acquaintance, whom he had known in his own country-side, took him out to see some sights, and at last their walk ended in a blind alley, and a strange-looking place. Some instinct told him it was the house of the destroyer; and as, at a signal made by his companion, the door opened, he started back in horror. He entreated his companion to come away; but he laughed at him, and went in, leaving him to find the best of his way through the unknown streets. I have heard him tell how desolate he felt as he wandered back by himself that dreary night. It seemed to him as if the city to which he had come must be a sort of Pandemonium. Allready it had transformed into a profligate the companion whom,

on leaving his home, he had known as a virtuous youth; and his fancy was oppressed by a vague fear of evil—mysteries of iniquity and shadowy apprehensions of snares and pitfalls. He felt as if he, too, might at last yield to the terrible fatality. The whole thing was too painful for him till he went into the sanctuary. But on the next Sabbath he found his way to Swallow Street. The Scotch psalms were sung, prayer was offered, and a sermon was preached by a venerable and affectionate pastor. The little church soon brightened into a Bethel, and he was reassured and comforted to find that even London had spots of which it could be said, 'Surely God is in this place."

This young man, who, like Joseph might have been described as "the man who resisted impurity;" who, like him too, rose from a low beginning in city life an honourable and influential position, was James Nisbet. A short memoir of him was printed. After giving the incident just referred to, the writer remarks:—

"There is much that is deserving of imitation in the example of James Nisbet in divorcing himself from all association with a profligate and false-hearted companion, and at once turning with stern and unyielding virtue from the haunts of wickedness into which he was seeking to inveigle him. The decisive step which he took on that eventful evening was, of all others perhaps, the most momentous in itself, and the most potent in the influence which it exercised over all the issues of his future life. Had he crossed but for once the threshold of the door that was set open before him, the devil might have riveted his strong fetters about his heart, and erected insuperable barriers in the way of his rising to the high and honourable position which he afterwards attained; and one act of vicious indulgence, while blasting his worldly prospects, might have so entangled him in the snare of the destroyer, that his feet, like those of the hapless associate, might never more have laid hold of the paths of life. But at once he resisted and fled, and his safety was in flight; not in parleying with the enemy, but in fleeing from him; and in fleeing from him, and avoiding everything like a dishonourable compromise, he was preserved from the snare of the destroyer, and compassed about with the songs of the most merciful deliverance."

We only add,—young friend—Whosoever thou art, RESIST TEMPTATION, by reading God's word—by flying to the mercy-seat—by hearing Christ's Gospel—by mingling with the Lord's people. And may you indeed find God to be both your refuge and your strength, Amen.

GOD THE PILOT OF HIS PEOPLE.

THERE is an excellent story of a young man, that was at sea in a mighty raging tempest; and when all the passengers were at their wits' end for fear, he only was merry; and when he was asked the reason of his mirth, he answered, "That the pilot of the ship was his father, and he knew his father would have a care of him." The great and wise God, who is our Father, hath from all eternity decreed what shall be the issue of all wars, what the event of all troubles; He is our pilot, He sits at the stern; and though the ship of the church or state be in a sinking condition, yet be of good comfort, our Pilot will have a care of us. There is nothing done in the lower house of Parliament on earth, but what is first decreed in the higher house in heaven. All the lesser wheels are ordered and overruled by the upper. Are not five sparrows, saith Christ, sold for a farthing? one sparrow is not worth half a farthing. And there's no man shall have half a farthing's worth of harm more than God hath decreed from all eternity.—*Edmund Calamy.*

A PHYSICIAN TO THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

"HE hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." This is the work of the physician. There are two ways by which the heart may be broken; it may be broken by providence, and it may be broken by grace. God sometimes takes the desire of the eyes away with a stroke. I have seen a man stripped of all, like a tree stripped of its leaves, and I have seen that man sit down

disgusted at the world. Brethren, Christ does not despise temporal sorrow. Christ came to the widow of Nain, when she was accompanying her long cherished hope to the grave. She was not seeking Christ, yet he came. But, brethren, there are hearts that are broken by grace; and they are those who have been brought to despair of hope in themselves, like those in Ezekiel who said, "Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost; we are cut off for our parts:" or those, "There is no hope—no; for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go." These are broken-hearted. Ah, brethren! perhaps you have not seen such, but there are such. Pray over these solemn words, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." He is a Physician sent on very purpose to bind up the broken-hearted; but some may say, "My case surpasses the skill of the physician." No: nothing can surpass either his power or skill to heal. Ah, brethren! put your broken heart into his hand, tell your case to him, "He sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." Once a broken-hearted woman came to his feet weeping, and he said to her, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Once another broken-hearted woman came to his feet; and, though he answered not a word for a time, yet at length he said, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." *R. M. McCheyne in "Sword and Trowel."*

THOUGHTS IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

Continued from page 116.

"COMELY Jerusalem!" very comely indeed. When within her gates poor burdened sinners find deliverance, pardon, and eternal life, then, surely, the mercy seems noble indeed.

The other sentence, "terrible as an army with banners" is the Church's triumphal pattern. She is not very terrible now; men

pour contempt upon her in most places. They wag their heads at the poor despised "Daughter of Jerusalem," and as they pass by her, they exclaim, "Is this the city which men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" Nay, there is nothing very terrible in the appearance of Jerusalem now. Such men as C. H. Spurgeon, and James Wells, may muster some hundreds of the valiant men of Israel; but they are but a handful when compared with the many millions which will be gathered into one terrible enemy in the day when the Lord shall assemble the nations of His chosen, the armies of His redeemed, around His throne of glory, in the holy city.

I said I tried to be happy that Sunday morning, in Whitestone pulpit, while contemplating and speaking upon these words. But the beautiful little daughter of my very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, at the great encaustic tile works, was almost in the arms of death, and this, with other afflictions, cast a gloom over my mind, and bound my spirit up in hardness; and in trying to get free, I completely kicked over the bounds of pulpit propriety, and without reflection or permission, out flew the following sentence, "That man is not worthy the name of a man who professes to have faith in the Lord Jesus, and hopes to go to heaven through Him at last, and yet does not obey Him on the earth." This stinging sentence made me stagger, and others felt it beside me.

In the afternoon, I read that verse in Genesis where the God-man said to Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," and Jacob said to him, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The conflict, the conference, and the crowning issue of this great wrestling between God and man were spoken of, but still my soul was cast down.

I visited in the evening the Withington lakes. There, in a cottage, I found one Mrs. Arrowsmith, and her daughter, and her husband; all in the furnace in some degree. Mrs. Arrowsmith is a godly woman, in great affliction; to her I spoke a little, and read some good Bible words; then bent my knees; and earnestly cried to God for her, but I felt uncertain whether she would ever

again arise from that bed. I wish I could give a faithful sketch of that cottage in the lakes; and the Christian experience of its inmates, but I cannot do that now. I walked from the lakes to Highnett, there talked a little, then, alone, I walked down the Lugwardine lane, through farms, passing cottages, gardens, hay-ricks, and hedges, and fields of every kind, reaching my friend's house in safety. He read a chapter in James, I tried to pray. Thus closes another note from THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

A FUNERAL IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from right to right, through a brief darkness."

ONE Saturday night, at the end of June, 1868, I reached the rural-like little station at Withington. After such a week of home care, city toil, and tedious travelling as hath frequently fallen to the lot of the "Village Preacher," when I jumped out of the steam trap, "Willie" (I beg pardon for using a term so familiar; but in the loving circle where I have been moving such is almost the constant term by which the most systematic of all the business men I ever knew, is spoken of; I mean Mr. William Godwin, jun., the industrious secretary of those elegantly finished productions which flow in abundance from "Godwin's Encaustic Tile Works," near the city of Hereford; this kind-hearted "Willie") met me, and in his "Ferns cot," his "sunshine" of Purlbrook, his ever cheerful spouse, gave me tea; and then "Willie," "Williams," and I, walked to the quiet sanctuary, unpacked a bundle of Denham's melodies, hymn books, and while I walked up the hill to convey to neighbour Price his "Life of Christ," "Willie" and his neighbour, made a standing for me in the pulpit; so that instead of my being like little "Jack-in-the-box," I might be high enough to look into the people's faces; and if they chose, they might look up at mine, rugged and rough as it may appear, when with all

my might I am beating my brains and the Bible too, aiming thereby to awaken the weary and almost exhausted souls of some of the sons and daughters of Whitestone.

As I walked up the hill to Bank Cottage that evening, the breezes from the Atlantic had struggled over the Welsh mountains, and as they flew into my too-often extended lungs, I could not refrain from secretly exclaiming, "Bless the Lord, I am here once more!"

They told me at the Ferns, "Mrs. Arrowsmith died last night!"

"Oh!" I said, "I am glad she is freed from her pangs and pain." I had seen her in her rustic chamber the Sunday evening before. Poor soul! Her bodily affliction was almost more than nature could bear; but, as I talked of a better city, her thirsty soul easily caught hold of the cup of salvation, and with intensity she drank of it; and, for the moment, found ease. The next morning, my mind was, (as I felt), assured of her eternal safety, by the entrance of that word in Rev. vi. 2, "And white robes were given unto every one of them," &c.

Three thoughts ran through my mind. Here is (1) the place where the saints are found after death, after they have said "Good night" to their earthly tenements. "When he had opened the fifth seal, I saw (says St. John) UNDER THE ALTAR, THE SOULS OF THEM THAT WERE SLAIN," &c. The altar is a metaphor of vast meaning. The atonement, the intercession, yea, the entire person of CHRIST, are all embodied. They are therefore "UNDER," that is, delivered, sheltered, covered, by the precious atoning sacrifice, the all-prevailing intercession, and the glorious person of the Son of God Himself. There they are safe and blessed indeed. Still, (2) they are not in the highest sense perfectly at rest. There is their sympathetic cry for their brethren on the earth. Yes, I could not help exclaiming, "the largest prayer-meeting ever known in the whole range of God's existence, is now being holden in heaven." The Great High Priest of our profession presides.

"Father, I will!" is still His plea,
With Him the souls in heav'n agree.
Their voice is loud—of one accord,
They cry, "How long? how long, O Lord?"

In answer to this, there is both their clothing and their comfort. White robes are given; and, then, to these pearly-white and truly justified souls it is said, they are are "to rest yet for a little season, until" all shall be fulfilled.

We know a little, then, of the state of the ransomed ones after the wings of faith and arms of love have borne them far away from us; even in those holy mansions where sickness never enters, night is never known, and all the tears of tempted ones are wiped away for ever.

Down in the Withington lakes, out of the main road, through a lane, beyond some meadows, under shady trees, stood the earthly inheritance of Mrs. Arrowsmith. I was asked by the honourable sire of Parlbrook to attend the funeral. On the following Tuesday, we together set out to visit the lakes, and accompany the procession to the chapel, but, as we were starting, two travellers from a distant hill, a preaching "Perry," a good man, and his companion, stepped in to talk of things concerning Zion and some of her sons. So that, by the time we had walked a mile and more, and were entering the second meadow, the farmer said, "They are coming!" Looking forward, emerging from under the thick boughs of what might seem an untrained grove, I saw the *cortege* coming. We met them. It was a quiet unadorned procession indeed. No mutes nor hearse with prancing horses there! No pall, no feathers, yea, no pomp at all. A plain black coffin on a bier was laid, four godly men did on their shoulders bear it; others walked in front, and to their brethren gave relief, when the weight of the enclosed mortality might too heavily press upon their shoulders. That procession comprised the remnant of nearly all that remains of the church at Whitestone; deacons Tyler, Lewis, and Goodsell were in front. Three men carrying three faces as honest, and hearts as earnest in the

cause of Christ, as any you shall meet on British shores. The bereaved husband, with eyes swimming, and heart bursting, daughters, nieces, an aged brother, and others, brought up the rear. We had solemn service in the chapel, and prayer at the grave, and then, a silent spirit said,

> "Here rests a mother, but from her I turn,
> And from her grave. Behold, upon that ridge,
> Which stretching boldly from the mountain side,
> Carries into the centre of the vale
> Its rocks and woods, the cottage where she dwelt;
> And yet where dwells her grieved partner, left."

Mrs. Arrowsmith was a ministering spirit in all the families within the range of this interesting country of hill and dale, of shade and shrub, of cot and mansion too.

As an ornament to the religion she professed, a Strict Baptist to the heart, and as a nurse in all cases of sickness, and of the in-comings and out-goings of the people in these parts, she had lived and laboured over fifty years. Her parents before her, and her descendants after her, all have favoured "the righteous cause." Like most of her companions in tribulation, she has gone to her rest. Should we not repeat the words which thousands have done before us?

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair!
>
> The air is full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead;
> The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
> Will not be comforted!
>
> LET US BE PATIENT! These severe afflictions
> Not from the ground arise;
> But oftentimes celestial benedictions,
> Assume this dark disguise.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead, the child of Christ's affliction,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
Where Christ Himself doth rule.

I was sitting in my cabin one night just after this funeral, searching in the New Testament for some precious words which had slowly sent their whispers into my mind, when three branches of truth ran out of them like this:

I. The climax of the church's expectation—"For ever with the Lord." 1 Thess. iv. 17.

II. The progressive course of grace which leads up to this high and holy climax, "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

III. The consolatory exhortation, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words,"

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!"

This is the highest state of happiness and glory saints or angels can attain unto. We all shall, at times, be constrained to add,

"Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis IMMORTALITY."

The great sin of the world is, that when the light of the Gospel shines, men shut their eyes aginst it; and when it shines so clear that they cannot but see it, then they shut their hearts against it.

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Cheering Words

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1868.

THE NAME OF OUR HOME.

TIDINGS reached me on Saturday evening, August 8, that the domestic afflictions in my family had increased. A hard, dark sorrow took possession of me, and in walking from pretty Fern cottage to Purlbrook, no one could easily describe the state of my mind. "How can I preach to morrow?" As soon as I could, I went to that room where so many times I have sought the Lord. I tried to take my burden there again. I cannot recollect by what means, but the words of Peter came to my relief, "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory, by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To whom be glory and dominion, for ever and ever, amen."

Sunday morning came, and still these kind words rested with me. Four things in the chapter claim attention; the elders; their position, (among the flock;) their work, to feed the flock; their reward. "When the chief shepherd shall appear, then shall ye receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away." I had a favoured walk from the valley to the chapel that morning thinking upon Zechariah's vision, where the Lord took the two staves, beauty and bands, and fed the flock. Twice that Sunday I spoke from those words, considering they contained—

I. The character of a Triune Covenant God. He is, "The God

of all grace." So Peter expresses the Persons in the Trinity, elect according to

"THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD THE FATHER."

through

"SANCTIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT,"

unto

"OBEDIENCE AND SPRINKLING OF THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST."

There is, I think, a beautiful and concise expression of the glorious Trinity, as "The God of all grace." When Adam was turned out of Eden, there was no grace in that act, nor in the flood, nor in the destroying angel in the land of Egypt, nor in the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. In many places those awful words came out into demonstration—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." "Our God is a consuming fire."

II. Peter's words imply that grace is of great variety. There are many degrees of grace. Grace brings many blessings, many mercies; they come from "the God of all grace."

III. The nature and end of a saving call is here given in very precious words, "Who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus." This is, THE NAME OF, and THE WAY TO OUR HEAVENLY HOME." It is

"HIS ETERNAL GLORY."

The way into it is by Christ, the anointed Messiah; and by Jesus, the believing sinner's friend.

I pencil these few lines as I am swung along in a G. W., from Herefordshire to London, not knowing what may await me there, but my panting, sorrowing soul struggles to realize the fact that

Jesus Himself is my heavenly friend,
And will not consign me to woe;
That His mighty grace will still me defend,
And give me His kingdom to know.

Oh, yes! to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him, to dwell with Him, these are the desires of my soul; but alas! how oft they seem to die.

IV. Peter most quietly refers to the trial of our faith, to the floods of tribulation, the days of darkness which are many, when he says, "After ye have suffered awhile." Some of us appear to be such perpetual makers of our own sufferings, that we cannot comfortably hope ever to be made perfect; much less to be stablished, or set upon a firm foundation; to be strengthened, having the wall of fire round about us; or, "settled" down in the full possession of that incomprehensible blessing Paul speaks of, "that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." If we are favoured to be built upon the Rock of Ages, and to grow up into Him in all things, then, with Peter and all the redeemed we shall sing, "Unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Such a scene, such a sound, and such a heart-melting season, as I experienced on the Sunday night before leaving, I cannot help recording. It was getting late and dark, my faithful and friendly host and hostess were having a word with me in the parlour, there we said, "good-bye." But, on coming to the door, (a large farm-house door, with garden, and meadow in the front) there was nearly all the family gathered together, singing in such harmony as few can accomplish, the little "good night" anthem. There was Alice taking the lead, the excellent brothers Richard and Edward laid in the bass and tenor; our compassionate and loving-hearted proprietors of the Fern Lodge were helping very effectually to swell the chorus, while my own Samuel did his best. I was standing in the dark at the back of the group listening to the sound of these sweet voices; the springs of my pent-up heart of sorrow began to get vent. I was holding them in as tight as I could; but, presently, mother came and stood beside me, and I thought I heard her joining in the farewell dirge, as it appeared to me, and every sound entered right into the veins of my soft and trembling little soul; at length I heard the farmer himself in a powerful, yet tremulous *forte*; it was as

though he poured this sentence with unusual effect right into me,

"AND NEVER SAY GOOD-NIGHT."

This capsized all my mental powers at once. Those of us who had to leave the farm, pushed through the rosebush walk, up the high and oval-formed meadow, through the great gate, out into the high road. Two or three had followed us; the final "good night" came and it just flung all the sluices of my sorrow into full play, and like one completely overwhelmed, I wept until I could hardly stand. If all this had come from a sacred and sanctified sight and sense of the Saviour's sufferings and heart-bleeding sacrifice for my soul's eternal salvation, I should look back upon it with thankfulness; but when I say it was simply nature's weakness giving vent to nature's sorrow; then I feel grief. For the present I have left those valleys of industry and tenderness. If spared, I shall often think

Of those who beyond the meadow dwell,
Down at the woodside vale;
From whence I've often turned to tell
The precious Gospel tale.

To all the children of God, and their children and friends, from Yark hill to Heighnett, from Heignett to Hereford, from Hereford to Bank Mountain, from Bank Mountain to "the Corner," from "the Corner" to Fernland, from Fernland to gentle friend Williams's villa; from the villa to the good governess of the schools, and the organist of the church. Yea, to one and to all, dear friends, in one word, believe me to be your willing servant and grateful messenger, THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

The man whose eyes are enlightened, and who sees the depravity of human nature, confesses, "the more I converse with mankind, the more I perceive the Scriptures to be true, and that man is not a whit better than the Word of God represents him."

PRAYER IN LITTLE TROUBLES.

WE are often greatly affected by things that seem to be too small for prayer. If we had to speak of some grand success, or some sublime calamity; if "a host were to encamp against us;" if famine were to stare upon us; or if some massive obstacle were to rise like a mountain in our path, we should think those matters worthy of an errand to the throne; but "the trivial round, the common task," the vexations, the annoyances, and "the insect stings of life"—we hardly like to trouble the Master with the story of these, or if we do, it seems to befit the solemnity of prayer to mention them, not in plain language, and by particular description, but only in the dialect of ceremony, and in some inferential way. But, this our way is our folly. Duly consider what Chalmers calls "the power of the littles." Look at little things in their combination. "One single snowflake," it has been said, "is a little thing, but a whole day of snowflakes may block up the roadway, obliterate the landmarks, gather on the mountains, descend like an avalanche into the plains, and thus overwhelm cottages in its fall." In like manner, one single care is a little thing; but a whole day of cares, a week of cares, a life of little cares,—we call that sum-total a great thing. The least fact has infinite relations; and as the year is made up of moments, and the world of atoms, so is life of little things. Look at little things separately. Could each one be traced in its single influence along the line of its future history, the mind would faint at the thought of its amazing greatness. A little wheel in a vast machine, may, if neglected, throw the results of that machine into destructive confusion. A little miscalculation in some process of high mathematical thought may issue in an enormous and damaging mistake. A little spark may fire a prairie; a little leak may sink a ship, a little seed may hold a future forest growth of good or evil. A dislodged stone in your pathway may seem to you to be a thing too trivial for notice, yet it may draw down the notice of an

angel. That stone may cause a fall, the fall a fracture, and the fracture death; therefore is it written, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Some slight unchronicled incident in your experience may colour your life for eternity. Apply these considerations to the subject of prayer. While that poor widow is kneeling on a ragged strip of carpet in her garret, with her heart full to breaking because the barrel of meal is almost empty, the cruse of oil almost spent, and she has just been gathering "two sticks," meaning to light a fire, and dress what remains, that she and her son may eat of it, and then die (1 Kings xvii. 8—16), would you silence her? Would you say, "He to whom you speak about a little flour and a little fire, is at this moment calling constellations into light, or bidding worlds to pass away? Trouble not the Master!" Do you think the high and lofty One will be regardless of that poor prayer? Not because He is unwilling to notice it, for His name is love; not because He is unable, for it is only imperfection that can do but one thing at a time, and that is sometimes compelled to say to a suppliant, "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down; trouble me not now." No! while He rules in the armies of heaven, He thinks of me; while He kindles a sun He shows the same perfection of thought for the meanest thing as for the most majestic; while He governs innumerable nations of spirits, His attention is never distracted for a moment, even from the sparrow in its nest, or the spider on its line. He would not be the infinite Master did he not watch with clearest notice, and adorn with exactest care each thread of moss that streaks a stone, each flower that lifts its head in the spaces of the wilderness, the smallest insect that floats about it, and the smallest mote which that insect waves aside with its wing. He is master of the universe, because He is Master of all its particulars; His general providence involves his particular providence. Great things are but aggregates of little things, and He attends to the great by attending to the small.

Such convictions made Sir Fowell Buxton say—"I feel per-

mitted to offer up my prayers for everything that concerns me, and I am inclined to imagine that there are no little things with God. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and packing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world, and in the laws by which the planets move. I understand literally the injunction—'In everything make your requests known to God;' and I cannot but notice how amply these prayers have been met."

Silenced for ever be the spirit that would say—"Trouble not the Master," for the help you ask for relates to matters too insignificant for His dignity to notice. Only a little spirit can slight a little thing. Never let me trifle with trifles. Trifles educate me, trifles wake my temper, trifles colour my views of truth, trifles influence my thoughts of God, trifles affect my power of prayer, trifles combined make the very sublimities of life. I will take to the Master these small perplexities, these little interests, these obscure, indefinite cares that weigh my spirit down but which are too little to excite the sympathy of man, for they will not be little in the sight of God. It is His glory to notice things like these; and by His care for the little, He proclaims His majesty and maintains His throne.—*C. Stanford, M.A.*

THE OLD BEATEN PATH, AND THE PROSPECT OF PLENTY.

WHILE the sun has been baking all things up to hardness and to dryness, I have walked in the valleys where the husbandman has gathered in his harvest, and I have climbed the hills which sickly people try to ascend in order to get a little fresh air. The fields of corn have been abundantly ripened, and I heard a countryman say, "Thank the Almighty we shall have some good bread again." My journey round the sugar-loaf I cannot write here. I have just left the Malvern mountains, and I have thought the following notes contain some things worthy the notice of people who look after CHEERING WORDS:

Of Malvern, its hills, wells, walks, and neighbourhood, the historian says five hundred years have elapsed since the author of "Pier's Ploughman's Vision"

"On a May morwenynge
On Malvern hilles,"

celebrated them in rhyme; since then a score of poets have sung their praises and pointed out their beauties. Byron and Lytton have spoken of the pleasant hours they passed on the mighty slopes of the lordly hills. Southey, Cottle, Bowles, and Booker, have wedded their muse to the surrounding scenery. A thousand years before the native tribes had fortified the fastnesses and held the passes of the chain of hills which form the backbone, as it were, to the counties of Worcester and Hereford, in the gloomy ravines the old Druids celebrated their mysteries, and taught the young the heroic epic of the time in the glades of the mighty woods which then clothed the plain. The old roads yet remain along which the Roman invader came, and traces may be found of the camps of his legions. Here, too, the waves of conflict rolled to and fro between the Saxon and the Dane until the peaceful reign of Edward the Confessor. During his reign the district passed into other hands, and the foundation of the religious pile was laid, which yet remains the nucleus of those smiling gardens, studded with villas, green with foliage, backed by the tall old hills, which form so stately a fringe to the plains and hop gardens of the West Midlands, and which we know under the name of Malvern.

"The traditional history of the old priory tells us of the martyrdom of St. Werstan—of the proposed pilgrimage of the founders, Guido and Aldwin, to the Holy Land—of the prophecy of 'great things for Malverne' by St. Wulstan, the last Saxon bishop of Worcester. The 'great things' which came to pass was the foundation of Malvern Priory amid the then wooded solitudes of the place. History tells us but little of the progress of this religious house, round which the neighbouring foresters and herdsmen clustered for relief and shelter, until the priory

was dissolved by Henry VIII. Then Bishop Latimer, himself a midland man, pleaded for the priory, but in vain. It was given to one William Pinnock, who in turn disposed of it to John Knotsford, a searjeant of arms in the service of Henry VIII. The old priory church was, however, spared, and it yet remains in its beauty as the parish church of Great Malvern. The tide of civil war passed by this secluded spot, and left it untouched by the hand of any other spoiler save that of time.

"Round the old priory there sprung from the hidden depths of the hills numerous clear and limpid wells of pure water. These were called holy, and dedicated to various saints by the old monks. Long after the monks had disappeared the renown of the curative powers of these waters remained as a tradition amongst the peasantry, and occasionally we find a trace of some distant pilgrimage to the healing waters of Malvern, which had a high repute for curing leprosy, scrofula, and ulcerated sores. The old reputation of the water continued during the early part of the present century. Many visitors came to drink of the healing springs, and remained for a time to enjoy the picturesque scenery and salubrious air. Thirty years ago, when Priestnitz of Grafenburg introduced the 'water cure,' the village of Malvern contained some eighty to a hundred houses, which were let in summer time to visitors; but when the village became, as it were, the head-quarters of hydropathy in England, in 1842, the whole aspect of the place changed rapidly. Since that period the population has increased three-fold. The population of the entire parish of Malvern, which contains 4,340 acres, was in 1831, 2,010, who inhabited 372 houses. In 1861, when the census was taken, the inhabitants numbered 6,049, and the number of houses 1,025. As in many other places of summer resort, the census does not afford an idea of the extent of Malvern. During the season the place contains several thousand more inhabitants. Such is a brief summary of the written history of Malvern."

[What I saw and suffered here, I may tell another day.]

"WAITING FOR THE TRAIN."

THAT is the case with us all our life long. Time, like the steam engine, carries us up to the awful junction called "death." There are two express trains always in waiting there, and continually starting therefrom. One hurries lost souls down the deep descendings into everlasting darkness. The other, with chariots of fire, and horsemen of fire, flieth up into the third heavens, with all those who in the Lord believe. Up those immeasurable hills of light and glory, have been carried the souls of the ancient John Andrews Jones, the fine-looking and excellent chorister, Thomas Wall, of Gravesend, the buffetted, bruised and heavy-laden Alldiss, once of Aldringham, then of Somerstown, now of heaven. I hope beside these, my deeply beloved Elijah Packer, whose little memoir I have been writing in Fern cottage, by the permission of my dear friends, W. H. Godwin, and his happy "Lizzie." This memoir, I trust, will be useful, and be extensively read. It represents some features of a good man: and simply places the life and works of Christian charity of Elijah Packer in contrast with others in whose conduct charity has but a small appearance indeed. My old companion, Thomas Smart is also gone; who next?

THE THREE CHRISTIAN TENSES.

"WHO delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."—2 Cor. i. 10.

1. PAST—"Who delivered us."
2. PRESENT—"And doth deliver."
3. FUTURE—"He will yet deliver us."

A LITTLE HOPE.

IN my recent journeys I have been ill occasionally; so much so I thought death must be near. And, really, unnatural as it may appear, on one occasion, I realized a little of that which Longfellow writes so nicely, where he says,

> "All is of God! if He but wave His hand
> The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
> Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
> Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
> Angels of life and death alike are His;
> Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
> Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
> Against His messengers to shut the door?"

Death has been busy flinging open prison doors lately. I am still in the body, and on stations, in roads, fields, railway cars, and anywhere, I write a few notes. If, like the following, they are very simple, pray forgive.

Hereford, July 1st, 1868. Left this sweet valley of Purlbrook this morning; took ticket at Withington for Hereford; changed here, and booked for Leominster.

> Through meadows sear, for want of rain,
> And fields of fruit and ripening grain,

we are now flying fast. My heart is sighing for the presence and blessing of the Lord. When I left the pretty valley this morning, the good farmer, Mr. Tyler, gave me a warm gripe, and in an earnest patriarchal style, he said "God bless you;" those words re-echoed within as I walked from Purlbrook to Fern Cottage, where my kind frinds, wished me good success in the heavy work I have in hand. Oh that the Lord would himself reveal, and once again give me to realize that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

In the town of Leominster there is a Baptist church nearly or

quite two hundred years old. I had some conversation with the pastor, and with different people, but not one "Cheering Word" could I find the whole journey. The following extract might lead me to hope a little good is done somewhere:—

"Beloved of the Lord,—May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto you, may the ever-blessed Spirit lead you sweetly into divine truth, that you may unfold its beauties to the tried, the tempest-tossed, and distressed soul! This the Lord has enabled you to do in many instances by your ministerial work; also, we can witness by those works of truth you send forth throughout the world, month after month. May the Lord long spare you to labour for him; so may souls be brought into glorious liberty under your ministry. I know of one who heard you when here, who came to me to know if some one had not told you all about her state? Oh, no: it was the dear Lord by His own power through the word you spoke, that took hold of her heart."

PEACE:—But what is peace? Peace is holy tranquillity, even in the aspect of lost years; peace is a silent Sabbath of the heart at every occurrence; peace is a holy boldness before God and man; peace is a healed conscience, although fully aware of our guilt; peace is a feeling of victory, as opposed to the world, Satan, death, and judgment. Peace is greater than all other treasures, but no, philosophy can bestow it; for how can the latter cleanse from sin? Not any works; for how are they able to justify? Descend into whatever mine, shake whatever tree, knock at whatever door in the world thou wilt, the poor world cannot offer it thee. Peace is but one; One only has peace; One only can give it. Know ye Him who says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." His name is "the Prince of Peace." —*Dr. Krummacher.*

THOUGHTS IN FERN COTTAGE.

FOR several months the heavens have given but little rain. The grass has turned yellow, the earth has been hot, many, many have been carried away by death, and what is before us no man can tell. As it is in the world of nature, so it doth appear in the church, and in the souls of the people. There appears in these parts no time to seek God, no time to talk of Christ, no time for prayer, no hearts well-tuned for praise. On the Lord's-day morning we hurry to chapel; we have pleasant tunes played, we have precious hymns sung, we have the Word read, we have a sermon preached. So again, in the afternoon. Then, all is over until the next Sunday morning comes round. When will poor Zion arise? Surely now she is low. When will she shake herself from the dust? When will she put on her beautiful garments? Ah! when? I have sighed in my soul for the Lord to come down like rain upon this mown grass, and like showers that water the earth. But, I hear no sound, I feel no power. Oh! when will He appear?

Here is a lovely spot in nature. Fern cottage stands in the midst of gardens, surrounded by fields, having in the distance the high towering mountains and hills. In Fern cottage two happy, peaceful, loving souls do dwell; and friends more tenderly kind no pilgrim-wanderer, ever could desire to meet. Just up the brow, round a lovely corner, in a quiet unassuming attitude stands the house of God. There, for more than fifty years the Gospel has been preached; there good ministers have laboured; sinners have been called by grace, and believers have been helped on their way. It is called "Whitestone chapel." A very ancient stone, indicating the distance to certain places, stands near to it. Around the chapel is a graveyard, and pretty garden; the slumbering dust of many who once were busy here, awaits the archangel's trump, when from the dead we shall come again, "some" says Daniel, "to shame and contempt," others "to

everlasting life." To such as have died in the Lord, it may be said—

"Christ has wiped away your tears for ever,
Ye have that for which we still endeavour;
To you are chanted,
Songs which yet no mortal ear e'er haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us;
With thee, the anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed."

Not so, with unbelieving folk, they live if life it can be called, without Christ here; they die without Him, and to them how strange it will appear, to see Him on His great white throne, and hear Him say "Depart! I never knew you." Dear reader, may this never be your lot, nor mine; so prays your sorrowing scribe.

Whitestone chapel presents a quiet sphere of labour for a godly minister, who could be contented with such things as the Lord might bestow on him.

GOOD NEWS.

A YOUNG girl lay on her bed, shaded by pretty curtains; around her was everything that wealth or taste could procure. It was fine summer weather, all brightness and sunshine. Here was enough, you will say, to make a young girl happy. Perhaps so, but she thought of none of these things; her mind was absorbed by some good news she had just heard, and she murmured, "Happy! happy indeed!"

Good news! You may ask, what sort of news was it? Each one may guess what pleases her best. One will suppose that she had heard of a fortune; another, that she had received presents

of fine dresses or of jewels; whilst a third may fancy, perhaps she was going to be married. No, none of these things. This young girl had been told that she was dying, and must leave all the lovely things around her, and all the dear friends who loved her so well. This was the good news in answer to which she murmured, "Happy! happy!" They were her last words; in a few hours she was asleep in Jesus.

Parents, if you stood by a child's bed and told her she was dying, would you like to receive such a reply? If so, train up your child as Fanny Bickersteth was trained. Make her the child of many prayers, of constant pious home influence.

THE FAR-OFF MADE NIGH.

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," Eph. ii. 13.

O YE that are washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And brought into marvellous light;
O know ye how nigh unto God ye are made,
In Jesus the Father's delight.

Behold Him in faith seated down at His side,
In the joy of His presence above;
From distance and darkness, from death and the grave,
Return'd to the rest of His love.

For near in His nearness, and precious ye are,
And bearing in oneness His name;
Belov'd of the Father as He is belov'd,
And seen with acceptance the same.

Such fruit, for the travail of soul He endur'd
For the bride of His heart, was His due;
Such recompense His for the blood of the cross,
From Him who was faithful and true.

O can we forget it? our God never can;
Nor ever for us shall there fail,
The voice of His love and the claims of His blood,
Who has entered for us through the vail.

A. M. H.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

JESUS and his church are one:—
Blessed, holy union!—
Strangely, mystically wed;
They the members, he the head.

How, then, should each Christian strive
Lovingly to act and live,
So that neither deed nor word
Grieve his dear and coming Lord!

Uniformity, we know,
Is not found in aught below;
Union should, however, prove
To the world, Christ's law of love.

'Twas for this the Saviour pray'd,
Ere to cruel death betrayed;
This he gave us as the sign
Men should own his truth divine.

Dearest Lord, thy people teach
Love and union, each with each;
That no strivings vex their breast,
But the strife to serve thee best.

Whatsoever name they bear,
Shepherded beneath whose care,
Gathered in whatever fold,
In what lesser name enrolled—

If, blest Lord, they love but thee,
Each shall be most dear to me;
Nor shall differing thoughts impart
Strangeness to my hand or heart.

Ah! from thee we live too far—
Therefore so apart we are;
Sad confession! this is why
Christians feel unbrotherly.

Draw us nearer, every one,
Lord of love and union;
Nearer to thyself—then we
Nearer, each to each, shall be.

S. W. P.

SACRAMENTAL EFFICACY:—"It is impossible to express the pestilence and fatal nature of it, and especially as it has prevailed over a great part of the world, to the great detriment of the Church, for many ages past. Indeed, it is diabolical; for, by promising justification without faith, it precipitates souls into destruction; in the next place, by representing the sacrament as the cause of justification, it envelopes the minds of men, naturally too much inclined to the earth, in gross superstition, leading them to rest in the exhibition of a corporeal object rather than in God Himself."—*John Calvin.*

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Cheering Words

FOR OCTOBER, 1868.

NOTES OF A WELSH JOURNEY.

At Gatcombe and at Lydney,
Beside the "Severn" river,
I wish to be more thankful,
To our most precious Giver.
But I am prone to murmur,
At the cross I have to carry;
Till full deliverance cometh
In patience let me tarry.
Then if, indeed, I'm saved by grace,
I know I shall behold his face,
And dwell in God for ever.

TO my sincerely attached, and greatly beloved friends at the "Ferns." As I am tearing away from Monmouthshire to London, where I hope to preach this evening (Sept. 16th) I have read over again those very sacred epistles which flowed out of your hearts when constrained to give me some replies to the appeals I had dared to make. The more I read those copies of your inmost breathings, the more I desire to be thankful that I was sent down to that sweet valley; and the more I would pray that the Lord would "hasten in His time" the happy day when I shall see you both planted in the house of the Lord; and flourishing in the courts of our God. The recollection of our recent Christian and social intercouse, I cherish with a mixture of joy and sorrow. Joy, because I do believe the Lord sent me. Sorrow, because from a spot so singularly sweet to me, and from friends

so kind, I now am severed. Let me give you a note of this journey, it may amuse you for a moment.

Saturday night Sept. 12th, 1868, I am at Newport, Monmouthshire. Came down here in much felt darkness, tried to read, to pray, to think as I rode here, but all was in weakness. After a cold ride of over 150 miles, these words sprung up, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." They are the words of those whose captivity the Lord hath turned, there is therefore great confidence in the promise. Here is the seed-time, and the harvest-time of the patriarchs and prophets; of Christ and His ministers, and of all who truly seek for deliverance from bondage, guilt, condemnation, and distress of soul. Three questions came out of these words to me.

1. What is meant by sowing in tears and reaping in joy?
2. Why must the one precede the other?
3. What renders this promise so absolute?

What is it? It refers to all the tribulations of the saints. See David, cast out; cast off; goes weeping up the hill, like many poor sinners. This sowing in tears was well known to Jesus, and to all good ministers.

The believing sinner's tears flow from

1. A heart-melting view of the Saviour's sufferings for his sin.
2. From a deep sense of his own iniquity.
3. From a want of assurance of interest.
4. From the many backslidings of heart he feels.

On Sunday morning, I walked to the hall in Newport. The singing was the most solid and substantial I have heard a long time. In the choir I think there were about ten brethren, beside mothers, daughters, and children, all in such harmony and well-balanced strength, as makes you wish they would sing all day. Mr. J. P. Thomas, the minister, is a kind brother. With him his family, and friends, I spent a happy hour. Our Sunday evening service was encouraging; Monday evening a most delightful prayer-meeting; Tuesday evening, a lecture, and now, with a very heavy heart, am going back to town. Let me intreat

of you to use your influence to raise up prayer meetings at each other's houses. Oh! I wish I could pray more than I do; I beseech you, think of this.

Tuesday, Sept. 15th, 1868, to my kind and esteemed friend, W. G. I am sitting on a broken fence, on the top of one of the h gh hills which overshadow the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire, and I am dining off a quiet dish of meditation. The table is immense, the provision is varied; to describe it would be impossible.

On the gold-top mount I stand,
'Tis a day of cloudy sunshine,
Around, on every hand,
Mountains and valleys combine.
To show the works of God and man;
But draw this map I never can.

All alone this day I have walked; and thought over some of the glorious persons and things associated with the church of Christ, a theme so full of grace and glory that I am quite absorbed.

For more than one hour, last night, I spoke of "The Church of Christ." Exhaust that theme I never can."

On Monday, I put forth an effort to do business by going to Cardiff. The people of that large town were commemorating the birthday of the Marquis of Bute. This young nobleman reached his majority last Saturday. His wealth is said to exceed £300,000 per annum; and all the people seem ready to do him great homage. I saw immense streams of Sunday-school children, all marching to his lordship's park, where they were treated to many good things. Fifteen thousand of these children paraded the streets with banners, and teachers, and friends. It was a pleasant sight. But to me there is no sight like unto a faith-view of the King in His beauty; nor do I enjoy anything (the happy worship of the Lord excepted) like a quiet walk in lanes and lawns, in fields and woods, where you may think upon His name and lift your heart to heaven in sacred silent praise. Expect to hear more from, but do not in your prayers forget

"THE VILLAGE PREACHER."

"LEAD ME IN THE WAY THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME GO."

O RIGHTEOUS Father, lend thy gracious ear,
And listen to my heartfelt humble prayer;
That I may travel in the narrow way
That leads to joys above, and endless day.

Help me, dear Lord, to look to none but Thee,
Who rul'st the earth, and managest the sea;
Who sway'st creation by thy mighty hand;
Poor puerile mortals can't thy power withstand.

Make me to feel my nothingness, my God;
Deserving nought but Thy chastising rod;
Who all my life had been estranged from Thee,
Hadst Thou not said, "Arise, and follow me."

Oh! what amazing love did He display,
When on the cross He put our sins away;
Put far away by that blest crimson tide,
Which ran in streams from His dear wounded side.

Father! he said, in agonies within,
If 'tis Thy will remove this load of sin,
Yet thine own will, not mine be done,
That Thou be glorified in me Thy Son.

Thus the Redeemer passed from earth to heaven,
That through His blood our sins may be forgiven;
And now He reigns in heavenly bliss unknown,
A Conqueror on His loving Father's throne.

Deeply impress these truths upon my mind,
And let me more of Thy sweet presence find;
That when afflictions sad may overtake,
Grateful I may bear all for Jesus' sake,

And when I'm called from earth and sin away,
To spend with thee an everlasting day,
May I thy rich, free, sovereign grace proclaim,
With all the ransomed throng, resound Emmanuel's name.

Whitestone, near Hereford. ALICE TYLER.

PREACH TO THE CHILDREN.

I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,
In it was meat for full grown men. and milk for children too.

THERE was an element in the discourses of the olden time which the sermonizers of the present day, for the most part, wholly ignore. Those ancient men, of whom it is now so fashionable to speak slightingly, as men of iron mould and adamant heart, had in them some spring of tenderness which kept alive an interest in little people. Passing by that species of pulpit eloquence which in our day offers hardly more than milk and water for the "full-grown man," how few of those sermons which are worthy of being called food for the experienced disciple have in them a single word for the little one. While the sheep are fed, the lambs are frisking about the meadow, or fast asleep beneath the summer sun. Do you not see them, ministers, from your high vantage-ground? Do you not detect the various expedients to which the children resort, to while away the weary hours? The knotting of handkerchiefs; the intaglios wrought with pin-points on many a surface better without such decoration; the restless watching of the clock; the small buffoonery of face-making; and at length—a relief to "parents and all natural guardians"—as to the little head itself,—the quiet and comfortable nap? You may say, "Let them go to the Sabbath-school, that is the place for children." Yes, but it is not the only place nor the best place. They should be early taught that they have a right in the temple, as well as in the porch. The little people should not be made to feel themselves a tribe apart, but should be taught their unity with the whole congregation. The lambs are as truly a portion of the flock as the fleece-laden sheep. Three minutes allotted to the children, in every sermon, surely would be little time to give them, when you reflect that the fast flying hours and days are bringing them to be, almost before you are aware, the men and women, the fathers and mothers, of Society. And were they sure that these few words were coming, their interest would be

kept awake in watching for them, and so, by the way, they might pick up some seeds of truth intended for their elders; which yet should spring up in the good soil of the young heart, and grow and bring forth fruit to the glory of Him who loved the little children: which should add to the "golden sheaves" you shall bear to the heavenly garner, the tender and graceful beauty and the delicate fragrance of the opening flower, or the just reddening bud.

Think of it, ye preachers of the Word; think of the great influence you would gain over this class of your people, by showing them that you understand and love them. Some of them will live to bless you here; many of them will be called early to Jesus. Will it not be a glad and precious greeting, when you also shall go through the gates of pearl, to hear the child-like voices singing around you, and joining in your welcome home? To hear from the lips whence fell the command, "Feed my lambs," the blessed assurance, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did unto Me."

DYING DAILY.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

IN a certain sense we all do this. The very moment we begin to live we commence to die. We are like hour glasses; there are fewer sands left to run from the very moment they begin to trickle down. The whole of our life is like an ebbing tide; our first months and years may look like advancing waves but the whole is retreating, and by-and-bye the living flood will be replaced by the mire of death.

> "Our pulse like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the tomb;"

Or, as Watts words it—

> "Every beating pulse we tell,
> Leaves but the number less."

This is no land of the living, but the land of the dying, and this so-called life is but one protracted act of death. This is not our rest, our soul is ever on the wing; like the swallows, we must depart for another land. Life is a long descent to the valley of the shadow of death, it shelves gradually to the precipice, and no man can prevent his feet from sliding down it every hour. We fly like arrows to that common target of mankind—the grave. So that we may all say in the words of the text, "I die daily."

Of some also this may be affirmed in a very painful and unhappy sense. They die daily because they feel a thousand deaths in fearing one. They are those of whom the apostle writes, "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." This nightmare oppresses them and breaks their rest; this ghost stalks before them at all hours, and makes life grim with forebodings; this gall-drop makes all their pleasant things bitter. They are afraid to die, and yet are so fascinated by death that they cannot take their eyes from off it. They cannot shake off the chill horror of the grave, their clothes seem to them to smell of the vault, and their bread tastes of the charnel. They are slaves to a fear whose chains are heavy. These timorous doves ought to remember that Jesus Christ came into this world on purpose that He might deliver such as they are. It was never His intention that any of His people should be subject to the fear of death, nor ought they to be, nor indeed would they be if they walked by faith, for what can there be in death for a Christian to fear? "The sting of death is sin," but that is pardoned; "the strength of sin is the law," but Christ has fulfilled it. What is dying but departing to be with Christ, which is far better? And why should a man fear that which is far better for him, which will rid him of all his ills, admit him into unlimited blessedness, take him away from all fear and all care, and conduct them to the fulness of the glory which is laid up in Christ Jesus? I trust you and I may never have to moan out, in that mournful and gloomy sense, "I die daily," but with holy joy may we look forward to the hour of our departure, which is so near at hand.

Paul used this expression in an heroic sense, to which I fear you and I are not very likely to attain. He said, "I die daily," because every day he deliberately put his life in jeopardy for the cause of Jesus Christ. One day he went into the Jewish synagogue, knowing that in all probability they would drag him out, scourge him with rods, or, perhaps, in fanatic zeal, stone him with stones. Another day he was found in the street preaching to a multitude of idolaters, and denouncing their gods, irritating them by exposing their vices, and by advancing truths which were novelties, and so contrary to their prejudices that they could not endure them. Behold him often crossing the sea in a frail barque, or passing over rugged mountains, among robbers; in perils from the mountain-torrents, and from cold and nakedness. In all places he lived the life of one whose neck was always on the block, who stood ready at any minute to offer up himself a sacrifice for Christ. In these more silken days we cannot run such serious risks, and it is to our shame that there are some who are not willing to run even the little risks which the times may demand. We know professors who cannot imperil their business by an avowal of their faith, and others who cannot venture the breaking of some fond connection for the sake of the cross of Christ. Alas! there are many who are ashamed of Jesus, because a father or a mother or a brother might perhaps ridicule them or sneer at them. They are ashamed to bear the loss of anything, when our apostle rejoiced to suffer the loss of all things, and did count them but dung that he might win Christ. May the heroic age of Christianity return to us, and even if it should be necesary that the furnace should be heated once again, yet if God's gold may but glow with that clear, bright lustre which it exhibited in former days, we may well be satisfied with the fury of the blazing coals. The persecuted were happy men despite their sorrows, and honoured men notwithstanding their shame; they were earth's princes, heaven's peers; for they could say that for Christ's sake they every day were delivered unto death, but did rejoice and were exceeding glad that they were privileged to suffer for the cross of Christ.

From No. 828 of *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.*

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF POPERY.

MAKE peace if you will, with Popery, receive it into your senate, shrine it in your churches, place it in your hearts; but be ye certain—certain as that there is a heaven above you and a God over you—that the Popery thus honoured and embraced is the very Popery that that was degraded and loathed by the holiest of your fathars, the very Popery—the same in haughtiness, the same in intolerance—which lorded it over kings, assumed the prerogatives of Deity, crushed human liberty, and slew the saints of God. Oh, that England may be convinced of this, before taught by fatal experience! It may not yet be too late. She has tampered with Popery, in many respects she has patronised Popery, giving it by her compromises and concessions a vantage-ground which its best wishes could hardly have dared to expect; but nevertheless it may not yet be too late. Let Protestants only awaken to a sense of the worth of their privileges, privileges so long enjoyed that they are practically forgotten, and this land may remain what for three centuries it hath been—the great witness for scripturaltruth, the great centre of scriptural light.—MELVILLE.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE—what art thou, mystic power,
Enthron'd within the breast;
The monarch of the mind each hour,
Thou rulest, though at rest.

Both right and wrong thou teachest me
At once to understand;
All who will not attend to thee,
Must feel thy chastening hand.

The child who ne'er was taught by rule,
Has found a law within;
Conscience has sent his thoughts to school,
And made him blush at sin.

The harden'd wretch whose desp'rate course,
  Has cast restraint away;
Still feels the stingings of remorse
  And tremble at thy sway.

God's representative within,
  Thou urgest duty home;
Thou warnest to beware of sin,
  And whisp'rest joys to come.

Sweet holy peace thou dost inspire,
  To soothe the upright heart;
Not all the pleasures of desire,
  Such solace can impart.

But since by Adam's sin on all,
  Has come a deadly blight,
E'en thou art injured by the fall,
  And cans't not guide aright.

E'en thou dost need the Spirit's grace,
  God's image to repair;
To clear away each earthly trace,
  Which sin has printed there.

Sprinkle my guilty conscience, Lord,
  From bondage set it free;
Illuminate it by thy word,
  And let it point to thee!

Feltham, W. JOHN GROOM.

THE COMFORT GOD CAN GIVE.

"Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.—Isaiah lvii. 15.

THERE is nothing more remarkable in Scripture than its perfect suitability to our every want. It meets us in every frame of mind, and adapts itself to every circumstance. Do we need comfort, there is something to suit our case; are we down-

cast in heart, it has cheering words to raise us up; and to such the words of the above passage are full of comfort. Yet to the soul which is truly contrite, sensible, that he deserves nothing but God's wrath, there seems something terrible rather than consoling, "Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity." How can a worm of the earth approach a God of such greatness? "Whose name is holy;" if holy, will He care for such a sinner as me? can I hope to be looked upon with favour by the holy God? Such a view of these words to the humble and contrite seem to bring nothing but terror and dismay. Not less terrible are the words that follow when the Almighty Himself speaks, "I dwell in the high and holy place." Yes, says despondency, "In the high and holy place," far out of my reach, into which I can never enter. To one cast down under a sense of sin, contrite and desponding, these words seem to place God at an infinite distance and to make him a God indeed afar off. But see how tenderly those feelings are met; the Lord Himself turns the thought of His power and His holiness into a thought of comfort to the humble and contrite. He, the high and lofty One, eternal, "whose name is holy," is not far off, but near. True, He "dwells in the high and holy place," in the heaven of heavens, where angels and archangels continually worship him, his presence fills immensity, but He dwells also with the humble and contrite soul. The high and holy place is not more the place of His abode than is the heart of the meek and lowly, for his own word declares it.

Conscience stricken, truly penitent reader, earnestly desiring mercy, yet hardly daring to hope, your poor downcast heart is the palace of the King of kings, He makes it the place of his abode. It may be the eye of faith cannot see Him, yet He is there; He says it to you as an individual; He does not say with those who are humble, but with him. Are not these cheering words? do not they raise your drooping spirits, to be assured that God cares for you, dwells with you. But why does God dwell with the contrite? "To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." It is his will that

you should be always humble, always contrite, but it is not His will that you should be always desponding, always downcast; He comes to cheer you, to raise you, to comfort you; your fears and misgivings He comes to remove; He comes to speak pardon, hope, and peace, to lead you to know and embrace his love. The humble and contrite, with whom God dwells, have in Him an unfailing friend. Has the Lord once taken up His abode in your heart? then He will for ever dwell there, for He takes up His abode with none but His favourites, his chosen ones, chosen in Christ from before the foundation of the world. You are one of those for whom Christ died, and so precious are you in His sight, that He says, "Whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of Mine eye." Many and various are the troubles of life but the believer may have recourse to God in them all. Are you at times anxious and fearful? Does a cloud come over your earthly prospects. and the joy of life seem gone? Then may you cast your burden on the Lord and find relief. No tongue can tell how sweet is the comfort God can give to those who are cast down, what peace he can give to the troubled spirit. And have you never felt, dear reader, how sweet it is at such times to draw near to God, while He draws near to you, and you tell Him the trouble, the fear, the secret thoughts of your heart; and have you not while in the act of telling Him felt that "the high and lofty One," does indeed dwell in your heart? Oh, then, well I know that the Lord loves you, and that the sublime language of the great apostle may be applied to you, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

May you be enabled to draw nearer and nearer to Him, as your only comfort, rest and strength, your stronghold in the day of trouble, and He will never leave you, never forsake you.

MARIE.

MY JESUS GAVE ME REST.

[THERE may not be the severe straitness of some minds, in the following communication, but there is a simplicity flowing, we hope, from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.—ED.]

LINES witten on the receipt of a letter from a member of our Band of Hope, aged sixteen, whose heart the Lord had opened blessed by means of four words, viz., "Do you love Jesus," spoken to her personally after an address. The letter referred to, spoke of her experience, closing in glowing terms of the love she felt toward one who had done so much for her, and expressing an ardent desire for the conversion of a brother deploringly saying "He will not hear that loving voice, nor go to Him for rest," "A word spoken in season, how good is it." Let us as Christians, be more personal in our application of truth and believe in "individuality."

My heart was very hard indeed,
  And bad at very best;
But now my soul from sin is freed,
  My Jesus gave me rest.
I love my precious Jesus now,
  Of friends, I love Him best,
And at His footstool low I bow;
  'Tis there I find my rest.

I love to hear His loving voice,
  And lean upon His breast,
Now all day long I do rejoice,
  For Jesus is my guest.
By faith I see my Saviour slain
  Upon the cross for me;
His sufferings and His loss—my gain;
  His death hath set me free.

But oh! I've friends who can't rejoice,
  And some I love; not blest,
They "will not hear that loving voice;
  Nor go to Him for rest."

Oh! save them, ere it be too late,
Teach them thy name to fear;
Show them, dear Lord, their wretched state,
Oh! save them, Saviour dear.

Faversham, March, 1868. W. MAYO.

A NATION'S TRUE GLORY.

THE wisest prince that ever sat upon a throne hath told us, that righteousness exalts a nation. (Prov. xiv. 34.) It is not valour in war, but righteousness; it is not policy in government, but righteousness; it is not wittiness of invention, but righteousness; it is not civility in behaviour, but righteousness; it is not antiquity of forms, but righteousness; it is not largeness of dominion, but righteousness; nor is it greatness of command, but righteousness that is the honour and the safety, that is the renown and security of a nation. That nation that exalts righteousness, that nation shall be certainly exalted by righteousness. It is not Ahithophel's policy; it is not Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel; it is not Jehu's pompous zeal; it is not Goliath's sword; it is not rich mines of gold and silver, nor magazines, nor armies, nor counsels, nor fleets, nor forts,—but justice and righteousness that exalts a nation, and that a will make a mean people to become a great, a glorious, and a famous people in the world. The world is a ring, and righteousness is the diamond in that ring; the world is a body, and righteousness and justice is the soul of that body. Ah, England! England! so long as judgment runs down as waters in the midst of thee, and righteousness as a mighty stream, thou shalt not die, but live, and bear up bravely against all gainsayers and opposers.—T. BROOKS. Written in 1662.

We should keep looking to Christ till the burden falls off our back.—*Romaine.*

THE TWO HIDING-PLACES.

"Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden."—Gen. iii. 8. "Thou art my hiding-place."—Ps. xxxii. 8.

WHAT ADAM did, and what one of the sons of Adam said, is thus recorded for our use. How came those who were created holy, and who were wont to go forth and gladly greet "the presence of the Lord," to need a shelter from that presence? and how, on the other hand, could one born in sin, and guilty of ten thousand crimes, find a hiding-place in that God from whom our guilty parents fled? Answers to these two questions bring out the two great subjects of SIN and REDEMPTION.

Very soon after the creation it was proclaimed through Eden that Satan had triumphed. Not long after a declaration was made on the same spot, that the malicious victor should be crushed; and long since it has been heralded through the universe that Jesus hath died and risen again. Let us learn to trace the dark history of sin, and the glorious fact of redemption, with ever deepening interest and ever increasing delight; so shall we learn the worthlessness of every refuge but ONE, and the safety of that ONE for the worst of transgressors.

All mankind are doing one or the other of these things; either trying to hide FROM God, or really hiding IN God. The first must certainly fail; the second are secure and blessed. Transgressors have multiplied since the days of the first sinners; and though all are excluded from the garden where man sinned, and therefore cannot shelter behind its trees, yet there are almost as many places of vain refuge as there are forms of sinning. Time would fail to enumerate them; indeed only the all-searching eye of God can detect them all, so spacious are they and so various, though all alike in this one point, that they ALL STOP SHORT OF GOD. Forms, ceremonies, notions, feelings, resolutions are all vain refuges, and will leave the soul exposed to the coming storm. The great point is to do as the Psalmist did. Though most un-

worthy and inexcusable, come with humble, sincere, earnest confession to God. Conceal nothing. Tell him all we know, feel, and fear. Do this over the head of the Great Sacrifice, taking with us God's own words, and pleading the glory of his name. He will hear and "forgive the iniquity of our sin," or "exceeding sinful sin." He is to be found in Christ as a God "ready to forgive." And thus he is our "Hiding-place." This beautiful figure sets forth his REVEALED character. That in which we hide we must ourselves first behold. Seeing his character as revealed in his word, and entering into his names of love and mercy by faith, we become his "hidden ones." Secured, provided for, comforted and made happy, compassed about with songs of deliverance, the believer may well sing, "I will say of the Lord he is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust."

"The Saviour of the living Ark,
Where all who will may come,
And find in him a hiding-place,
A safe and happy home.

This Ark, by God's own love prepared,
Stands open every day;
And he has promised, him that comes,
He'll never cast away.

Oh, happy they who enter there!
Their sins are all forgiven,
And safe with Jesus they shall be,
When wrath is poured from heavn."

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Cheering Words

FOR NOVEMBER, 1868.

I HAVE LOVED YOU, SAITH THE LORD.

THIS was Malachi's first text. His introduction is short, "The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi." Then comes his text, "I have loved you, saith the Lord." Malachi was the seal or closing up—yea, a brief but solemn summary—of all the prophets. There were three last prophets, as one might say, and if you will consult them you may therefrom gather a figurative history of the Church in gospel times. (1.) Haggai prophesied before the building of the second temple, and difficult it was to stir the people up to work at all. The people said, "The time is not come that the Lord's house should be built." Ah, that is the thought, that is the word, that is the practical excuse of nearlv all the people even now, except when you get such modern Haggais as C. H. Spurgeon and James Wells, and a very few others. These modern Haggais said, "the time is come;" the late Mr. Carr said, "the time is come." He stood (though we thought not so then) on the borders o eternity, and he drank in the fulness of Divine grace so richl that he said,

> Faith laughs at impossibilities,
> And says it must be done.

And done it was. But in the days of the prophet Haggai the house of the Lord was laid waste, and every man ran to his own house.

The Lord, by this Haggai, "stirred up the people," "the

foundation of the Lord's temple was laid," and Zechariah prophesied during the time the temple was in course of erection. He said, "The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, and his hands shall finish it." A most beautiful prophecy is that by Zechariah! Prosperity and a triumphant issue to the whole of the Lord's work is his theme. "He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shouting, crying, Grace, grace, unto it." So it came to pass.

Malachi came in, after a relapsing and decay had fallen upon the place and the people; they were like people I have seen, "Who is there among you that would shut the doors for nought?" Who indeed? We see many who do not care to open the doors; no, not even when a poor shivering sinner enters some tabernacle wishing to get a morsel of bread for his soul; not a "saint" of the favoured company would give him room.

But who was this Malachi? His name means "My Angel." He was, I think, a kind of faint pattern of the glorious God-man, the great prophet, which the Lord God intended to send next—after four centuries of spiritual darkness had passed over the world.

Dear me! how often I think of that four hundred years after Malachi died, and before the angel came singing from heaven—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD!" What a state of darkness the people sank into. Even the temple was turned into a kind of market-house; and what became of the souls of the wretched blind ones, it is hard to say. But to return to

MALACHI, of whom the historian says—"he was beautiful in person, of unblemished character—he lived but a short time, and was buried in his own field." Feeble shadows of the blessed Jesus, of whom the Church had said, He was "the chief among ten thousand; and the altogether lovely." "Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

Jesus did not live long either; three and thirty years saw the end of his journey. I do not see why we should wish to live so long. Crispe and Toplady, and many more happy souls, and

burning lights soon went out, and went home too. Look at that venerated Andrews Jones; he lived longer than he could well labour, and no doubt he was glad to go; if not, I am sure that he is glad enough now that he is gone from this world of sorrow to a world of bliss and glory. We look again at that most honorable and happy man, George Murrell, of St. Neot's, there he sits in his parsonage, in his chair, or lies upon his couch. He cannot ascend his pulpit and he cannot preach those beautiful sermons about the exalted God-man now. Many times he says in his soul, "Oh, Father, when may I come home?" Then there is the never-tired Christopher Woollacott. Why, of love and honor, and all the good things he could talk for ever almost, but even his legs tremble a little, and he will be happier than ever when he reaches home; for many a time the Lord has said, "I have loved you," and every body is quite sure that that sweet and well-proportioned model of humanity, Christopher Woollacott, loves the Lord in return. Why on every wrinkle of his forehead you can almost see the lines—

Saviour, teach me every day
  Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be—
  Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
  That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
  Of His love who first loved me.

That's it exactly. Still I do not see (the good Lord does or he would not allow it,) what particular benefit there can be in living after you seem to be of no use. There is that excellent heart of oak, unbending tree of righteousness called John Foreman, even his iron frame gives indications of breaking; although it may be some time yet, and what a pity it seems that such heavenly-minded men as George Moyle, Samuel Milner, William Palmer, and many more, should ever grow old, yet I often hear they are not so young as they were. I never was inside his heart

but, when the honoured Surrey Tabernacle preacher looks at his large handsome place, and crowds of people, I have no doubt a wish that he could renew his lease will creep in.

Leaving all that, the best of all is, to have Malachi's text preached home to the heart by the Lord himself, saying, "I have loved you." He did not love Esau, therefore his heritage became a place for dragons; but if any who read these lines are concerned to know if the text is true in them, yet, we ask them, to remember that the text was sent to "Israel," and that a sevenfold blessedness belongs unto all the true seed of Israel. I have said there are seven places where the children of Jacob, by grace divine, do flourish and prosper, however dark, desolate, and spiritually dead at times, they feel themselves to be

1. In the Covenant of Grace all the promises are made over unto them, and there they stand good for ever.

2. In Christ, all His righteousness belongs to them. He is the Sun of righteousness; the sun brings light—Christ brings righteousness; the sun gives light—Christ gives righteousness; the sun is light—Christ is righteousness. If you have Christ, then, in Him, you have the righteous gift of the Father, on which is written, "I HAVE LOVED YOU."

3. They flourish in THE TRUTH; they go on to know the truth, and in the unfoldings of truth in their souls, the secret voice is heard, "I have loved YOU."

4. They prosper in faith; they go on believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Faith travels to Him with the weeping look and the loving desire of the heart; and now and then Faith returns with a love token to the waiting soul, on it is written, "I have loved you."

5. In prayer they flourish and prevail. They have asked and have received, and every answer to their prayers silently says, "I have loved you."

6. In death they are like Gad, at least many are; a troop overcomes them at the first, but the Lord enables them to overcome at the last, because in the deeps of their sorrows He is sure to appear, and there his very looks express the words, "I have loved you."

7. In glory they see, and hear, and know for ever, the grandest they ever realized, God's everlasting love to them, FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, in the one glorious King in Zion, proclaim, "We have loved you." Oh, that we may in heaven rejoice in this! Amen, saith THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"NINETY YEARS OF AGE."

MR. JOHN ASHWORTH, of Rochdale, the author of "Strange Tales," and the minister of the "Chapel for the Destitute," has issued his "Report for the Tenth Year," a copy of which has reached us, and from the narratives contained therein we make the following extract. He was on his visits among the aged poor, and this is the description he gives of one of them:—

The moment I saw the placid countenance of this gray-haired old pilgrim, I knew him, and was astonished he was still alive. He sat by the fire in his humble but clean cottage in which he was a lodger. Placing my hat on the table, and a chair beside him, I laid my hand on his knee, saying—

"My dear old friend, I am pleased to see you. How are you, Mr. Stott?"

Rearing up in his arm-chair, and looking me in the face, he replied, "My name, sir, is not Mr. Stott; it is John Stott. Will you please tell me your name?"

Laughing at his frankness, I informed him who I was.

He rose from his chair, put his hand on my shoulder, and with a tremulous voice implored heaven's blessing to rest upon me; and then, resuming his seat, he several times exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

"How old are you now, Mr. Stott? I asked.

"Well, sir, in a few days I shall be ninety years of age," he replied.

"And how long have you been a member of the Church?"

"Well, sir, I was converted at twenty; so I have been joined

to the Church of my Saviour seventy years, and never reproved or turned out, thank God."

"I am pleased to think that you are well provided for in your old age; you seem comfortable, I observed.

"Yes, sir, the Lord does provide. What I have would be thought very little by some folk, but I make it do very weel; I like plain meat, it suits me best, and costs little. I have only five shillings a week, but I many a time think that I am the happiest old felley out of heaven. Ah! I am happy, for sure! and the love of Jesus will make folk happy, and I am fair surprised that everybody does not love Him."

"And how long is it since your wife died?"

"Well, sir, it is twenty years since. She went to heaven, and I sometimes think that I am so long after her that she will think I have missed t'road. But I have not; no, no, I have not."

On parting with old John Stott, his simple, earnest prayer in my behalf affected me much. What a testimony! Only five shillings per week, living in lodgings, and ninety years of age, and in his own opinion, "the happiest old felley out of heaven." Never yet were Satan's servants, old or young, able to say this! Sin has no such trophy. "Having nothing, and yet possessing all things," for all things are ours if we are Christ's; and old John and old Matthew, while knowing something of poverty, possessed the true riches.

OVER-WROUGHT.

PSALM CXXVI. 1, 2.

"He giveth his beloved sleep;"
Then rest belov'd, awhile:
The Lord will still the vigil keep;
Sleep thou beneath his smile.

No need to "rise" or "sit up late,"
When Jesus saith, "Be still."
O, rest thou in the Lord, and wait,
That he may do his will.

I have prepared the living bread,
Myrrh, honey, milk, and wine;
And e'en the pillow for thy head,
Provided once for mine.

If I appoint thee rest in sleep,
Until my summons call;
Remember I the city keep,
Mine eye is over all.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.—Acts xiii. 38.

IT is not by vain attempts to please God by personal righteousness that forgiveness is to be sought. We are all verily guilty, and God has declared in His holy word, that he will by no means clear the guilty. He is the holy Lawgiver, and requires perfect obedience, which we are not able to give. "This man," the "man Christ Jesus," is alone able to meet the requirements of the Divine law. God exacted from him, as our substitute and surety, the full penalty of the broken law; hence he suffered, died, and was buried. God demanded obedience from him, and he wrought out a perfect righteousness; God raised him again, and placed him at his right hand in token of perfect satisfaction with him and all his work. Having suffered and died for us, there is no other way by which we can obtain salvation, but by the finished work of Jesus. We must (the Holy Spirit helping us) renounce all dependence on self, put no trust in our own righteousness. but poor, helpless, lost and destitute, we must with the cry of the publican, cast ourselves unreservedly on his abounding mercy, for through this man alone is preached the forgiveness of sins.

And this forgiveness is free—a free gift on the part of God. Its first origin was in the heart of God. The first thought of it began with Him, and not with us; from beginning to end it is the work of God. The very nature of this forgiveness is its freeness. The Lord has done everything to save us, because we could do nothing to save ourselves. Because there is neither righteousness or strength in us, the Gospel came with the righteousness and strength of God, and if we would bring glory to his grace, we must come empty—bring nothing, take everything. The forgiveness is free.

It is also full. It embraces and includes all sin, the sin of our nature, and the sin which cleaves to us unconsciously. Our soul is diseased with sin, from the crown of the head to the sole of

the foot, there is no soundness in us, but the Lord, as a skilful and wise physician, attacks the disease which is consuming our very bones, and he will not leave us until He has made us every whit whole.

And this forgiveness is final; it is God's great act, and He never undoes His own work. The forgiveness came through Christ, and so long as there is no change in Him, so long as God continues the unchangeable God, so long this forgiveness remains as it was. But what of the man who falls into sin, abides in it, and finally forsakes his God? Certainly that man was never truly forgiven, his soul was never cleansed in the fountain of Christ's blood. That blood is too precious to be expended on a soul destined to be finally lust. Those whom the Saviour once loves, he loves unto the end. True forgiveness comes on the ground of Christ's finished work, who, in dying, bore our sins in His own body. The change must be in him, ere there can be a change in the forgiveness. It rests on the promise and strength of God, and while He lives, we shall live also. "Our life is hid with Christ in God." And when a sense of this forgiveness truly enters the mind and heart, we can then tell the meaning of peace in believing—that peace which passeth all understanding. We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Not that the old man is dead within us, there are two natures, the old and the new. Between these there is a continual conflict which will last till the day of our death, when the old nature will burden us no longer. The Christian who lives nearest to God, can best tell how terrible the struggle, how sharp the conflict between these two natures. He who leans most frequently on the bosom of his Saviour, can best tell of the subtlety of the great enemy, but the throne of grace is his refuge, and when the "devouring lion" roars, thither the lamb will flee, and house itself in the bosom of his shepherd.

Desponding Christian, yours is indeed an awful fight, to toil and strive along the narrow path without the sense of forgiven sin. Till you can behold God as a loving Father who has forgiven you, you want the very first principle which causes love to

spring up in the heart; but take courage, your salvation is the business of your Saviour; it is His work, and he never leaves his work undone. Those who enjoy the deepest sense of forgiven sin, are such as cry day and night unto Him. Oh, did you ever know what it was to pour your whole soul into the bosom of your God, and hear him whisper, "I am thy salvation," and in answer to those gracious words, have you not said, "My Lord and my God?" If so, you are standing on a rock, stable as eternity, and soon your trials will be over, your victory will be won, and you will have nothing to do but to lay aside your weapon and sing the note of eternal triumph. MARIE.

THE LENT JEWELS.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent:
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children, who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now, for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point, which you shall now decide.
Some years ago a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterwards not come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now if seems to me almost a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring? so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee."
"What question can be here?—Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part.

That may be claimed again, which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent:
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy *so long*.
"Good is the word," she answered; "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched on one bed,
Two children pale—and he the jewels knew,
Which *God* had lent him, and resumed anew!

THE MEETING TOGETHER OF THREE PRECIOUS SCRIPTURES.

Dear Dwellers in the Ferns,—Let me relate a little thing just as it occurred. Tell me if it seems good to you.

This morning our long-standing housekeeper asked me to give her one of my books called "New Life." She said I had promised it. At once I complied. She said, "Please write my name in it." I took it to my table in the study, simply to write in her name; but my mind led me to desire to write some text of Scripture as well: so as she was gone about her business, I took the Bible, and immediately my mind ran to the mother of John the Baptist. I turned to Luke i. 45, and in the book, under her name I wrote, "Elizabeth said, Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

Having written it in the book I gave it to little "Totty" to take to her; and secretly hoped some day the Holy Spirit might bless it to her soul; for I have for years believed there was a good work begun in her soul.

In the course of the day "Totty" brought her slate to me and pointed to some writing on it, but not thinking it anything more than a child's scribble, I passed it away. After a while the little girl brought the slate to me again. On the top I saw written, "Dear Mr. Banks." This arrested my attention; I thought to

myself, "Whose writing is this!" I read on. It followed like this.

"I would say, thank you, Sir, thank you, for those words that you have so kindly written in my book. Oh! what would I give if I could know that there would be 'a performance of those words' which I heard you take your text from eight years ago in Unicorn Yard Chapel; they were these, 'All mine are thine, and thine are mine.' And at another time, when I was trying to pray to God to direct me, you spoke from, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.'

"Please excuse this, with many thanks.—E. M."

Take the three Scriptures together, and how precious they appear to follow: first, the Lord speaks to her heart to shew the origin and the unity of all the saved, "All mine are thine." Then, to shew how grace will complete what grace begins, the Saviour's words are applied, as they will be more perfectly by-and-bye, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." And now, after years have rolled on, and many trials have followed (without any knowledge on my part), I am led to write those remarkable words, "Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord."

In all this I mark the silent, solemn, and sacred voice of the Spirit of God.

And has not the Holy Lord spoken some words in your dear hearts in days we must remember? I hope you can say "Yes." Words were precious to us in times past and gone." Then "there shall be a performance," because the Lord spoke them.

The richest mercies of Heaven rest on thee; kiss Emma and Nelly, and pray for

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

We are apt when we look at troubles to be terrified, but we do not know how great they are with blessings—it is for want of looking to Christ more under our afflictions.

A TRUE PICTURE OF MY LATE FRIEND.

I AM preparing to issue a neat sixpenny memoir of the late Mr. ELIJAH PACKER, who died this last Autumn. I shall feel thankful if my friends would help to obtain a circulation for it. I will send prospectuses to any who will obtain subscribers. In comparing the two Elijahs—Elijah the Tishbite and Elijah Packer—and in tracing out the genealogy of the ancient prophet I have said:—

To the tribe of Gad Elijah the Tishbite also owed some part of his origin. Through the conflict to the crown is the way the saved go. "Gad!" said the prophetic patriarch Jacob, "a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at the last." Old Jezebel sent a threatening letter unto Elijah, and it frightened him. He fled for his life. He went a day's journey into the wilderness; there he sat down under a juniper tree: he wanted to die. "O Lord," he said, "take away my life." Troops of fears and sorrows overcame him. Elijah, too, was overcome by the limited sight he had of God's Israel—"I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to destroy it." During the near seventy years my friend Elijah Packer travelled in this land, how often was he overcome! Not by any dark spots; not by any uncommon outward declensions. No. I have said; I said it when standing by the side of his grave,—and upon this paper I write it, after a careful review of all that I ever knew of his life—I never walked with a man who more closely answered the searching description St. James gives of a real religionist, where he says, "Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Ask that poor widow indeed, whose natural sight has been taken from her, and whose soul for many years has been overwhelmed with spiritual sorrows—Mrs. Burn, of the Neckinger road; yea, you might ask at the door of many a poor afflicted child of God, "Did Elijah Packer visit here, to speak a word in season—to plead for you at the throne of grace?" "Yes, he did; and

precious were the seasons we sometimes enjoyed when, with the earnestness and meekness of a loving disciple of Christ, he would sing and pray until our souls were carried up into the holiest of all, to adore the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Such would be the reply. In that sense he might have taken the words of Job, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." He was a Barnabas to many, even a son of consolation. Nevertheless, the roughness of the way, the darkness which sometimes seemed to cover him, and a sense of his own weakness, often cast him down. During the last days of that tender-hearted man of God, David Denham; when those in Zion began to mourn; when pride and persecution united to drive that servant of God from his loved employ at Unicorn Yard Chapel; and when—in subsequent days of sorrow, we left that once sacred place—how much was the soul of my departed brother overcome! Now, he is more than a conqueror through Him that loved him.

In following Christ he had his cross to bear;
In heaven the crown and robe he'll wear;
That crown at Jesu's feet again he'll lay:
E'en now I think I hear him say,
"I'll crown HIM Lord of all."

PRAYING MEN AND PREACHING MEN.

PRAYER is a peculiar privilege. I remember two ministers well. The one was the late Mr. Payne, of Eythorn; the other was Mr. W. Matthews, of Canterbury. A Christian man by the name of Jacobs once said to me, "I would not mind walking ten miles to hear one of Mr. Matthews's best prayers, or one of Mr. Payne's best sermons. Mr. Matthews can pray, but is no great preacher; Mr. Payne can preach, but is no blessed unctuous pleader." So it is with men. It is not always that ministers excel in both praying and preaching. But it has been said by an eminent Puritan, "If you would judge a public man's Christianity you must do it, not by his eloquent or powerful preaching, but by

his spiritual and successful wrestling with God at the throne of grace." Preaching is an art which may be acquired; but genuine soul-wrestling, heart-melting, Christ-embracing, heaven-conquering pleaders and prevailers, are men which only the Holy Ghost can make. I will not say that godly men never use a Prayer-book; but I do believe that when the Spirit of the living God has convinced a sinner of his awful condition as a lost transgressor, when the same Spirit has led the sin-and-self-condemned soul to see Jesus Christ as the glorious Mediator and Advocate before the throne of God; and when the Spirit of life and truth dwells in that man's heart, and helpeth that man's infirmities; when the exceeding great mercy of forgiveness from and fellow-ship with the Lord has been realized, such an one needs no pre scribed form of prayer.

The foregoing extract is from a little memoir of the late Mr. Packer, entitled, "Elijah the Tishbite and Elijah the Christian," just published.

THE BETTER LAND.

THERE is a land beyond the gloomy grave,
Where Jesus dwells enthroned in heavenly light,
Where none but those he died to save
Can reign with Him in robes of white.

There is a land all free from grief and sin;
The path that leads to it is sure but rough;
To those who are so blest to enter in,
The glories there revealed will be enough.

There is a land where weary pilgrims meet
Never to part again to part from friends beloved,
But sit and worship at their Saviour's feet,
Who bought them with his own heart's blood.

There is a land where sweets delight the soul,
Where rivers of love flow clear and wide,
There we shall drink while endless ages roll,
And shelter in our dear Redeemer's side.

Whitestone, near Hereford. ALICE TYLER.

AN ACROSTIC.

"C HEERING WORDS" of Jesus tell
H ow he doeth all things well;
A s ye journey may ye see
R eader, He hath grace for thee:
L ook to Christ, in Him confide,
E ver may he be your guide;
S eek his aid who will provide.

W ho but Christ should be your stay?
A s He is the only way!
T hose who on his grace depend
E ver find in Christ a friend.
"R econcil'd in Him to God,"
S av'd are ye, thro' his own blood.

B oldly may you spread His fame,
A nd his sov'reign love proclaim;
N one but Jesus, be your theme,
K ing and priest in all supreme,
S ince he did your soul redeem.

PHŒBE HOBBS.

BY GRACE YE ARE SAVED.

To rely on grace, and desire to be saved only by free grace, is a sweet exercise; but so far from being practised enough, we have all need to learn the prayer of the publican better still, since the Pharisee is ever busy to creep in again. But care must be taken that we do not build our faith only upon the sweet enjoyments of the grace of God, as it is procured by Christ, and promised to us, through Christ; for which reason God sometimes denies us sensible enjoyments, that true faith may begin to act like itself, and depend upon nothing but his free grace in Christ. And this we have also boldness to do, should we ever seem to fall short of the due measure of faith, godly sorrow and repentance; for since there is no merit to be placed in these things, there is no certain measure and degree prescribed to all; but it is enough truly to hate sin, to desire grace, and sincerely to enter upon the Christian race.

A BIBLICAL POEM.

FROM THE *Rock*.

JESUS only is our life,	John i. 4.
He alone maintains our strife;	John xv. 4.
Conqueror of sin and death,	Rom. viii. 2.
Gives us our immortal breath.	1 Tim. vi. 16.
We are weak, and helpless, too,	Ps. vi. 2.
Worms of earth and dust we know;	Job. vii. 5.
Sinking 'neath guilt's fearful weight,	Ps. lxix. 2.
And a burthened conscience great.	Heb. x. 22.
Oh, for a simple heart belief,	Rom. x. 10.
Free from sorrow and from grief;	Ps. xxxi. 10.
Full with joyous, thankful love,	Ps. c. 4.
Rising to his throne above.	Ps. xcv. 2.
May we to his fountain cleave,	Zech. xiii. 1.
Nor its sacred washings leave;	Rev. i. 5.
Cleansed alone in it thro' grace,	1 John i. 7.
Reconciled to see God's face.	Rom. v. 10.
Oh, what holy rapturous joy,	John xv. 11.
None but needy sinners know;	Matt. ix. 13.
Awakened by the Spirit's love,	John vi. 63.
To ask his mercy from above.	Ps. cix. 26.
Let us on his Word rely,	Mark xvi. 20.
He can every want supply;	Deut. viii. 3.
Heal our gushing springs of woe,	Ps. ciii. 26.
Make us his and conquerors, too.	1 Cor. vi. 20.

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Cheering Words

FOR DECEMBER, 1868.

WAS THIS ONLY A DREAM?

Saturday Evening, Oct. 10, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND, W. H. GODWIN,—

Though days and nights quick pass away,
And distance long between us roll;
One thing with truth I still can say,
I'm anxious for your precious soul.

I have not formally answered your important letter dated Sept. 1, but let me tell you something which may, indirectly, be a satisfactory reply to the weighty question therein contained.

Last night, in my sleep, frequently, as it appeared to me, those gracious words in Isaiah liii. 11, came rolling over my spirit:—"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and He shall be satisfied. I arose in the morning with them; I had to walk in different parts of the city, through many thousands of people—I walked at least six miles—and continually those words were on my mind, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and He shall be satisfied."

POSITIVENESS.—Positiveness is the tone of all this prophecy, peculiarity is in its expression—"The travail of His soul." Precious promises are the result and the reward—"He shall see and He shall be satisfied."

I ask you to look at one thing. Positiveness is stamped upon

three departments of Divine truth; (1.) Upon the Saviour Himself. He is a positive person—the Son of God—the Saviour—His work is positive—He went to the end of the law—He made an end of sin—an end of the curse—an end of eternal death, as far as His own people are concerned—and He brought in everlasting righteousness, "Which is to all, and upon all them that believe." Then (2) Positiveness belongs again to Faith. "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved;" that 23rd verse in the ninth of Mark is beyond all expression, "If thou canst believe—all things are possible unto him that believeth." If thou hast in thine heart a living persuasion that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah sent by God for the redemption of sinners,—if thou dost solemnly, deeply, and prayerfully know thou needest such a daysman and mediator between the Holy God and thy soul,—and if by a looking faith, if by a leaning faith, if by a loving and labouring faith, thou dost desire to sell all, cast all, commit all, leave all thy soul's concerns for time, and thy soul's salvation for eternity, into the hand of the blessed Redeemer, then the Word of God assures thee, thou shalt be saved. "It is (indeed) a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," "Of whom," Paul said, "I am chief." To this precious Christ of God fly, with all the grace thou canst get from Him, and all will end well. (3.) Positiveness belongs to the certainty of the results of unbelief and impenitence:—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." Oh, my dear kind friend, do look at the seven shalls in connection with the words I had in my dream:

1. He shall see His seed.
2. He shall prolong his days.
3. The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands.
4. He shall see of the travail of his soul.
5. He shall be satisfied.
6. By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many.
7. For He shall bear their iniquities.

There is a perfection of Positiveness, flowing from the Holy Fountain of Truth itself!

God cannot sin, God cannot lie,
Then on Him may our souls rely,
For Truth itself can never die.

II.—Come now to the peculiarity of the expression, "the travail of His soul." Ah! deep words! I was walking up the Bethnal Green Road, and thinking upon the sentence "the travail of his soul;" three ideas spring out of these words; (1) intensity of suffering; (2) labouring to bring forth; (3) ultimate and entire deliverance. Why did the Saviour, in His soul, so awfully suffer? What did He labour to bring forth? How was this deliverance effected? One great truth must answer all, I think. In union to, and oneness with, the Redeeming soul, were all the souls of all the Father ever gave Him. Virtually, in a mysterious bond of union, the whole Church of God's elect were wrapped up in the soul of the Son of God. On His soul was laid the punishment of all the sins of all the persons the Father gave unto Him. The cup of wrath due to them as transgressors was given to Him in the garden. Under the terrible power of this wrath He poured out His soul unto death. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Then He was made a curse; and on the tree—yea, and all the way up to the tree—He travailed in His soul to come forth free and clear,—and this He did—and this at last He did. There were four great enemies against the souls of his people; all these the Saviour travailed to redeem and deliver them from. (1) Satan he conquered. (2) The sin-condemning law He obeyed and magnified for the full period of his life—the age of man—thirty years. Now (3) comes sin; it must be punished. It is punished in the bloody sweat and passion of the Redeemer's soul; and sin is also punished in the nailing, piercing, crucifying the Redeemer's whole person; and when He had thus been oppressed, despised, rejected,—when He had borne our griefs, carried our sorrows,—when he had been wounded (tormented, says the margin) for our transgressions,

bruised for our iniquities,—when the chastisement of our peace had been upon Him, when He had been led as a lamb to the slaughter, when it had pleased the Lord to bruise Him, to put Him to grief, to make His soul an offering for sin,—when all this travail of soul, and terror and torment of body had been inflicted upon Him,—when Satan, law, and Divine Justice had inflicted the utmost penalty upon Him, then, mark you—He being God, in the man, when the perfect humanity had received and endured all the exacting powers could inflict, the Deity carried the Mediator to the two last acts; yea, to a double triumph: (1.) A public proclamation, "He cried with a loud voice, It is finished." (2.) To a holy, and honourable, and entire deliverance: "Father," said He, "into Thy hands commit I my spirit." "He bowed His head and gave up the ghost;" and when His blessed soul came forth pure and powerful, full of immortality and of eternal life, all the souls of the elect of God came forth with Him; and in the two souls which the Eternal Spirit that day presented before the Throne of God were the representatives of both the Bridegroom and the Bride, of the great mystic family ordained to fill the many mansions which in the Father's house had been prepared; and when on the Resurrection morn the Eternal Spirit brought the soul of the blessed Saviour back to the tomb where Jesus lay, and, as Paul says: "The God of grace which brought again from the dead, that great Shepherd of the sheep," then death itself was dead; and as He rose and left the grave all His chosen rose in Him,—and, in Him for ever, and with Him, too, they stand complete. "The travail of His soul" was the bringing forth of His own soul and His people too, free from guilt, and wrath, and death. Hence there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. This doctrine is confirmed by the offices which Christ doth bear; by the relationship He sustains, and by the teaching of His ministry, and that of His Apostles. As a prophet He dwelt in the bosom of His Father, and all the souls of the saved seed dwelt in Him there—for to the Head and to the members too that precious word was spoken, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with

loving-kindness have I drawn thee." As a Priest He was the sole representative; for them He atoned, for them He intercedes; and it is for them He came forth with a special blessing. As a king, all the people are in Him, and with Him, are to live and reign for ever. As to His relationship, take one: "Thy Maker is thine Husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name." Jehovah, as existing in three Persons in the Makers of His people—God the Father made the Son; the Son, by His work, made righteousness and redemption for the people; and the Spirit maketh the people new creatures in Jesus Christ. Nothing can be plainer than are Paul's words: "Created in Christ Jesus, unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." The Saviour's teaching on this subject reached its climax when, in His intercessory prayer to His Father, He said: "And the glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them; that they may be one as we are,—I in them, and Thou in me; that they may be made perfect in one."

This to me is a great mystery, a great truth, revealed in the word and received by faith, that Christ and His Church are one glorious body, and the Church being in Him by vital union, all He did in salvation matters went to the perfect justification and glorification of the entire kingdom of grace. His travail of soul was to bring forth the souls of the elect free from every spot and wrinkle, and to set them on His glory throne for ever.

III.—Now the promises and rewards:—"He shall see, and be satisfied." Before His travail of soul He speaks anxiously, uneasily—not satisfied. "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened—or troubled—until it be accomplished." Again, He said: "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer;" but now, having suffered, He shall see and be satisfied. This refers first to the perfect harmonizing of all the attributes in the Deity; in their real essence these attributes never could be divided, but in their exercise they certainly were. I may say some of the attributes in the Deity sent the Son into the world, some of the attributes came with Him, and of some it might be said, they waited silently until His return. The

Divine sovereignty, and wisdom, and love of God sent Him; love and power came with Him; righteousness and mercy, justice and holiness, waited His return. Hence in Ps. lxxxv, it is said: "Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and truth have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth. Righteousness shall look down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good, and the land shall yield her increase." Until the glorious Redeemer returned home, mercy and peace stood silently by, and righteousness looked down from heaven to see all was done according to the covenant engagements. But when truth, in the person of Jesus, sprang out of the earth, righteousness received and embraced Him; and then mercy and truth met together—righteousness and peace kissed each other; this the dear Redeemer saw, and He was satisfied. As a consequence the Lord gave what was good. He sent the Spirit down; our land did yield her increase; and when Christ saw of the travail of His soul, in the ingathering of three thousand souls on the day of Pentecost, He was satisfied with that handful of first-fruits.

He saw and was satisfied too, in the honour His Father put upon him. The 110th Psalm is a Gospel Psalm; it takes in all my text doth mean. David says: "The Lord said unto my Lord, S t thou on my right hand till I make thy foes thy footstool," and so on; all the glory of Christ spoken of in that Psalm is founded upon one thing: "He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall He lift up the head." And as Isaiah, in the 53rd chapter, saw Christ's humiliation, so in the 6th chapter he saw Christ's exaltation: "I saw the Lord high and lifted up; and His train filled the temple." How grand the anthem, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" The whole earth is full of His glory. The 47th Psalm tells you of the bursting forth of praise when Christ went up: "God is gone up with a shout," and so on. When the Redeemer saw and heard all this He was satisfied. He saw and was satisfied in the removal of the handwriting, which was against all who were in heaven, or who should come there. A bill, as we may say, had been given; the Old Testament saints

went in on the faith of that bill; but when He returned it had been nailed to His cross, it was honoured, God was glorified, Christ was satisfied. In the setting up of the Gospel kingdom, in the real salvation of sinners, in the receiving home to heaven of the redeemed, Christ has seen, and will see, of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.

Paul was the echo of this in himself; to the Galatians he saith: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be found in you." Do we labour rightly? If so, we labour to beget souls, to win souls, to espouse souls unto Christ; and on every such honest minister Christ looks and sees the fruit of His own soul travail, and is satisfied. But when He shall come in His Father's glory, in the glory of the angels, and in His own glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall welcome home His own blood-bought Church, then and for ever shall He see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. And shall we then see Him, be like Him, and be satisfied too. Solemn questions these; so, at least, thinks THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

WHERE IS OUR SAFETY?

"The eternal God is thy refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

THE word of God has abundant encouragement for the deeply-tried believer, for as the poet says:—

"Trials of every shape and name,
Attend the followers of the Lamb."

But there is no trial so painful, no burden so heavy, no circumstance so distressing, but there is something in the word to console us under the affliction. We are repeatedly assured of God's protecting care. He is our Defence, our Rock, and our Refuge. We sit under His shadow, His feathers cover us, and under His wings we are safe. He is a wall of fire to His people, and His very name is a strong tower, into which we may run and be safe. But can any sentence recorded in the word of truth afford more comfort to the sorrowing Christian than the one

spoken by Moses when he was about to leave the people he had led through the wilderness? "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Not round about, but underneath us. What a view of the tenderness, and compassion, and love of God towards His own people, does it present to our view. If we have been made one with Christ, and have risen to all the glorious privileges of His dear children, then are we resting on the everlasting arms. It matters not how great our sorrow, if we are constrained to say with the Psalmist, "All Thy waves and billows are gone over me," still we cannot sink, for the "everlasting arms" sustains us, and the deeper we are plunged beneath the waves of tribulation, the better do we realize the support of the everlasting arms. Our afflictions are the result of our heavenly Father's love, and therefore He will console and support us under them. He chastens us for our profit, and He would not afflict us did He not see a necessity for it. We cannot always feel, while struggling beneath the waves, that we are resting on the everlasting arms, and we cry out. Then is heard whispering in our ear, the "still, small voice," "It is I, be not afraid." Then we feel we are resting on those dear arms, and we cannot get beneath them, for, however low we sink, they are lower still, and the lower we are the more sensibly do we feel their support.

Christian reader, those arms are never weary; you may calmly rest on them, for they are the arms of your beloved, and they will safely conduct you through this wilderness of sin to the "city of habitation." The journey is but short, and when you reach the end your heavy cross will be laid down, your last sigh will have been drawn, your last tear shed. The clouds will disperse, the waters will be still, the sunbeams of your Father's countenance will break forth, and you will see your Saviour without a veil between." Then will you be lost in holy rapture; you will relish more sweetly those promises which have sustained you in this world. The spark of grace that has lived many years in a flood of temptation and sorrow will then shine bright to the glory of God, and in looking back you will see that "He has brought you the right way to a city of habitation," that "He has done all things well."

MARIE.

I DID JUST AS YOU TOLD ME.

IT was a touching sight that met me as I entered one morning a sick-room in S———. A young woman lay there, her pale thin face drawn into sharp lines by suffering, and wearing an expression of the most hopeless misery. The shadow of death seemed to be darkening over her countenance without one ray of hope and peace to brighten the gloom.

"Oh. miss," said the mother, getting up and coming to my side as I entered the room "my poor bairn's dying! The doctor says he can do nothing more for her. I don't think she ever did anybody any harm in her life, and yet she seems as frightened to die as if she'd been a bad liver; but may be you can cheer her up a bit."

The sick girl moaned wearily as her mother spoke, and as I turned towards the bed she looked at me with an eager wistful look that went to my very heart.

"What must I do?" she said, in a low gasping voice; "I'm going to die, and what'll become of my poor soul? Oh, if I'd only thought about it sooner!"

It was a solemn thing to have to guide an immortal spirit under such circumstances, and I turned to God in silent, earnest prayer for help to be as plain and simple as possible. "Mary," I said, "you can only do one thing." She looked at me eagerly, but did not speak, and I went on. "Your past life, with all its neglect of God, is before him, and if there was no one to undertake your case you must perish everlastingly. Just like a man who has a heavy bill against him at a shop; if he has not a penny to pay it with, of course he must be turned out of his home and disgraced as an insolvent. But if a kind friend were to come forward and pay the debt, then the creditor would be satisfied. Oh, Mary, think of the love of God the Father, which could stoop to pity lost sinners such as we; and to save us should spare not His only Son, but deliver him up for us all. Do you think that all this love could have been in vain, and such a precious sacrifice go to waste? No, it is not in vain. Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. He will

forgive you your sins, and give you a new heart, and make you fit for heaven, because Jesus Christ has bought all these blessings for you."

"And do you think God will pardon me?" she inquired, inquired anxiously.

"I am sure he will, Mary, because he has promised; but you must believe, for it would only mock God if you asked Him to save you for Christ's sake, and all the time did not feel convinced that He would keep His word.

"I'd like to know exactly what He says about it in the Bible," she murmured.

So I read to her the following passages: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

As I ceased speaking, Mary looked up with a face on which the light of hope was beginning to dawn, and whispered, "I will ask." I feared to weary her; so after commending her to God in a brief prayer I bade "Good bye," never expecting to see her again on earth. But next morning I was told that Mary was a little better and wishing to see me. When I entered her room I was amazed at the change in her countenance. All the anxiety and gloom of the previous day had gone, and the brightness of a great joy was there instead. "I am so happy!' was her greeting as I went to the bedside; "my heart's as light as a feather."

"And what has made it so light, Mary?" I asked, anxious to know if she was resting on a right foundation.

"Because all my sins are gone," she answered, with a look of surprise at my enquiry. "The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed them all away. I did just as you told me. I asked God for Christ's sake to pardon me, and he has given me his Holy Spirit

to enable me to believe. I now know that if he had sent Jesus on purpose to save me, and had promised for his sake to pardon me as soon as I asked, He'd never go back of His word. And He hasn't!" she continued with triumphant joy. "I haven't a bit of fear about dying now, for I know my blessed Saviour will take care of my soul, but I'd like better to live a bit longer just to show how different I'll be now. His blessed Spirit has changed my heart and made me love Him so much."

God gave Mary her desire. To the surprise of every one she recovered from that very day, and for several years she proved in her consistent, devoted life how differently they act whose hearts are changed be the love of Jesus. As a wife and mother she continually sought to glorify Him, and in more than one instance he was the means of leading other poor sinners to trust in Him, snd love Him too. "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

THE preciousness of Christ I sing,
The thrilling music of His name,
When hope's bright buds are withering,
And sin is steeping us in shame.
How sweet, when all seems dark above,
To think of Jesus, and His love.

When we strive hard to cast aside,
The clanking chain of worldly thought,
To cling a moment to His side,
And tell Him we forget Him not.
Then 'mid His promises to range,
And feel that He will never change.

Holding my breath with fear of woe,
I've thought of Him and breathed again,
"Saviour" the sweetest word I know,
Has hushed to peace my murmuring strain.
And soon I hope to sing above,
Saved for the sake of Jesu's love.

Gread Baddow, Essex. MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.

(From *The Gardener's Magazine*).

GREAT God! whose essence pure, divine,
Doth comprehend immensity!
Past, present, future, all combine
To form thy vast eterninty;
Thy works, magnificent and grand,
Bear the bright impress of Thy hand:
The earth, in all its rich attire;
The heavens, with all their globes of fire:
All things that live, and breathe, and move,
Declare Thy wisdom power and love.

Great source of light, and life, and love,
For me Thou bid'st the seasons move;
For me the trees and flowers unfold
Their rainbow tints, and fruits of gold;
The bearded corn adorns the field,
The streams their limpid waters yield;
The morning light, the evening shade
For me alternate rise and fade:
Thou did'st my soul o'erflow with joy:
Oh, let my lips Thy praise employ!

My spirit would Thy wonder trace
Through yonder ether—realms of space;
Would fly on some bright cherub's wings
Beyond these transitory things.
Earth is too limited a sphere
For the immortal mind's career;
I pant, I long to soar away
To vaster worlds, to brighter day!
Oh, let me burst this frail abode,
And see Thy face Creator, God!